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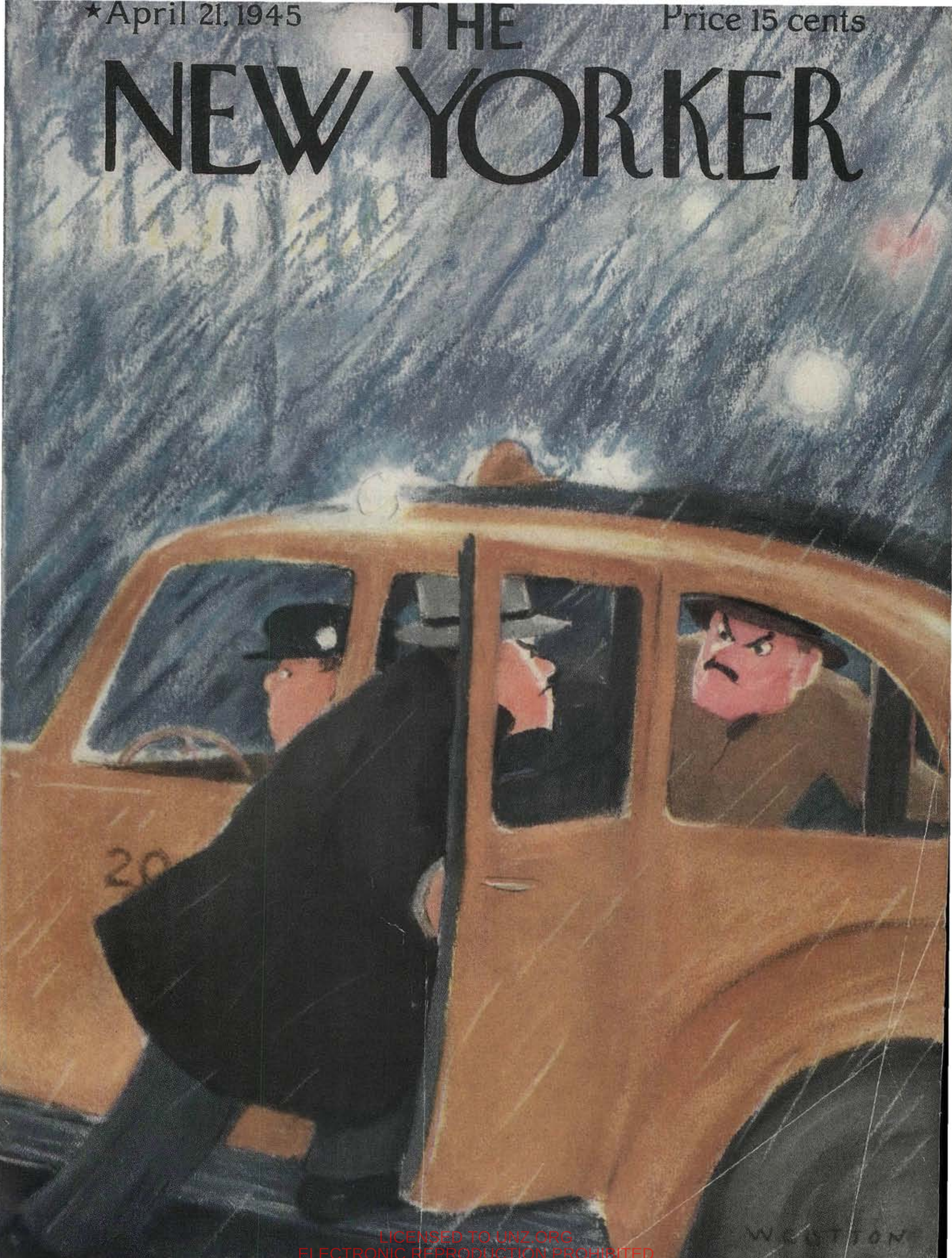
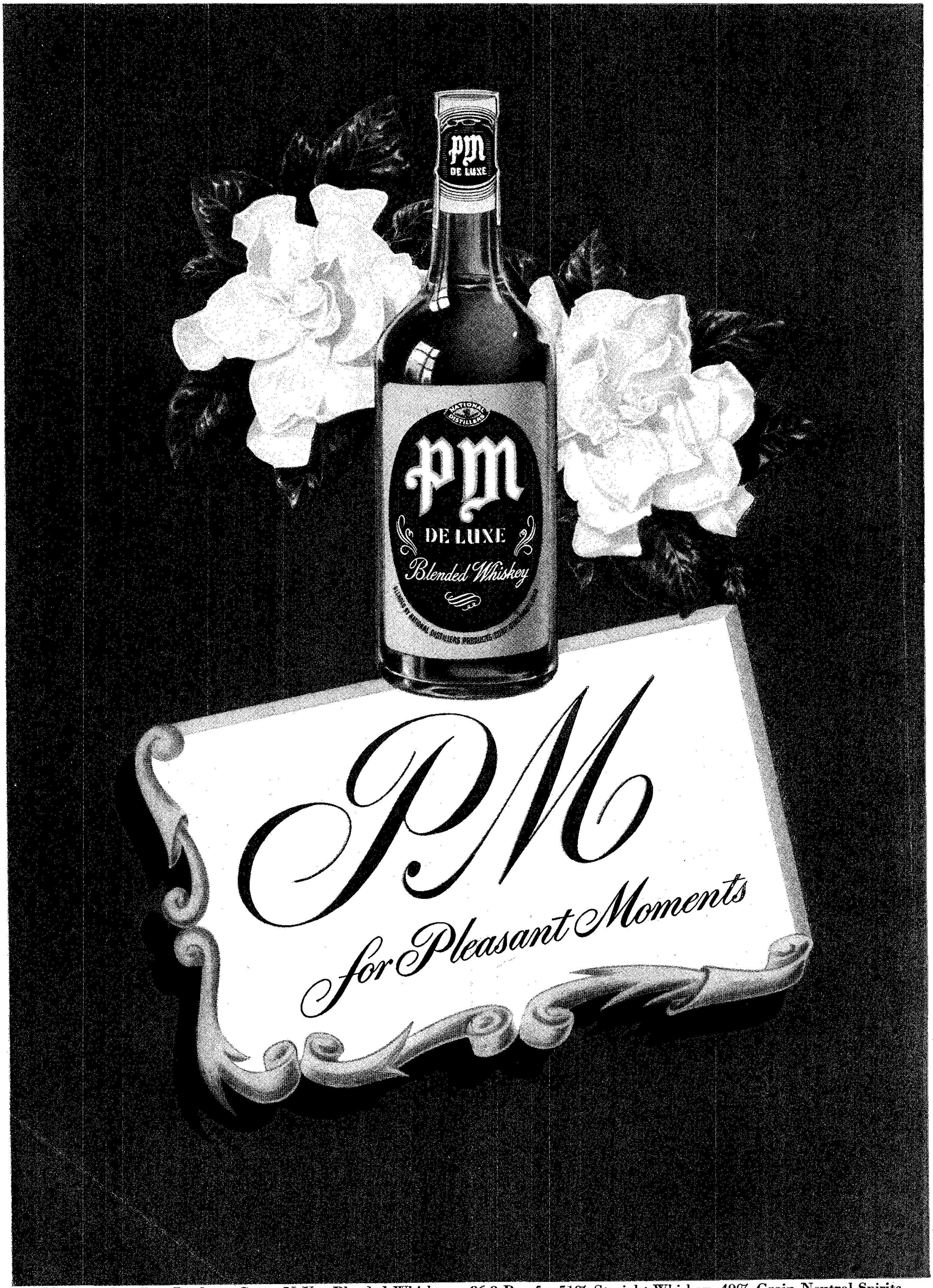
THE NEW YORKER

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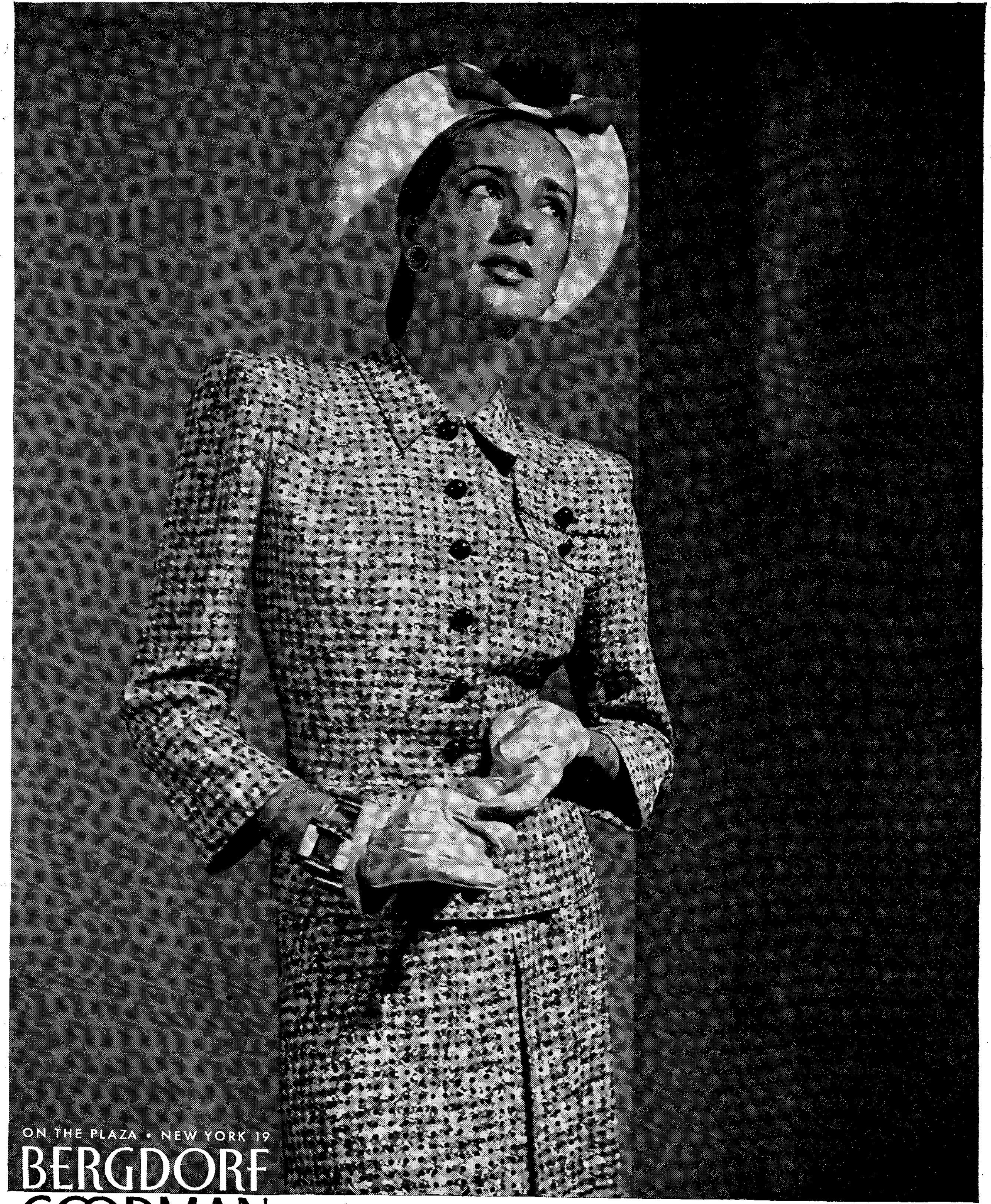

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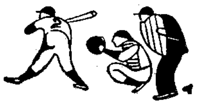
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but rather nice. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—George Kelly turns up after a long time with a play about a vain and foolish woman who nearly wrecks several lives. In spite of the valuable presence of Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon, it is rather a disappointment. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Moves on Sun., April 22, to the Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders do their best, but on the whole it isn't quite enough. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Vera Zorina (Ariel) and Canada Lee (Caliban) are featured in Margaret Webster's rather elaborate version of Mr. Shakespeare's last play. Arnold Moss is very effective as Prospero, but the whole piece may be a little wearing. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 21.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Firebrand of Florence—A musical adaptation of Edwin Justus Mayer's play that is very much like every operetta you ever saw. Kurt Weill wrote the music and Ira Gershwin handled the lyrics. Almost everybody sings very prettily, but only Melville Cooper manages to suggest the spirit of the original. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 22, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of nice, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, some cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 22, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Carousel—A musical play based on Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." With music by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, dances by Agnes de Mille, and a cast headed by John Raitt and Jan Clayton. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Thurs., April 19. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Common Ground—A comedy written and directed by Edward Chodorov, with a cast including Luther Adler, Paul McGrath, and Philip Loeb. Produced by Edward Choate. Opens Wed., April 25. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 3.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Peter Rabbit": Sat., April 21 and 28, at 10 A.M. and 12 noon. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

Benefit Program—Mary Lou Williams, Josh White, Phil Moore's band, and others, in a program sponsored by the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union. Sun., April 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

The Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting "The Yeomen of

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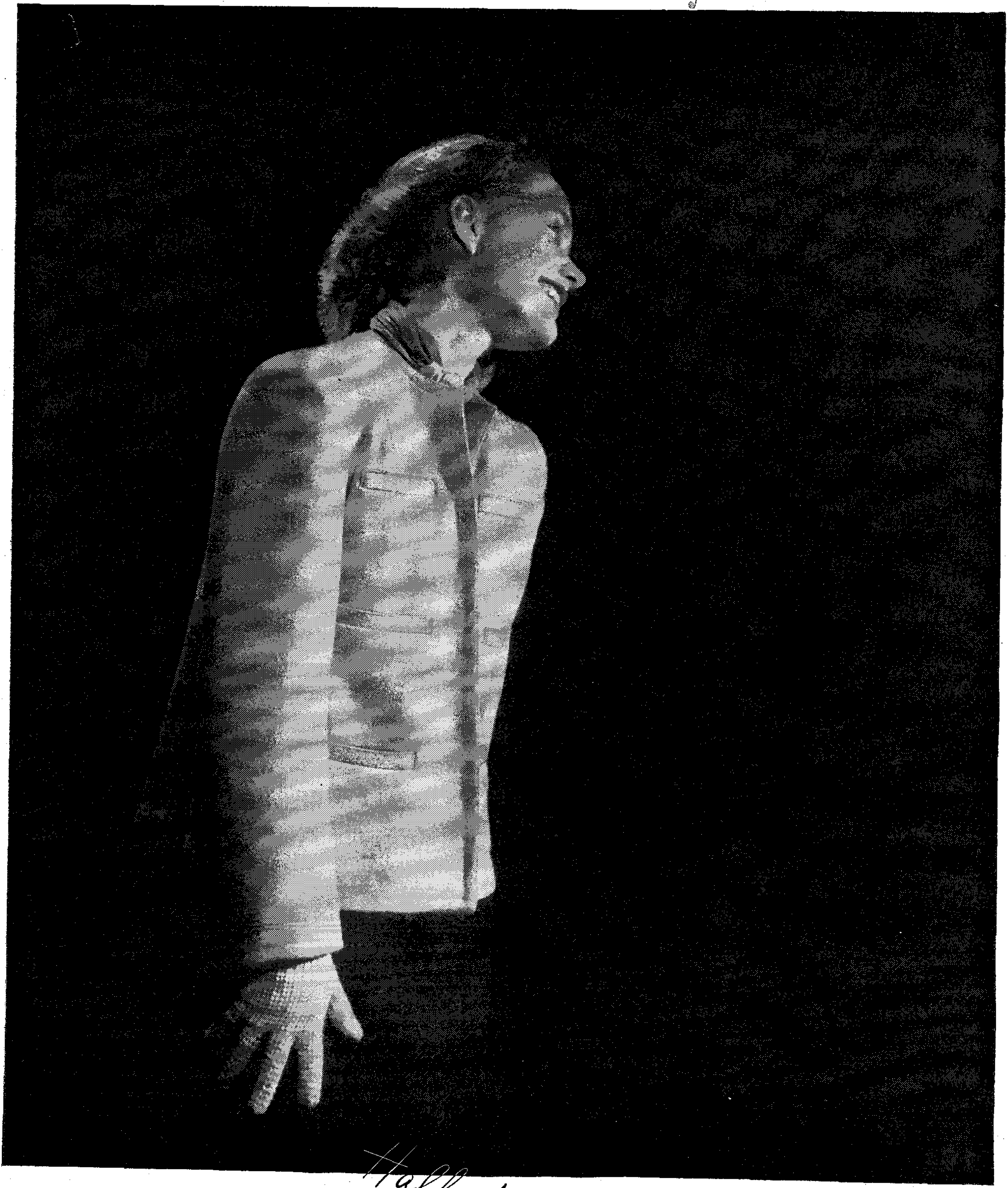

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Guard;" a benefit for the New York City Cancer Committee. Thurs. and Fri., April 26-27, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., April 28, at 2:30 and 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets, call BU 8-2665.)

BALLET

BALLET THEATRE—Tentative programs—"Giselle," "Bolero," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., April 19. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," dances from "Capriccio Espagnol," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., April 20. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Tally-Ho," "Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., April 21. . . . "Petrouchka," "Undertow," dances from "Carmen," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., April 21. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Aleko," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Aft., April 22. . . . "Giselle," "Pictures of Goya," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Eve., April 22. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow," "Harvest Time," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., April 23. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Pillar of Fire," "El Amor Brujo," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Tues. Eve., April 24. . . . "Aleko," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy," Wed. Eve., April 25. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Moonlight Sonata," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. Eve., April 26. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "El Amor Brujo," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., April 27. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Aft., April 28. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow," "Moonlight Sonata," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Eve., April 28. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the sedate old Trianon Room, Jules Lande's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras provide polite music for a polite dinner and supper audience.

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Merry monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and merry music by Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo being practically a whole show in himself. In the background, Phil Moore's band, which you can take or leave alone.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny; Josh White, his guitar, and his sombre voice; and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Edmund Hall's orchestra for dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, very bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dick and Gene Wesson, who seem to impersonate most anyone, are in the stately Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Paul and Grace Hartman's pleasantly dishevelled ballroom dancing. Pancho's and Mark Monte's capable bands alternate on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, more stately singing by Thelma Carpenter, and a solid background by Cedric Wallace's trio and Garland Wilson's piano; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Gomez and Beatrice, the dance team, and Fred Miller's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is rather casual dance music and the entertaining songs of Dorothy Shay. . . . On Wed., April 25, both rooms close in favor of the Roof, which opens for the warm spell on Thurs., April 26, with Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing every afternoon and stay on through the evening.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, there is John Sebastian and his talented harmonica, along with Carol Bruce, one of our more decorative songbirds. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays broodingly throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, who sings in the grand (movie) manner, and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances *and Russian torch songs but really starring the* chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): sort of rowdydow, but it has Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco to help you forget. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets. . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Duke Ellington's orchestra slumming on Fifth Avenue. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old pre-curfew groove, with Xavier Cugat's orchestra. Upstairs, in the Copa Bar: the Milt Herth trio and a dance band. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave., at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

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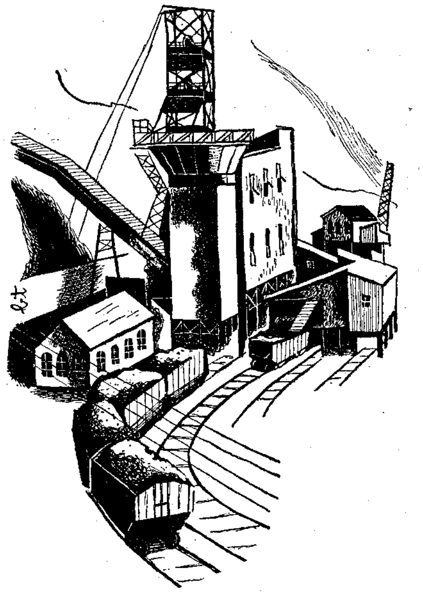
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Specialités de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' cheerful trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano, about which there can be few complaints. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and Stuff Smith collaborating in a new band; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his hot trio.

ART

HERBERT BARNETT—Landscapes and figures, halfway between Impressionism and post-Impressionism: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., April 25.



LOUIS BOSA—Recent paintings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

BRITISH—At the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: paintings done during the past year. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: Sutherland, Nash, and others. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 20.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

C. LUDWIG BRUMMÉ AND BLANCHE DOMBEK—Sculpture; also, abstract paintings by Ariadna Liebau: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

JEAN CHARLOT—Oils and mural sketches: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

STEPHEN CSOKA—Country and seashore landscapes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 20.

DEGAS AND RENOIR—Nudes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. *Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M.* to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5.

JOSEPH DE MARTINI—New paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

EUROPEAN—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Braque, and other French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo and Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

GROUPS—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: nudes by Balthus, Miró, Masson, and eight other modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28. . . . **BARZANSKY**, 664 Madison, at 61: landscapes by J. V. Gatto, Samuel Rothbort, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES**, 138 W. 15: Albert Abramowitz, Robert Gwathmey, Zoltan Hecht, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

WILLIAM GROPPER—American legends and the current scene: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 5.

JOHN EDWARD HELIKER—Maine landscapes, in a somewhat Hartley manner: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

HANS HOFMANN—Abstract paintings: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

PAUL KLEE—A retrospective show, including works from private collections: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 20.

KARL KNATHS—Recent abstractions: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

YASUO KUNIYOSHI—New paintings and drawings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

FERNAND LÉGER—At the **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: recent paintings. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5. . . . **KOOTZ**, 601 Madison, at 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

MAX LIEBERMANN—A large private collection of his graphic art: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 19.

HENRY MATTSON AND BENTON SPRUANCE—Paintings and lithographs: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

EDWARD MELCARTH—Paintings and drawings, very baroque in manner: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

CLAUDE MONET—A large exhibition of his work; a benefit for the children of Giverny, where Monet lived: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 12.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work (through May 13); and another retrospective of Georges Rouault (through June 3). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

BETTY P. PARSONS—Water colors of Rockport, Provincetown, and Vermont: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

PORTRAITS—At the **BRANDT**, 15 E. 57: varied, and uneven, work by thirty-six living artists, among whom are Berman, Tanning, and many less-known painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170

Night of Serenity

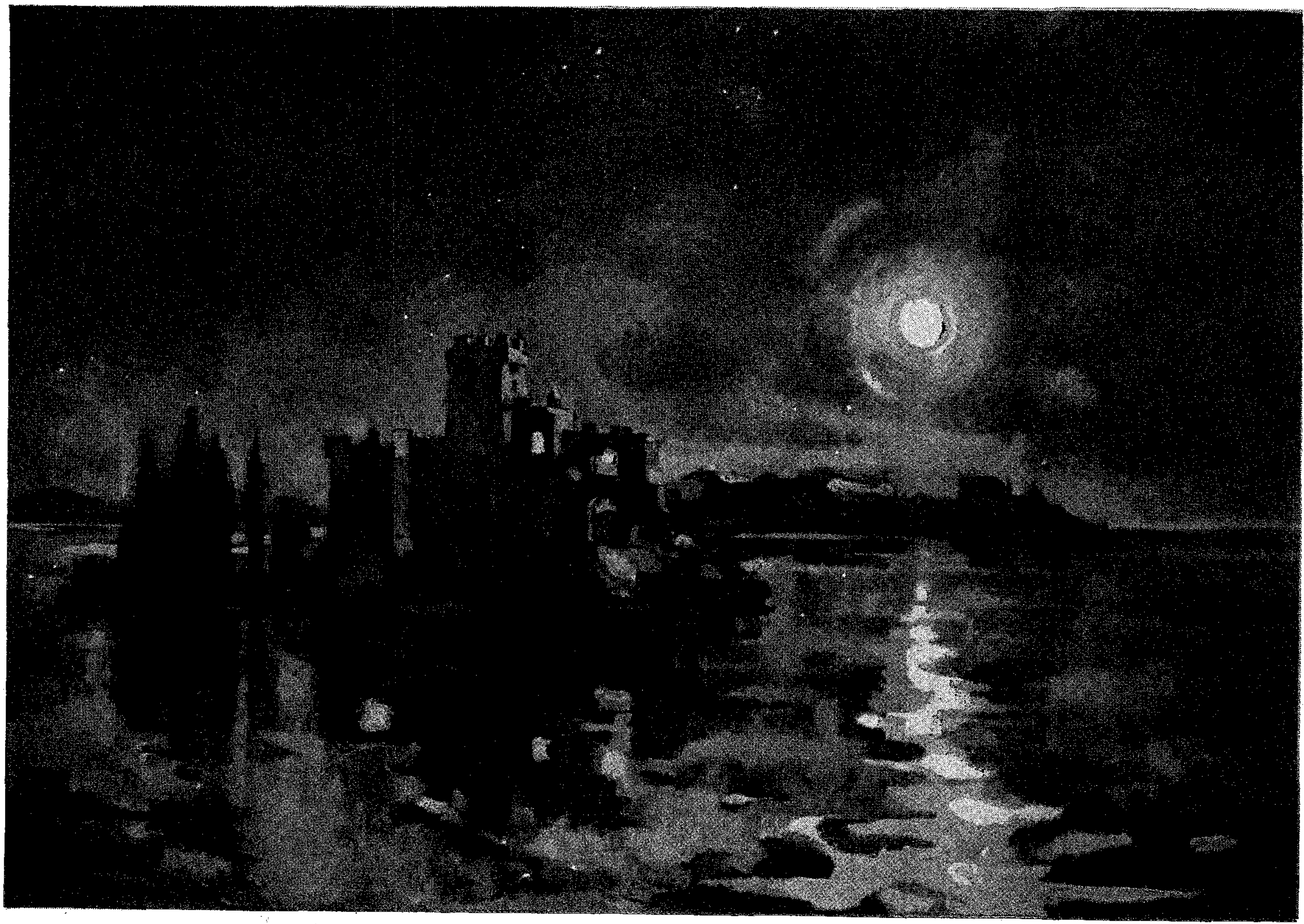
Day is easily endured. But in the darkness of the night, the lonely heart wants comforting. Restlessly it seeks assurance from the stars, an omen from the moon. Asks one moment of serenity . . . unspoiled by disillusion . . . in which to dream anew.

Music provides this tranquil interlude in happiest form. That is why, when night falls, the Capehart or the Farnsworth becomes the center of the home. Interpreting, eloquently, music's deepest message, these great instruments bring an evening of release, of magic-touched beauty, to all who hear their voice.

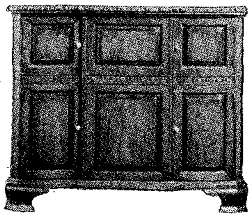
If you are one who has yet to know that pleasure, a rich experience is coming. Coming when the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation presents the glorious phonograph-radios and radios so eagerly anticipated during these war years.

Created by men with a heritage of outstanding achievement in musical reproduction, these planned-for finer Capeharts and reasonably priced Farnsworths will reflect new advances in electronic engineering . . . in fuller tone . . . in FM reception . . . in faithful record-changers. Even television will one day be available to you.

Ahead, too, are cabinet styles and sizes in a rich selection. Each of quality unsurpassed . . . whether its cost be moderate or precious. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.



Beethoven's beloved "Moonlight Sonata" inspired artist Bernard Lamotte to envision an Old World lake in which the silver moon watches its lengthened reflection. A scene tinged with melancholy, for the moon, too, stands sentinel over ruined towers where troubadours once sang to ladies fair. Portfolios of faithful reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Capehart Division, Ft. Wayne 1, Indiana.



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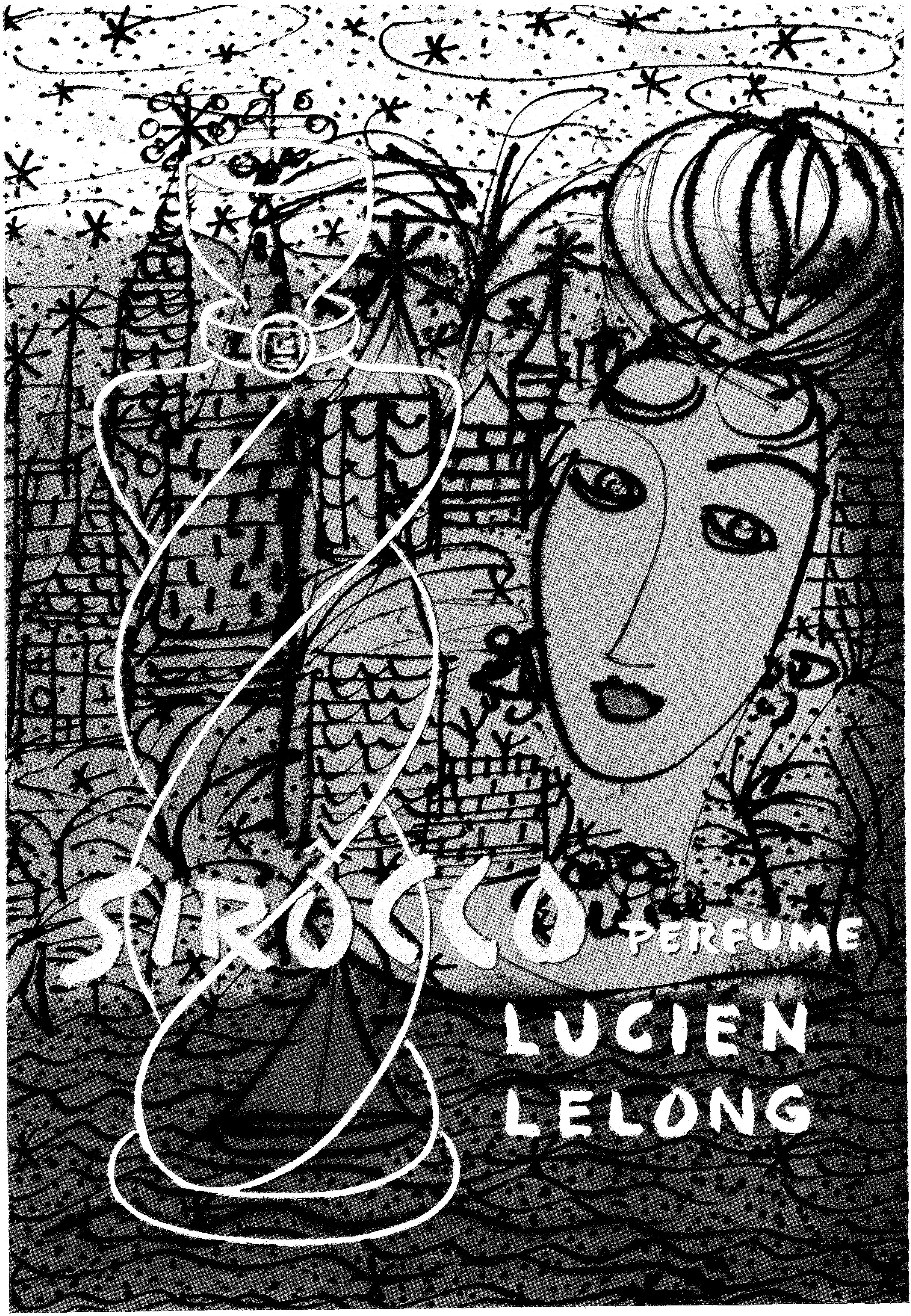

SIROCCO PERFUME
LUCIEN LELONG

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Central Pk. W., at 76: the annual show of the National Association of Portrait Painters. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 6.

Man Ray—Drawings, paintings, and photographs: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Wolfgang Roth—Circus gouaches and stage sets by the designer: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

Julius Schulein—A comprehensive show, covering the past fifteen years, of oils, water colors, and drawings: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 21.

Western Hemisphere—A large collection of sculpture, water colors, and prints, by leading artists of the United States, Latin America, and Canada: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Paintings of the Hudson River School and other early American landscapes. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 16.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Fred Waring's Orchestra—With the Collegiate Chorale, conducted by Robert Shaw, in the première performance of a symphony by Norman Dello Joio. Sat., April 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York City Center Opera Company—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., April 19. . . . "Manon Lescaut," Fri. Eve., April 20. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Aft., April 21. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Sat. Eve., April 21. . . . "La Traviata," Sun. Aft., April 22. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Eve., April 22. . . . "Manon Lescaut," Tues. Eve., April 24. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Wed. Eve., April 25. . . . "Faust," Thurs. Eve., April 26. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Fri. Eve., April 27. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., April 28. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Eve., April 28. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Madama Butterfly," Sat., April 21; "La Gioconda," Sat., April 28; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Aubrey Pankey—Baritone. Thurs., April 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Chamber Music Concert—Yura Osmolovsky, violin; Vivien Harvey, piano; Lois Wann, oboe; Mildred Hunt, flute; and others, in a program of American music, directed by Leon Barzin. Fri., April 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. No tickets necessary.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—Conducted by George Mead. Fri., April 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

College of St. Elizabeth Chorus—Conducted by Frederic Joslyn. Sat., April 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Salvatore Mario de Stefano and Alda Astori—Harp and piano. Sun., April 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Russian Concert—The Women's Chorus of the Juilliard Institute, conducted by Igor Buketoff; Eugene Istomin, piano; Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; and others, in a program sponsored by the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*. Sun., April 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 7-5500.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. Mon., April 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple conducting. Tues., April 24, at 8:15 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Wanda Landowska—Harpsichord. Tues., April 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marcel Hubert and Rudolf Firkusny—Cello and piano. Wed., April 25, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Fritz Kreisler—Violin; a benefit for the Musicians Emergency Fund. Thurs., April 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Nicholas Goldschmidt—Baritone. Fri., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano; assisted by Joseph Fuchs, violin; and Nikolai Graudan, cello. Fri., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thurs., April 19; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. and Sat., April 27-28; at 2:30 P.M. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri. through Sun., April 20-22; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., April 24-26; at 2:30 P.M. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., April 19; Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. and Sat., April 27-28; at 2:30 P.M.

Fencing—Non-divisional qualifying rounds for the National Championship: foil, individual, Fri., April 20, at 7 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **museum of science and industry**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **new york historical society**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Circus—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Costumes—At the **metropolitan museum**, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **costume institute**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries**, 30 E. 57—Barbizon paintings and works by Millet, Bonheur, Corot, and others, collected by the late William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt: Thurs., April 19, at 8 P.M. . . . French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art owned by the late Virginia M. Rosenthal: Sat., April 21, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts of English authors from the library of the late Frank J. Hogan: Tues. and Wed., April 24-25, at 2 and 8 P.M.

kende galleries, at Gimbel Brothers—Eighteenth-century French and English furniture, and objects of art, owned by the late Jules S. Bache: Thurs., April 19, at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., April 20-21, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings, including examples by Bellini, Romney, and Turner, owned by the late Jules S. Bache: Mon., April 23, at 8:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Claude D. Pepper, and Wallace H. White in the ninth of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., April 21, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., April 22, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., April 21, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 21 and 28, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., April 22, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., April 21, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . A symphony orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sat., April 21 and 28, at 4 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., April 21 and 28, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Ballet Theatre, Antal Dorati conducting, Sun., April 22, at 8:30 P.M., and Thurs., April 26, at 8:40 P.M., WNYC. . . . New York City Center Opera: "Der Fliegende Holländer," Sat., April 21, at 8:25 P.M.; "Manon Lescaut," Tues., April 24, at 8:15 P.M.; and "The Gypsy Baron," Sat., April 28, at 8:25 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., April 22, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

LONG ISLAND POTATOES 25¢

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger (from Europe), Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel (from Europe), Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing (from San Francisco beginning April 23), Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Faithful adaptation of the comic stage success of several years ago, with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey in addition to some of the tested troupers who played it on Broadway. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 19.)

Colonel Blimp—Very touching and quite dramatic story about the life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey represents the spirit of the Empire. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the play. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Dark Waters—Pretty good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., April 20-23. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 24-26.)

Double Indemnity—Violent and fairly relentless murder story, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 19.)

The Fighting Lady—Splendid documentary, made with the collaboration of the Navy, about an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. No comedians or pretty girls, but some of the best combat shots you're likely to see. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., April 19. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., April 21-25. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 24-25.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—An adaptation of Sally Benson's stories of her childhood that could hardly be better. Judy Garland is very grownup and decorative in the principal part, and the songs are nice, too. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Tues., April 20-24. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., April 24-26.)

Murder, My Sweet—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice indeed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., April 19. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 21-23. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., April 25-27.)

A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias in a comedy that probably has little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., April 23. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., April 25.)

Thunder Rock—Michael Redgrave and a good cast in a fantasy about defeatists dead and living. An English job and a not unattractive one. (Thalia,

NEW LIFE ON AN OLD LEASE!

"Postwar dream castles are fine," we said, "but what about the places people are living in meanwhile?" So Sloane experts have taken the one- to three-room average apartment space and come up with "Apartment Living"...a colorful, exciting series of rooms specifically designed to brighten up duration domiciles!

Some of the rooms have the colors featured in April *House & Garden*. All of them are beautiful, livable and suggestive of what you can do with your own. Come in and see them now.

THIRD FLOOR

W+J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., April 20-26.)

Without Love—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't decided to get cute at the end. (Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., April 21-22. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 21-23.)

REVIVALS

The Good Old Days (1944)—A feature-length film made up of old movies. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., April 25.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 20.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., April 24-25.)

Madame Curie (1943)—A biography of the discoverer of radium. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., April 21.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., April 22-23.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., April 24-25.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., April 25-27.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, Sat. through Fri., April 21-27.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., April 19. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 25-26.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., April 24-25.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana-pickers, with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 24-26.)

Victory Through Air Power (1943)—The Disney version of Seversky's book. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., April 21-25. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., April 24-25.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. through Mon., April 20-23. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., April 20-26. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., April 22-24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 24-26. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., April 25-27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., APRIL 19:** "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend" (1906), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "High and Dizzy" (1920), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Navigator" (1924), with Buster Keaton. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., APRIL 20-22:** "The Doctor's Secret" (1908); "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909); "His Bitter Pill" (1916); and "The Freshman" (1925). . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., APRIL 23-26** (at 4 P.M. only): "Kino Pravda" (1922); an excerpt from "Kombrig Ivanov" (1923); "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906); and "Potemkin" (1925), Russian films. . . . **FROM FRI., APRIL 27:** "Isn't Life Wonderful?" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith.

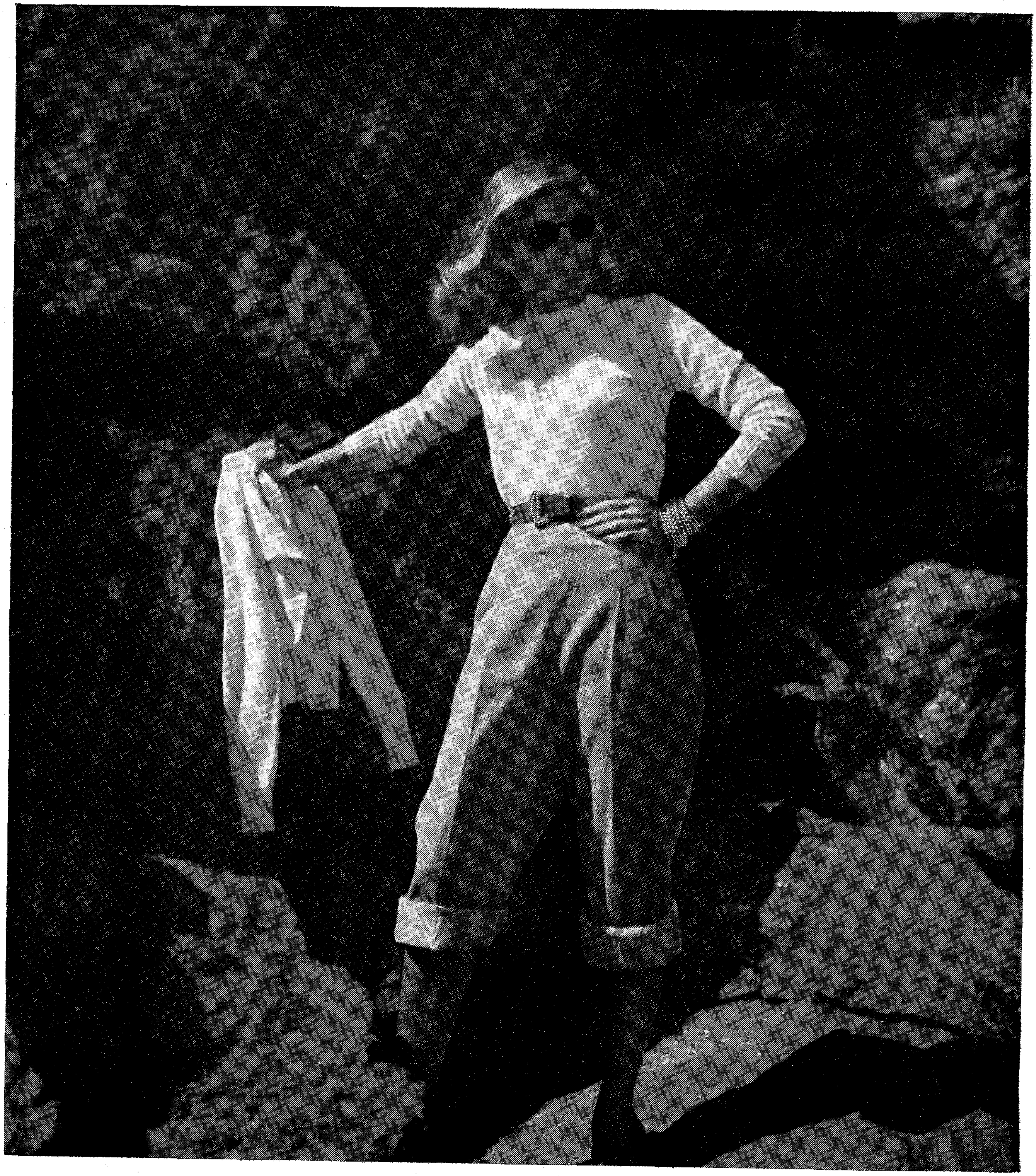
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the

HADLEY . . . American for Fine Sweaters

In the vernacular of the sweater fancier, this is the name that shines . . . this is the measuring stick for perfection. Lush, soft cashmeres, beautifully knitted, beautifully fitted, the long-sleeved slipover 13.00; cardigan 14.00



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dinner for two—Waldorf-Astoria Wedgwood Room
WHEN ONE IS MINDFUL OF HER MOST DRAMATIC PERFECTION
BY
Hartnell

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare, during the day or evening, as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to take a short training course and then work as much time as they can spare as group-leaders in recreation centers.... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) ... UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs in hospitals; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in a veterans' rehabilitation center.

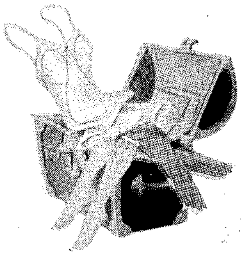
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. ... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment.... The United National Clothing Collection wants to collect, during April, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Contributions can be taken to schools, churches, synagogues, libraries, and C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. offices. For the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, radios, phonographs, records, playing cards, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881).... Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the C.D.V.O. branch at 453 Madison, at 50 (PL 3-2032).... The A.W.V.S. is now conducting a drive to collect pocket-size books for service men. For the location of the nearest collection depot, call RE 4-6050, Ext. 33.

Van Raalte



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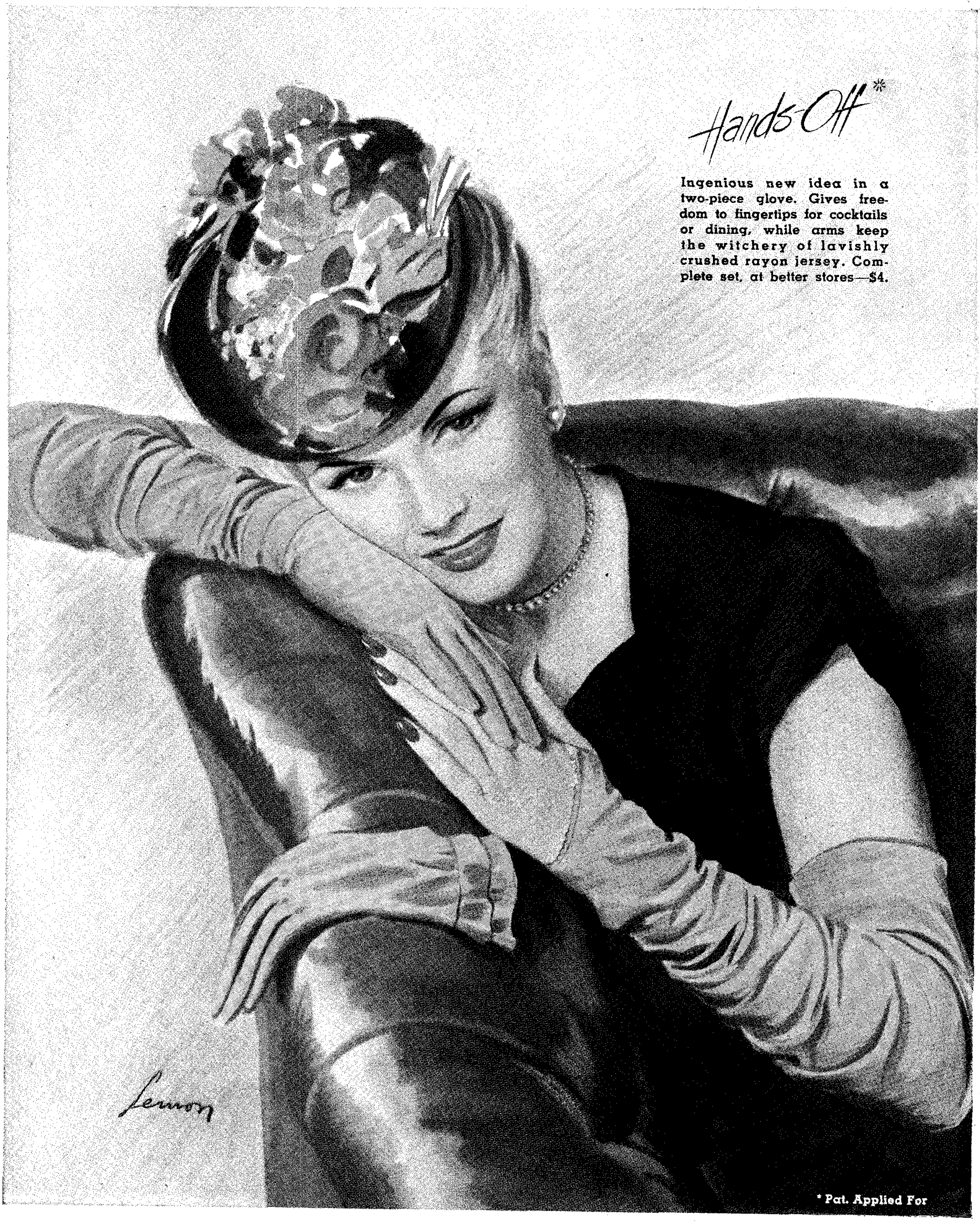
"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"



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* Pat. Applied For

AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

HE *gets rations packed in paper...*

SHE *makes the packing possible*

More than 700,000 vital war supplies are made of paper, wrapped in paper, or tagged with paper.

Women—as household managers—are helping to make this possible by salvaging *every scrap* of paper for re-use or for re-processing. Theirs is the greatest responsibility for seeing to it that household paper is regularly saved and that it finds its way into the hands of collection agencies for salvage. Upon women, too, rests the major burden of cooperating with merchants in *their* paper saving efforts—by accepting many articles unwrapped, by providing their own shopping bags to carry purchases home.

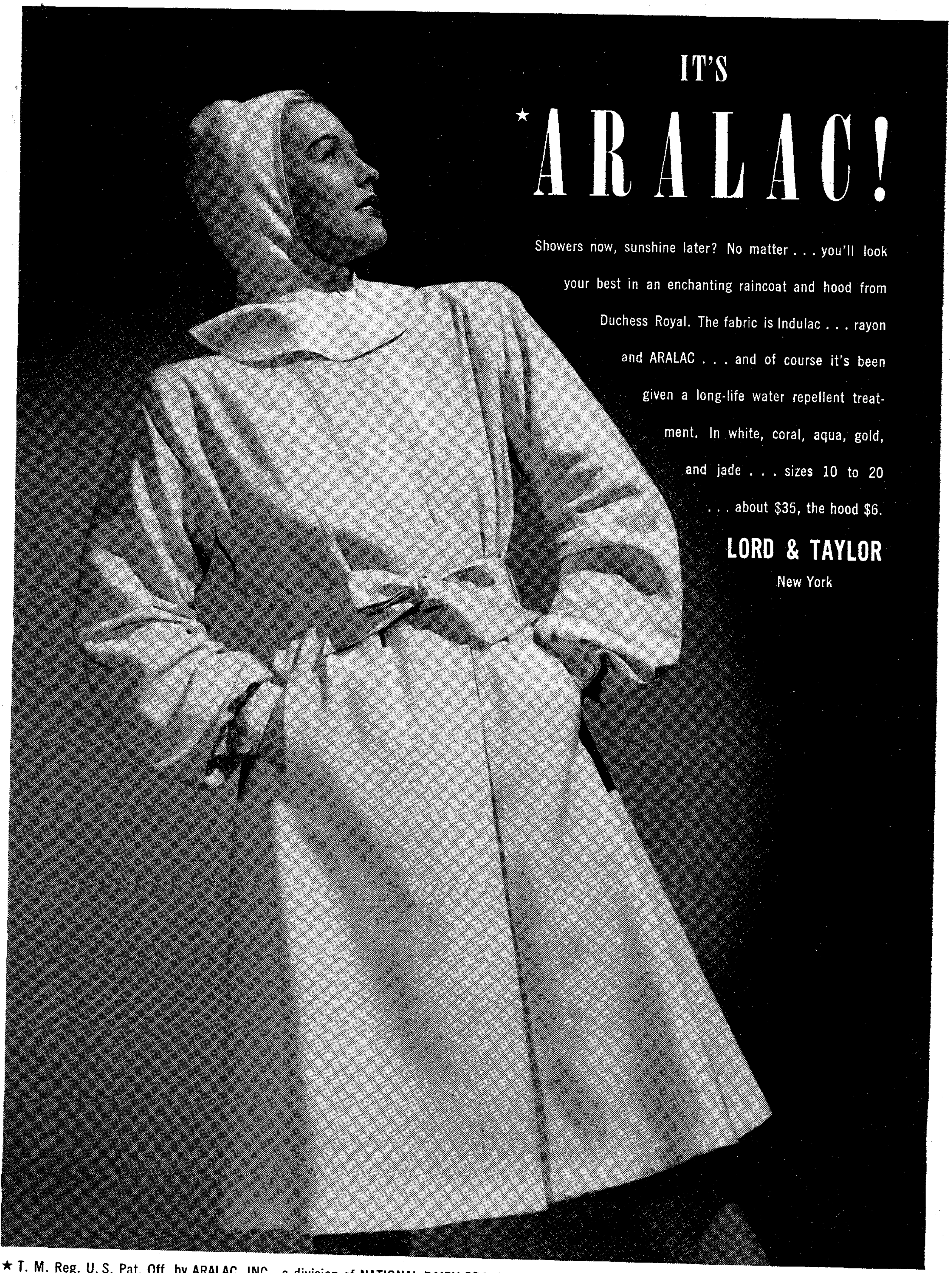
McCall's Enlists
3,500,000 Helpers

Aside from conserving paper in every way consistent with the publication of a service magazine, McCall's also brings the need for paper salvage before its more than 3,500,000 women readers.

The one woman out of every five in your community who *lives* by McCall's knows that waste paper is America's No. 1 critical war material and is ready to do all she can to help salvage it.

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE



IT'S

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Showers now, sunshine later? No matter . . . you'll look your best in an enchanting raincoat and hood from Duchess Royal. The fabric is Indulac . . . rayon and ARALAC . . . and of course it's been given a long-life water repellent treatment. In white, coral, aqua, gold, and jade . . . sizes 10 to 20 . . . about $35, the hood $6.

LORD & TAYLOR

New York

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in Bates Fabrics' "Big'n'Little" prints—a Cole of California beachwear exclusive.

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BUY BONDS TODAY FOR VICTORY TOMORROW

Sensitone Lotion

Monteil creates an entirely new preparation for the oily or adolescent skin that finds other foundations too rich. Conceals blemishes, keeps the skin fresh, clear and lovely throughout the day. A worthy base for the color and sparkle of Monteil's make-up, blending rouge and powder into flattering color echoes of your complexion. In two shades... Sun Tan and Muted Rose.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WALT WHITMAN turned in the ablest report last week and wrote the perfect account of the President's last journey (and the processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night). It was quite natural that he should have, and it was ingenious of the *World-Telegram* to give him the space he deserved on the front page. Walt's barbaric yawp, his promulging of democracy, his great sweep and love of the people, had been finding political verification during the past dozen years, and when he wrote of the slow and solemn coffin that passes through lanes and streets, through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land, with the pomp of the inlooped flags, he was simply filing the continuing story of democracy, shoulder to shoulder with the Associated Press.

For a while after the President's death, our thoughts were cool and amorphous—a private phenomenon which often attends grim public occasions. But a day or so later, in line of duty, we found ourself in the council chambers of those to whom Mr. Roosevelt's death brought a secret sense of relief and the intimations of new life. It was there, by inversion, amid the hopes and yearnings of these people, that we again felt the flame of the President's spirit, for here was the welcoming band, the reception committee, ready to reëmbrace the status quo, the special privilege, the society of the white Protestant élite, the clipped hedge that guards the inviolate lawn. Here were the conciliators, their hands outstretched to scratch the ears of all the dragons he had tilted with—injustice, compromise, intolerance. It was no wonder, as we walked home, that Walt's old words seemed a perfect fit for the news, no wonder so many millions were at that moment trembling with the tolling bells' perpetual clang and muttering under their breath, "Here, coffin that slowly passes, I give you my sprig of lilac."

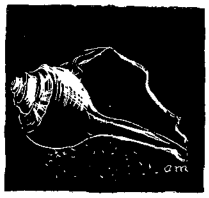
IT seems to us that the President's death, instead of weakening the structure at San Francisco, will strengthen it. Death almost always reactivates the household in some curious manner, and the death of Franklin Roosevelt recalls and refurnishes the terrible emotions and the bright meaning of the times he brought us through. By the simple fact of dying, he has again attacked in strength. He now personifies, as no one else could, all the American dead—those whose absence we shall soon attempt to justify. The President was always a lover of strategy: he even died strategically, as though he had chosen the right moment to inherit the great legacy of light that Death leaves to the great. He will arrive in San Francisco quite on schedule, and in hundredfold capacity, to inspire the nations that he named United.

TODAY, tomorrow, or some day not far off, the great wish, the long dream, will come true—the end of war in Europe. There may be no surrender, no last laying down of arms, but the victory will be there just the same, the bloody miracle which once seemed hardly possible will have come to pass. "You and eleven million other guys," said the American sergeant to von Papen when he said he wished the war were over. President Roosevelt loved these eleven million other guys very much, and he was well aware that war's end for the soldier in arms would be war's beginning for all the rest of us combined, and for the soldier, too. The President knew this as well as any other man, or better. The guns that spoke in the Hudson Valley last Sunday morning, and Fala's sharp answering bark, were the first salvo of his new fight—for freedom, human rights, peace, and a world under law.

BACK in 1941, we undertook to do a little article about Krum Elbow, the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park. We wrote the President for permission to visit it and he replied promptly, suggesting that we first have a talk with him at the White House so that he could tell us what he knew about the place. We interviewed him there, but soon afterward the President's mother died, so we put the piece aside. Now, when every chance encounter with Mr. Roosevelt has taken on a heightened meaning, we have recovered the notes we then regretfully filed away, and we set down, as a minor contribution to history, what happened on that occasion.

We had an appointment to meet the President in his office late on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 15, 1941. The weather in Washington that day was characteristically hot and humid. The rest of the executive offices were air-conditioned, but the President's office was not, and Steve Early explained to us that the President suspected that air-conditioning gave him colds. Mr.

Early introduced us to the President, whose first words to us were "Sit you down." He was wearing a soft white shirt and blue polka-dot tie and had taken off his jacket. He had just concluded a particularly long press conference, but he seemed cheerful and untired. As he lit a cigarette, he told us that he thought he knew pretty much what we wanted. Smiling slightly and smoking one cigarette after another, he recounted the history of Krum Elbow, citing what must have been, even for him, obscure dates and names with no apparent effort.



The original Roosevelt property in Hyde Park, he told us, was two miles from Krum Elbow and had belonged to his great-great-grandfather. It was inherited in 1848 by the President's father, James Roosevelt, who occupied the house on it until 1866. That year, while James Roosevelt was abroad, the house burned down. After his return, he bought Krum Elbow. James moved, the President said, not only because there was a substantial house already on the estate but because he had learned that land only half a mile away from the old place had been bought by the state for an insane asylum. On his new estate, he devoted himself to raising trotting horses. Among the horses bred at Krum Elbow, the President said proudly, was Gloster, the first trotter in the United States to do a mile in 2:19 pulling a high-wheeled sulky without rubber tires. James Roosevelt finally got Gloster down to 2:17 before he sold him to Senator Leland Stanford of California. While the horse was en route to Senator Stanford's farm, which later became the site of Leland Stanford University, it was killed in a train wreck.

When the President's father died, in 1900, he left four hundred acres of the Hyde Park estate to the President's mother and two hundred acres to the President's half-brother, James Roosevelt Roosevelt, to remain their property during their lifetime and afterward to go to Franklin Roosevelt. The house on the property, frame with brick fill, dates from 1826; it has been remodelled three or four times. In 1913, the President said, his mother did what would be called a streamlining job today. Among other things, she added a library wing of stone, cut off a tower, and in its stead put on the roof a New England captain's walk.

In 1938 the President built himself a cottage on a high hill some distance from the house. He told us that he drove up there whenever he wanted to get away from people and other distractions. "There isn't any telephone in the place," he said, "because, you know, if there's a telephone, somebody is sure to use it." The only time he regretted not having a phone was one afternoon when a Secret Service man came in excitedly to tell him that Secretary Hull, in Washington, insisted on talking to him. The President had to drive down to the house for the call. In his hideaway he looked over books, did a little work if he felt like it, and relaxed. He hated to have the place called his "dream cottage" by the press. For one thing, it wasn't that; he had never even thought of it until shortly before he had it built.

The President warned us not to expect magnificence at Krum Elbow. He said that most of the old Dutchess County families lived quite simply. Not long before, he said, he had been amused by a lady journalist who complained in an article that the house represented no particular period in decoration and was, in fact, a hodgepodge. "Of course it's a hodgepodge," the President said, smiling. "Several generations of my family have been in it and we don't want any Empire period or any other period. We have accumulated a good many things in the course of the years that are prized for their family associations." The President told us to be on the lookout for the old yellow brocade drapes in the drawing room. "They have no particular value," he said, "but my mother keeps them there because they were brought back from China by one of the Delanos many years ago. Also, be sure and have a look at the collection of Dresden china in the drawing room. I don't suppose it has any special value, but my mother likes her Dresden-china clock, figurines, and chandelier. Who knows? Dresden china may get fashionable again. All kinds of things like that have come back."

We stood up, wondering if we had taken too much of the President's time. He had spoken, however, without an air of urgency, and we got the impression that it had refreshed him to talk of the house in which he had been born and to which he always returned whenever he could. He shook hands with us and said goodbye. As we walked out, a door opened behind us and a secretary came in and sat down beside the President's desk. The President leaned forward, his broad shoulders hunched, ready to get back to work.

Return to Campobello

ACROSS Passamaquoddy Bay from Eastport, Maine, lies the twelve-thousand-acre island of Campobello, and it was there that Franklin Roosevelt walked naturally and unaided for the last time. The James Roosevelts bought a summer house on Campobello in the eighties, and after Franklin's marriage, in 1905, his mother built a cottage for the young couple. Campobello has a year-around population of about fifteen hundred, mainly fishermen, and a dozen or so families of summer people, most of whom have been going there for forty or fifty years. One of the Roosevelts' Campobello neighbors remembers that, while Franklin's house was furnished in the usual summer-cottage fashion, with iron bedsteads and pine tables and chairs, his mother always had silver, cut glass, and centerpieces on her table. It was there that her son learned to swim and fish and sail, and there that he acquired such a thorough knowledge of the hidden reefs offshore that he was able, years later, to pick flaws in the Coast and Geodetic Survey charts. It was there, too, that he developed such a deep interest in the twenty-four-foot tides of the Bay of Fundy that, when he got to the White House, he fathered the Passamaquoddy power project, one of the most ambitious proposals of the early New Deal. In the summer of 1921, Roosevelt went swimming off the outer shore of Campobello, where the temperature of the water rarely gets above forty-five degrees, and then walked home, a distance of two miles, in a wet bathing suit. He went to bed with a chill, which may have laid him open to the attack of infantile paralysis that followed.

It was twelve years before Roosevelt returned to Campobello, and by then he was President of the United States. In June, 1933, he sailed down the Maine coast in the schooner Amberjack II, escorted by the cruiser Indianapolis and two destroyers, bound for Campobello. The course charted was to take the convoy almost entirely around Campobello, to the anchorage on the inside. There was a heavy fog. As the ships approached Campobello, the Amberjack II slipped off into the mists, leaving the Navy signalling frantically and worrying. The Amberjack reached the bay by a fairly tricky channel known as the Narrows, steered, of course, by the President. He stayed ashore for the next two days, talking over earlier years with many of the fishermen he had known, and then was taken off the island on a destroyer, which transferred him to the Indianapolis, on which he sailed away. The destroyer was moored at the end of a dock for his departure and a gangplank was run down from its deck at a steep angle. When it came time to leave, Mr. Roosevelt jauntily waved aside two men who stood at his side to help him aboard and, grasping the two handrails, slowly walked up to the deck. He stood there for a moment, puffing slightly, and then turned and smiled to the neighbors who had seen him carried onto the ship that had taken him from the island twelve years before.

A Minute

A FRIEND of ours has a weekend war job in a small factory in Long Island City. He works at a lathe, next to a sixteen-year-old boy who goes to vocational school on weekdays. The factory's product is an underwater torch used to cut steel in salvage operations, and the owner ordered work as usual last Saturday. The foreman showed up with a small portable radio, which he put on a shabby desk in one corner. Most of the early afternoon he sat at the desk, fiddling with a small brass nozzle he had a notion might be simplified. Now and then he'd sketch a little diagram on a scrap of paper, then crumple it and toss it on the littered cement floor. As four o'clock approached, he turned on the radio. The owner came out of his partitioned-off office, looked at his watch, bent his head to listen to the radio, then picked up the nozzle and asked the foreman a question, inaudible in the roar of the machines. The foreman shrugged. The owner looked again at his watch, walked to the middle of the shop, and shouted something. One by one, the machines stopped. The owner said, "All right, men. Put down your tools." One man walked away from his bench and sat down on a crate. The foreman noticed him and said, "Maybe we'd all better stand." He got up himself, and reached over and turned the radio up. In a few moments the announcer said, ". . . four o'clock." After that the radio hummed blankly. The foreman stood with his hands clasped in front of him, self-consciously, like a man in church. His eyes were on the brass nozzle until, with a little shake of the head, he turned and looked out the window. The shower that had been threatening finally broke, and the drops pelted on the glass roof. After the long minute, the radio started to talk again. The owner said, "All right, fellows, you can—" The starting up of the machines drowned out the rest.

Law Clerk

THIRTY-ODD years ago the law firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn, which then occupied the fourth and fifth floors of the ten-story granite-and-red-brick building that still stands at 54 Wall Street, had in its employ seven young clerks recently out of law school. The atmosphere of the place was leisurely. The senior partners had cannel-coal fires in their offices. Among the clients were such well-established folk as old Colonel Astor and the elder Morgan. The clerks worked at roll-top desks in a large, musty room known as the outer office, under the eye of a gigantic and moth-eaten stuffed seal. This had been an exhibit in proceedings before the international tribunal created to settle the Bering Sea controversy between the United States and Great Britain some years before, in which old Mr. Carter had represented the United States. One of the law clerks was Franklin Roosevelt. Another was Edwin DeT. Bechtel, now a senior partner in Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. He is the only one of those seven clerks now alive, and it was from him that we learned something about what Franklin Roosevelt was like between 1907 and 1910, before he gave up law for politics.

As most law clerks did then, young Roosevelt started work without salary. Within a few months, as soon as he had proved himself to be in earnest (after all, he had flunked one of his final exams at Columbia Law School), he was given ten dollars a week, which was paid to him in cash, in a yellow envelope. After eighteen months with the firm, he was made managing clerk, and before long he began to try some minor cases. He usually appeared for American Express, National Express, or Westcott Express, all clients of the firm, in suits involving mishaps to baggage—there would be an argument about the value of the contents of a lost valise, a crate of eggs would break and damage a handbag, an actor's wardrobe wouldn't show up for a performance and he would claim heavy damages. These cases would usually be tried, in a rough-and-tumble fashion, in municipal courts like the one on Rivington Street. Occasionally, Roosevelt would catch a witness lying, and he would be amused. He was known as a promising young man among the down-to-earth judges and jurors before whom he appeared. Automobiles were being seen more and more, and the young lawyer tried a few accident cases. Occasionally, also, one of the senior partners would take him up or down the coast to help in an admiralty case. But mostly it was baggage. In those days, Roosevelt was toying with the idea of forming a law firm that would specialize in Latin-American practice; he was a good neighbor even then.

Roosevelt lived with his wife and children in the house, at 49 East Sixty-fifth Street, which his mother had built for him, next to hers, and Mr. Bechtel recalled that it was there that Roosevelt's third child, the first Franklin Delano, Jr., died. Roosevelt would leave home early—seven-thirty if he was to appear at, say, Rivington Street, for it was pretty much first come first served in the lower courts. Usually he took the Third Avenue "L," getting on at Sixty-seventh Street and off at Hanover Square. He frequently had a volume of naval history to read on the train; he intended someday to write a history of the

War of 1812. He was a young man you might notice: tall and thin, with an unlined face and fair hair, and quick-moving, with a springy step. He put thought into his clothes. Mr. Bechtel remembers that on one occasion Roosevelt was especially proud of a chalk-striped flannel suit he had bought ready-made from Brooks, on Broadway at Twenty-third. "Some suit, eh?" he said when he showed up for work, and it was felt and duly admired. That morning he had to go to the County Court House and got caught in a heavy spring shower, and when he returned, the new suit was a mess. "That's what you get for taking pride in material things," he said. He smoked cigarettes, but without the holder, and in the summer wore a straw boater with the gay hatband of one of his undergraduate clubs.

On especially busy days, Roosevelt would lunch with his office friends at one of the Exchange Buffets. However hurried, he would have a real meal—soup, perhaps a roast-beef platter, dessert, and coffee. They'd talk about New York's first fleet of taxicabs, which had just appeared, or about the bachelor apartments Shanley had announced he would open over his restaurant. For more leisurely lunches, Roosevelt liked to go to one of the Spanish restaurants then to be found along Water and Pearl Streets, for *arroz con pollo*. The office closed at one o'clock on Saturdays, and he would often dragoon one of his friends into going up to Fourth Avenue to look for naval prints in Gottschalk's Old Print Shop. Mr. Bechtel wrote Roosevelt a note of congratulation after he was elected President and got an answering note that said, "Those were grand old days at 54 Wall—I often think that my Municipal Court work laid the foundation for politics better than any other factor in my life."

Roosevelt's political career was born at 54 Wall. John Mack, the Poughkeepsie lawyer, began paying visits to the office to persuade Franklin to run for the State Senate from the Twenty-sixth District. The two would sit there and talk about it as the stuffed seal glowered. When Roosevelt decided to risk politics, he told his fellow-clerks about it and said that he was going to campaign in an automobile. He was one of the first ever to use an automobile to campaign in; Mr. Bechtel thinks maybe *the* first.

Platform in Garrison

SUNDAY morning, at dawn, we were at the railroad station in the small town of Garrison, which lies across the Hudson from West Point. Only a railroad-crossing watchman and two fishermen were there when we arrived, but a moment later a man drove up and asked one of the fishermen, who double as ferrymen to the Point, to take him across. "The President's coming," the fisherman said. "You'll want to wait for that." We went along the track to the watchman's booth and asked him when he expected the funeral train. "Be here," he told us, "between seven-thirty and eight. First there'll be the train with the congressmen and then, maybe a quarter of an hour later, the President will go through." As we got back to the station, a man arrived with a shivering small son. "You've got to remember everything you see today," the man said. "It's awfully cold," the boy said.

In the next half hour or so, two or three dozen automobiles, of all makes and sizes, from Model A Fords on up, drove up, and the people who got out of them were of all makes and sizes, too. They seemed more excited than sad, and it occurred to us that perhaps this was right, that Franklin Roosevelt would have preferred to have left his world with more of a bang than a whimper.

Soon there were seventy or eighty people on the platform, and we listened to disjointed fragments of their conversation. "I couldn't tell old Mrs. Beldon on Friday. The shock would have been too much for her." "I wish to God he'd managed to hang on until Germany was licked." "I wish the people would all stand in one place on the platform. It would make a bigger tribute." "Will the train stop, Daddy?" "I've got some nice hot coffee in the car." "I hope he's not in one of those old-fashioned trains. It wouldn't be proper."

Periodically, a lad of thirteen or so, in a red-and-blue-striped mackinaw, dashed down to the watchman's shack to consult him about the progress of the funeral train. "It's in the block now," he reported to the crowd several times. "Be here in three minutes." He was wrong each time, and soon the people paid no attention to him. Among the waiting people was a group of Capuchin brothers, mostly bearded, wearing brown cassocks bound with white cords and sandals on their bare feet. They aligned themselves with almost military precision and stood silently and patiently. They had walked a mile to the station from their monastery at Glenclyffe, the former estate of Stuyvesant Fish, and they gave a medieval tone to the gathering. We were watching them when the first Washington train swept by the platform at perhaps twenty-five miles an hour. "That's not it," said the boy in the mackinaw. "Bill says the President's in the next one, in a car called the Roald Amundsen." Everybody peered nervously down the track. "It'll be just terrible if I don't see him," a woman said. "They'll slow up when they see us," a man assured her.

The funeral train finally curved into sight, trailing a plume of white smoke, and the crowd became silent. As the locomotive pounded past the platform, some of the men removed their hats, the rest just stared. A car marked "Roald Amundsen" slid by and the youth in the mackinaw shouted, "There's the President!" He was wrong again, but the lady who had hoped against an old-fashioned train must have been relieved, for the special for Hyde Park was made up mostly of the new gray Pullmans and the flag-covered coffin was in a beautiful lounge car at the end, with its military guard of honor. It disappeared up the track, and Garrison's moment was over. "I saw him!" a little girl cried. "I saw him real plain!" "You couldn't have seen him," her mother said. "He was sleeping under the American flag." "I saw him," the little girl insisted. As the crowd slowly dissolved, the father and son who had been among the earliest arrivals walked past us. "I saw everything," the boy was saying. "That's good," his father said. "Now make sure you remember it."

MARSHALL DAVIS

THE GUIDE

"I'VE been watching you," the girl said. "You haven't danced once all night."

The soldier cracked his knuckles and did not speak.

"What do you think we came all the way out from Ashland for, to be stood up? Your lieutenant told us you boys were crazy to dance."

The soldier said, "That goldbrick's got no right to speak for us."

The girl's voice was husky. She said, "This is my first time here. What was it before it was a hospital, a country club?"

"A school. A school for snotty little rich boys."

"I've never seen such a place."

The soldier said, "Neither have I."

The girl hesitated. "I didn't mean to have it come out that way."

The soldier said, "Hell's bells, I got to live with it, don't I?" He was afraid now that the girl would go away. The orchestra had begun to play "The Last Time I Saw Paris" and soon another soldier, one of the sighted ones, might come up and ask her to dance. He said, "The C.O. says we got to get used to words like 'blind' and 'see.' He says we got to act like everything was still O.K. After all, he says, we're only one in a thousand. We have to keep in step with the rest of you." He had begun to talk about himself merely to hold the girl beside him, but, as it always did, his bitterness flooded over into what he said. "He has great ideas, the C.O. does. It was him and the lieutenant who cooked up these dances. They're supposed to give us confidence, like not using a cane, like learning to type and run machines and feed a bunch of lousy hens. It's to make everything seem dandy."

The girl said softly, "Dance with me."

The soldier shook his head.

"Dance with me. Please!"

"I won't." But his anger was checked by her voice, husky and pleading, and by his fear that she would go away. "I can't," he said. "I don't know how."

"You do. I'm sure you do."

"I haven't danced since last year, since we went overseas."

"I knew you could!"

"I'd go bumping you into people. You'd get knocked down."

"I'll take a chance." The girl's voice sounded close to him. She said, "You won't be cross with me if I lead a little, will you? Then nothing will go wrong. Then we'll have fun."

The orchestra was playing "Long Ago and Far Away." The soldier said sharply, "Fun?," but he held out his hands toward her voice. When he felt her right hand take his left hand, he placed his other hand in the hollow of her back. He said, "You're smaller than I thought."

"I am?"

She sounded pleased, and he said, "You feel like a kid."

"Say, I'm not as young as all that."

"I bet you're pretty."

She said, "Maybe we better try dancing. Everybody else is."

He took his hand from her back and ran it slowly over her face. "You feel pretty," he said. "You got a high forehead and little nose. What color eyes?"

"Blue. But you mustn't go thinking I'm pretty."

"I will. I can tell. And I like your mouth and chin." He held up his index finger. "Did I get lipstick on it?"

The girl laughed and said, "It's called Pink Ice. I'll wipe it off with my handkerchief."

"Don't." He touched his finger to his lips. "It tastes good." The girl tugged at his left hand, preparing to dance, but the soldier said, "I bet you're the prettiest girl in the room. I bet you are."

"Please," she said. "Please let's dance."

SHE led him slowly toward the middle of the room. The orchestra was playing a waltz. The floor felt smooth and reassuring under his feet. Now and then he stumbled and said, "I told you what'd happen, didn't I?," but she always said, "Quiet, silly! It's fun." After two or three dances, when he had gauged the size of the floor, he began to listen to the scattered conversations around him, to the sound of other soldiers and girls dancing, without being afraid that they would run him down. The other girls' voices seemed loud and harsh compared to his girl's voice. They talked too much about themselves and about the war, calling out to one another and giggling at the soldiers' comments. One girl kept repeating, "Stop it. *Stop* it. Oh, I'll die if I don't stop laughing." But his girl hardly spoke. Lowering his cheek to hers, he said, "You smell good."

She said, "It's called Apple Blossom."

"Don't keep giving me the names of things. I mean you smell good."

She touched his cheek with her fingers and said, "You're sweet."

He said, "Thanks for making me dance."

"I was afraid to ask you for a long time. I stood right beside you, but I didn't dare say anything."

"I could feel you there," he said. "I thought maybe you figured I was some kind of a freak."

"I didn't!"

"I'm just telling you. That's why I was sore at first. I don't like people coming out here to the hospital, not even entertainers or Red Cross people. I don't like anybody being sorry for me. I like to be left alone." As he spoke the words, the soldier knew that they were untrue, or only partly true, and he was afraid that the girl would believe them. She didn't answer, and he went on hurriedly, "Only not you. I'm glad you came out here. I don't want you to leave me alone."

She squeezed his hand. "You're funny."

"Am I?"

"I mean, you're all mixed up."

He could not help his self-pity. "Maybe that's what stopping shrapnel does."

"We better not talk about that," the girl said.

"I don't mind."

"I think I'd mind."

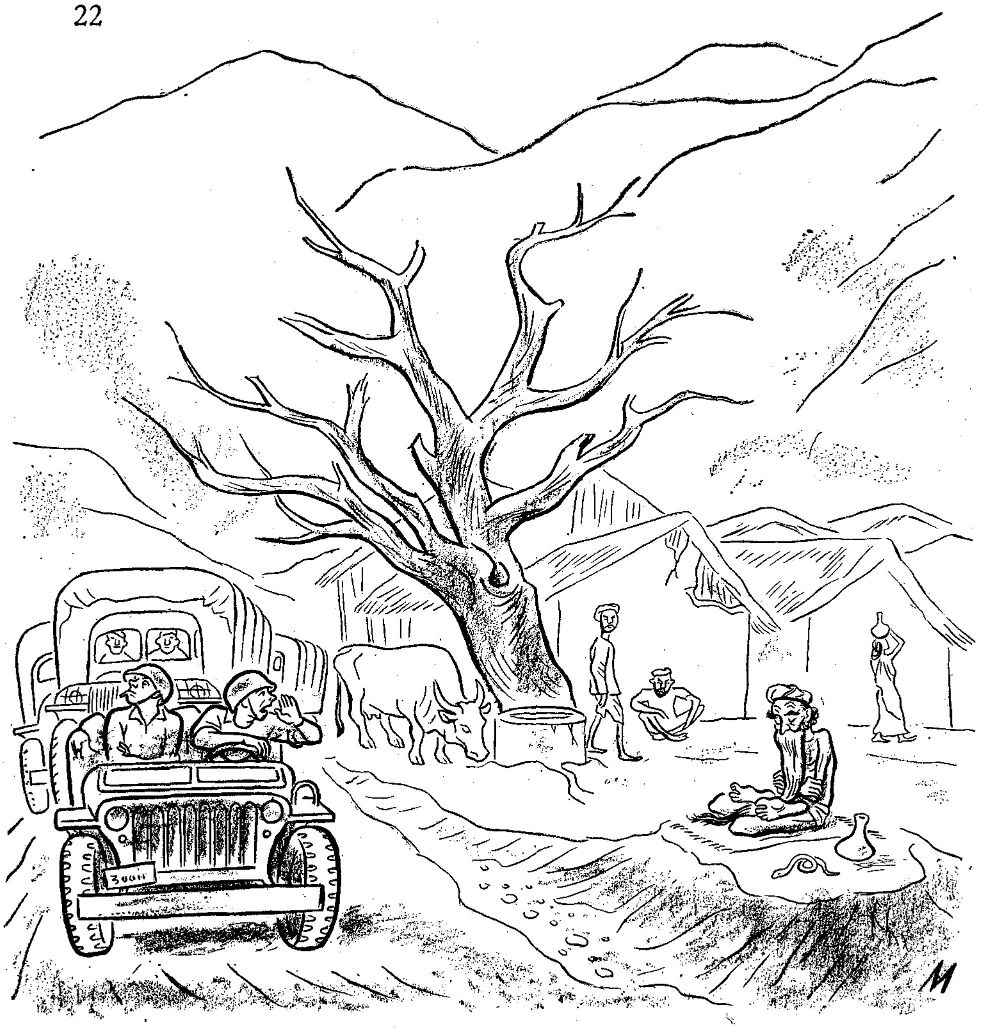
The music had ended, and they were dancing to the sound of their voices. The soldier said, "The lieutenant told us there'd be refreshments on a table to the left of the front door. Between the door and the windows." He tried to keep his voice steady. "Ten paces," he said. "I counted it off before the dance. Would you like some fancy hospital refreshments?"

The girl said, "That would be fine." She continued to hold his hand, guiding him and pretending not to guide him across the floor. The voices of the other girls and soldiers grew shrill as they approached the table. The girl said, "You wait here while I get something for us."

"It'll only be grape juice and cookies," the soldier said. "It's always grape juice and cookies." He imitated the singsong voice of a child reciting in school. "I've been taught how to fill my cup already. It's simple. I can tell by the temperature of the grape juice inside the cup how close to the top I'm getting."

"Please don't talk like that. I'll be back in a minute."

Ever since he had become blind, time had passed for him with painful slowness. Now, to keep from growing impatient, he counted the seconds—"a one and a two and a three"—between the sound of her heels clicking away into



"Hey, Jack! Which way to the Stilwell Road?"

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the babble of voices and the sound of their return. "One hundred and twenty-three seconds," he told her, feeling their fingers join as she offered him a paper cup. "Was one of those sighted sad sacks trying to wolf you?"

"Don't be silly."

"We call them our seeing-eye dogs. They have to lead us around the place for a couple of weeks till we get used to it. I don't want one of them wolfing my girl."

The girl said, "Nobody's wolfing your girl. Nobody's tried."

"Don't give me that," the soldier said. "The prettiest girl in the place!" When she did not answer, he said, "Come on out and I'll show you the rest of it. I heard somebody say there's a moon."

"Yes," she said, "we saw it when we were coming out on the bus."

THEY walked slowly toward the door. The soldier dreaded the raised threshold and the flight of narrow concrete steps beyond it. He had fallen halfway down the steps on the day of his arrival at the hospital and it had taken until tonight for him to find courage enough to go down them unassisted. To keep the girl from noticing his fear of the steps, he said, "Did you all come out on the same bus?"

"Yes. We work in the same office."

The threshold was passed. They were nearly halfway down the steps. "What did you talk about coming out?" he asked.

"Nothing much."

"About how it would feel to dance with a guy who was blind?"

"Of course not."

They had reached the bottom step. "You must have."

"We didn't!"

For the first time, the soldier laughed. "We're practically fighting, aren't we? It's like we've been married for years."

The girl said, "I ought to say you started it. Then you'd say, no, I started it. Then we'd be ready to throw things."

"You know what?" the soldier asked. "I feel good. Right now, right this second, I feel good."

The girl pressed his hand. "So do I."

"Is there still a moon?"

"Yes. Over there." She added quickly, "Toward the mountain, I mean."

"What kind of a moon is it?"

"It's past full, but it's big and bright."

"Does it light up the valley?"

"There's a fog in the valley. The moon lights up the fog and makes it look like a lake."

The soldier nodded. "There's a fog down there every morning. One of the sighted guys was saying it was on account of the river. It's a pretty big river, isn't it?"

"I guess so. It looks big to me."

"Well, how wide is it?"

The girl said, "I never know how big anything is in feet or inches."

The soldier said, "When you come out to the dance next week, you better be able to tell me just how big that river is. I want to know all about it, where it starts and what towns it flows through, and where it ends. The works." Then he said, "You *are* coming out to the dance next week, aren't you?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"You got to come."

"You might not want me to come by next week," the girl said.

They had reached the end of the gravel path. Now they turned and began to retrace their steps. The air felt cold on their faces. The soldier said, "Don't talk crazy. Of course I want you to come."

The girl said, "But you don't know what I'm like, what I'm really like. During the week you'll be talking with the other soldiers, with the sighted ones, and maybe you'll change your mind. Maybe you'll want to try dancing with somebody else." Her voice sounded faint and unsure, as if it were she who was afraid, not him.

The soldier said, "Listen, you're the first girl I could talk to since I been in this place." The words were almost too simple for him to say, but he had to say them. "You're good for me, damn it. I want you to be here as much as you can. I'll tell the C.O. to make you come."

From the number of paces they had walked, the soldier guessed that they were nearly back to the flight of steps before the girl said, "All right, then. You won't need to bother the C.O."

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart." She took his hand and set it against her dress, tracing, with one finger, a cross on the ridge of his knuckles. "You see?"

"Yes," the soldier said. "I see."

They walked toward the door. The long flight of concrete steps, the soldier thought, then the raised threshold and the level floor. It would not be easy, but he would show her the way.

—BRENDAN GILL

TOWN HOUSE

LARRY HYLER went into the library, lighted a mentholated cigarette, and put the arm of an old Adirondack chair onto the fire. There was a shortage of firewood, his wife had told him, and he noticed that the wood basket was filled with pieces of old chairs and tables, cut into lengths to fit the grate. He went into the pantry off the library, made himself a strong Old-Fashioned, and returned to the fire. The big house was ready for a dinner party; the rooms smelled of furniture polish, ammonia, and cut flowers, the ashtrays were polished, the high, book-lined library was ringed with light. Larry could hear the noise of the oil burner in the basement, two floors below, like the quake and whisper of a ship's motor.

Larry was a first lieutenant; his uniform was decorated with a starless European ribbon and the insignia of the Army Transportation Corps. He had been in the Army three years and he had yet to hear a shot fired in earnest, but he had spent a tiresome year at sea, travelling on Army cargo ships, and since he had been back only a short time, he looked around him at all the comforts of civilian life with some of the keenness of a soldier returned from battle. That he should be standing by the mantelpiece of a town-house library amused him. It amused him to notice that from the library windows he could see the roof of the Carnegie house, the Otto Kahn house, and the towers of the ugly castle Felix Warburg had built for himself. While he was standing there the doorbell rang. The doorbell rang in three places. It rang in the butler's pantry, in the downstairs hall, and in the fifth-floor bedroom which had once belonged to a maid and was now his son's nursery.

He crossed the polished floor of the hall between the library and the morning room and went down the curved stairway. The floor of the downstairs hall was of black and white marble, and there was a marble holy-water stoup fixed to the wall of the hall. He opened first the curtained glass door and then the outer glass door with the iron grille. Katherine Levy was standing there. "Hello, Larry darling," she said, and she kissed him. "What a big, impressive house. Carol tells me this is the first time you've had people for dinner, and I'm terribly flattered. Everyone wants to come and see your experiment in living. How are you, Larry? How long have you been back?"

"I've been back a couple of months now," Larry said. "I'm stationed in Brooklyn, and it looks as though I'd be there for a long time." He helped her take her coat off and hung it in the closet. "Carol and Timmy and I were living in a one-room apartment in the Village until we found this place."

"I've moved four times in the last eight months," Katherine said. "I've been living in sublets and hotels ever since I gave up our place. It's so good to be in a New York town house again. I feel as though I can breathe."

Larry escorted her up the stairs and across the hall into the library. "Carol's still dressing," he said. "The others ought to be down pretty soon."

"What a beautiful room!" Katherine said. "What beautiful panelling! It looks just like the library in a good murder play." She settled herself on the deep sofa before the fire and Larry went into the pantry to make her a drink. While he was there, he heard Carol and the Tremaines come down, and Carol introducing Katherine to Jack and Lucille Tremaine. He made three more drinks. When he came back to the library, he noticed that Lucille had on a long dress and that Jack was wearing a dinner coat.

"Did you all know one another before you moved in together?" Katherine asked.

"Lucille and I went to Smith together," Carol said, "but Lucille was a year ahead of me. We ran into one another one afternoon at the Museum of Modern Art. We were both looking for apartments. That's when we decided to try and take a house. Larry went to school with Pete Murray, and we knew the Murrays were strapped for a place to live, so we got in touch with them, too. None of us had ever met Pete's wife before."

As she was speaking, the Murrays appeared in the library door, and Carol introduced them to Katherine. "Pleased to meet you," Esther Murray said to the introduction. She was a thin girl. She was wearing a silk dirndl. Larry had not spent enough time in the house to know her well. He thought she looked pretty that night and he noticed that her black eyes were very bright. Her husband was a large, quiet man.

Larry went into the pantry to make more drinks and while he was there Vince Barber and the DeKovens came. They had been picked for guests because they were the only people both the Hylers and the Tremaines knew. Vince Barber had brought some flowers and everybody was talking and laughing and it looked like a good party.

"I want to hear about it from the very beginning," Katherine Levy said. "I want to know how the whole thing started, and then I want to see every room in the house."

"We went to an agent," Carol said, "and he offered us this place for two hundred a month unfurnished, so we signed the lease."

"We have ten bathrooms, not counting the lavatory in the basement," Lucille said, "and nine fireplaces."

"Ten fireplaces," Esther Murray said.

"If anyone would like to see the house," Lucille said, "Jack leads conducted tours."

"We'd love to see the house," the DeKovens said in unison.

Larry made some more drinks, and then the ten people moved across the hall into the morning room. "We use the morning room and the library and the dining room and the kitchen in common," Jack explained. "Then each of the adult couples has a large bedroom, dressing room, and bath, and each of the children—we each have a child—each of the children has a bedroom and a bath. This sofa is from my family's old house on Eighty-second Street. Lucille's mother gave us the desk, and the rest of the furniture was either in our apartment or at the Hylers' place."

"Pete and I have a lot of lovely furniture, but it's all in storage in Cleveland," Esther Murray explained to the guests.

"You could fit our whole apartment into this one room," Charlie DeKoven said.

"And our apartment was cold this winter," Helen DeKoven said. "But we're afraid to give it up. And we have to wait fifteen minutes

for an elevator, too, but we don't dare complain."

"Well, Jack and I were nearly on the street when we found this place," Lucille said. "We were living in a sublet and the people were coming back from California."

"A man comes in with a machine and polishes the floors," Jack explained as they crossed the slippery hall again. "We don't have any servants. We had a maid, but she left. The girls take turns cooking, and then when we have guests, we have someone come in for the night to serve and wash the dishes."

"I'm envious," Helen DeKoven said. "I don't see why Charlie and I can't do something like this."

"It's been sort of like coming home for Lucille and myself," Jack said as he led the guests up the panelled staircase and into his large bedroom. "Before Dad lost everything in the crash, we used to have a house like this on Eighty-second Street. Lucille's family had a house on Sixty-ninth Street."

"I've always wanted to live in a New York town house," Carol said. "I felt that if I didn't live in a town house for once in my life, I'd end up with a terrible sense of inferiority."

"Pete and I are used to all kinds of living conditions," Esther Murray said. "Last year we lived in a cold-water tenement in the Bronx, and the year before that we lived in a cottage outside of Cleveland, and on our honeymoon we walked the Appalachian Trail from Vermont into Canada and slept in sleeping bags all the way."

Jack's tour was thorough. The guests saw all the bedrooms, the dressing rooms, with their built-in drawers, the laundry, the servants' quarters, the darkened nurseries, and the wine cellar before they were allowed to return to the library.

"The trouble with Charlie and me," Helen DeKoven said, "is that we haven't any initiative. These are unsettled and unconventional times, and people just can't go on making the same old conventional arrangements. But we haven't got any initiative. We'll rot in that little apartment before we take a chance on anything."

"It's not such a bad apartment," Charlie DeKoven said.

"Well, we can't have any children until we find an apartment big enough for them," Helen said, "and that means we can't have any children until after the war, and they say it's going to be a long war and I'm not getting any younger and God knows Charlie isn't either."

"Well, you all seem happy together," Katherine Levy said, looking around at the six tenants of the house. Her husband had been overseas for two years and she couldn't speak of happiness without a sense of resentment. "I always thought that when people lived together they quarrelled all the time, but you people look very happy."

"We *are* happy," Esther Murray said.

"We get along very well together," Lucille said.

"It proves that so many of the conventions and inhibitions of the society we live in are liabilities," Esther Murray said in a strident voice, and Larry wondered if her three Old-Fashioneds could have made her drunk. "We've all been taught that people can't live together," she said, "but look at us."

"I agree with you," Helen DeKoven said. "This war is changing everything, and we have to adapt ourselves and our lives to the changes."

"I'm going down to see about the dinner," Carol said. "I think we'll be ready in about ten minutes."

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Lucille asked.

"Nothing, thanks. Will you come here for a minute, Larry?"

Larry followed his wife into the hall. "I wouldn't give Esther Murray any more to drink," she whispered. "She can't hold her liquor. And did you hear Lucille offer to help me?"

"Yes," Larry said.

"Well, she doesn't even know how to make tea," Carol said, and laughed bitterly. "That girl is so spoiled. Why, I have to go around picking up after her like a nursemaid. Bring them down in ten minutes," she added in a louder and pleasanter voice, and went down the stairs.

TEN minutes later, Larry led the guests down to the dining room. A fire was burning in the grate, candles were lighted, there were flowers on the table, and the part-time maid was wearing a silk uniform. Larry helped Carol place the guests, and when they were seated the maid passed the soup.

"Does this china and silver belong to all of you," Katherine Levy asked, "or do you take turns using one another's things?"

"All of this belongs to the Tremaines and the Hylers," Esther Murray said. "Pete and I have some very lovely china and silver, but it's all in storage in Cleveland."

"I haven't sat at the head of a long table for years," Jack Tremaine said. "On Eighty-second Street we used to have twenty at table for Sunday lunch most of the time."

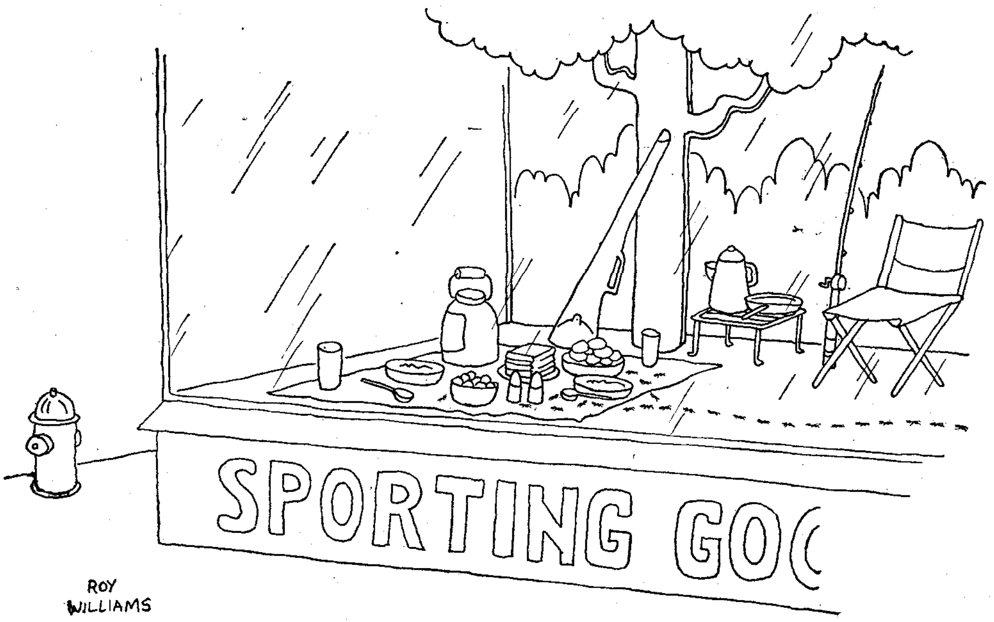
"Have you heard from your husband lately?" Larry asked Katherine. He was seated between Katherine and Esther.

"He's in Rome," Katherine said. "Do you realize where that man's been stationed—San Francisco, Washington, New York, London, Paris, and Rome."

" 'How you going to keep 'em down on the farm—' " Vince Barber sang.

"He's having the time of his life," Katherine said. "I don't think he wants to come home."

Larry uncorked the wine and also walked around the table to pour it, since the girl who was helping to serve the dinner belonged to a religious sect that did not allow her to be a party to any drinking. There was soup and lobster and salad and some kind of



stuffed pastry, and the guests were drunk enough to send a hearty roar of talk up from the table.

While they were eating dessert, Larry uncorked the fourth bottle of wine and walked around the table refilling the glasses. "Joe saw Harry Turner and the Calder boy in Paris," Katherine told him when he returned to his place.

"More wine, please," Esther said, and she held up her empty glass. Then she turned to Larry suddenly and her eyes were very bright. "Do you believe in honesty in human relationships?" she asked.

"I suppose so," Larry said. He turned back to Katherine.

"I don't believe you really do," Esther said. "I don't think that either you or your wife believe in honesty in human relationships. I believe that if you don't like people you should tell them, and I don't think either you or your wife like me and I think you ought to tell me."

"We used to close up our house on Eighty-second Street in May and go to Southampton in June," Jack Tremaine was saying to the DeKovens.

"I don't dislike you," Larry told Esther. "I hardly know you." He turned to Katherine again and asked her where the Calder boy was stationed.

"He's in the infantry," Katherine said. "He's really in it. He was just in Paris on a two-day pass. They met at some officers' mess."

"Now you're trying to evade me," Esther said. She put her hand on Larry's arm. "Listen to me," she said, "just try and listen to the truth for once. You and your wife are used to so many empty evasions. You're always trying to escape. Just try and listen to the truth for once. Try and be honest for once. I heard you tell your wife that you think I use a perfume that makes me smell like Mrs. Wagner's pies, and I think if you feel like that you ought to tell me."

"Can you hear everything we say in our room or do you have to put your ear to the keyhole?" Larry asked.

"Please, Larry," Carol said across the table.

"You don't like me," Esther said. "Of course I've never had the advantages that you others have had. I've never been to college and I've never been abroad, but I do admire intellectual and social honesty. You and Carol not only dislike me. You hate me, you despise me, you detest me, and I think it's dishonest of you not to tell me."

"Just because—that's why."

"I'm getting out of this before I hit her," Larry mumbled to Carol. "Come on," he said to Katherine. "Bring your dessert upstairs and we'll finish in the library."

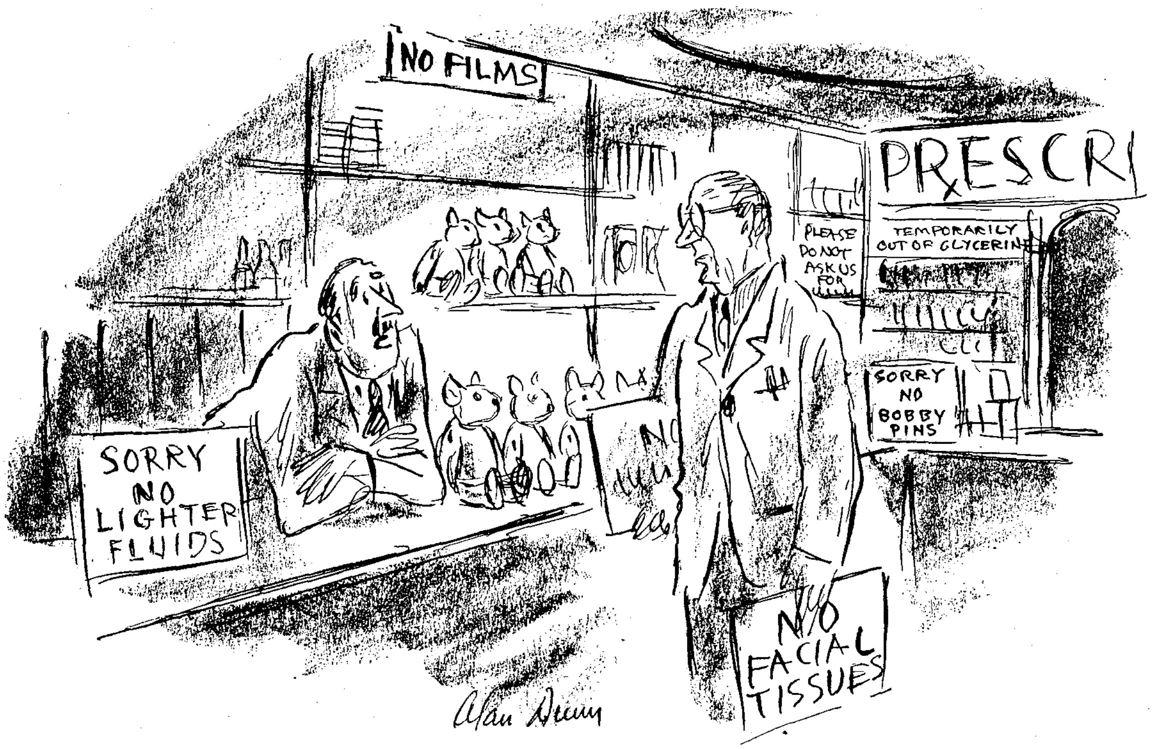
"You live in a trademark world," Esther called after him, "a world filled with hypocrisy and evasion and escape. You pretend to be happy together, but I've heard you and your wife quarrelling plenty of times. You . . ."

Larry went out and Carol and Katherine followed him. He closed the door of the dining room and they all went up to the library. "Close the door," he said, "close and lock the door and we'll have a quiet drink." He got ice and some glasses out of the pantry, but just as Carol went to close the library doors, Helen and Charlie DeKoven and Jack and Lucille Tremaine and Pete Murray came in. Jack and the DeKovens were talking excitedly about city taxes. Pete came up to Larry. "I'm sorry about the way Esther acted," he said. "I've sent her upstairs. But it really wasn't her fault. You shouldn't have given her so much to drink. And then she was worried. Somebody broke one of Carol's lustre cups last week and Esther thinks Carol thinks she did it, and I guess she was taking it out on you."

"Well, if she thinks she broke the lustre cup she may not be so wrong," Carol called angrily across the room.

"And while you're telling her things," Lucille said to Pete, "tell her to stop using Davey's porringer for an ashtray. Every time I come down to make Davey his supper I find his porringer full of her cigarette butts."

"You get more out of this house and contribute less to it than anybody here," Jack said to Pete. Jack was standing at



"Wouldn't it be better just to have a couple of small signs telling what we do have?"

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the mantel and Pete was sitting on the sofa with his head in his hands. "You didn't bring anything to the house, and you use everything of ours with a vengeance. Lucille was on the telephone day and night trying to find a maid, and then we get a good maid and your wife tells everybody in the Park about her and in ten days we lose her. You forget your keys, so somebody has to wake up in the middle of the night to let you in. You let your bathtub overflow and ruin the ceiling in the morning room. Your wife leaves the iron on and burns up the ironing board. You never have any cigarettes and you're always bumming drinks. You've been in this house nearly two months now and you haven't contributed anything but a case of intestinal flu. Every time you hear the rattle of a shaker you come helling down here, and you'll drink all the cocktails Larry and I'll mix, but will you ever mix a drink, will you ever buy a bottle, will you ever—"

Pete got up from the sofa and shouldered Jack against the mantelpiece. Lucille screamed. Jack backed away along the mantelpiece. "You're acting without any charm!" he shouted. "You're acting without any charm at all!"

Larry came between them. "If you want a fight I'll give you a fight," he told Pete. "Let's go outside."

"I don't want to fight you," Pete said. "I want to kill that son of a bitch."

"I hate violence," Lucille sobbed. "I've always hated violence."

"I guess we'd better go," Helen DeKoven said. She was frightened. She and her husband got up, and Carol went out to the hall with them and said goodbye.

"You're acting without any charm!" Jack shouted. "You're acting altogether without any charm!"

"I can't stand violence," Lucille sobbed, and she crossed the room and sat down at the piano and began to play a Chopin étude that her husband liked. She played well, even though her eyes were filled with tears, but she was the kind of musician who sits at the piano in a hunched position and strikes the keys as though playing were labor. The room rang with the scales and trills of the étude, and an ashtray on a table near the piano began to rattle. Jack went to the piano and stood behind her with his hands on her shoulders. Pete went up the stairs.

"I'm sorry it turned into such a family row," Larry told Katherine Levy. "I'll go out and get you a cab."

"I haven't minded it at all," Katherine said. "I've had a fine time. I haven't had such a good time in years. You know, living alone in hotels, I keep thinking I ought to share an apartment with someone, or do something like this, but after seeing all of you tonight, I know that I'm right in living alone."

"I'm going to bed," Carol said. "Where's Vince Barber?"

"He went home early," Larry said. "He knows a bad party when he sees one."

"Is it a one- or a two-year lease?" Katherine asked as Carol and Larry walked her down the stairs to the hall. Lucille was reaching the end of the étude. It shook the whole house.

"One," Carol said.

"And even if you could get out of it you wouldn't have any place to live, would you?" Katherine said. "You'd have to sleep in a cave in the Park. Well, good night. It's been terribly exciting. It really has." The door with the iron grille grated like the door of a jail cell as it closed after her. Lucille had finished the étude and was now attacking a Chopin waltz with vigor and abandon. Then Larry and Carol saw Vince Barber coming down the stairs. His face was white and his shirt was unbuttoned.

"Where have you been?" Carol asked. "We thought you'd gone home."

"Sick," Vince said. "Drank too much. Been drinking since lunch."

"Where were you sick, Vince?" Carol asked.

"Bathroom." He struggled into his topcoat and his scarf and his hat.

"I know, Vince. But which bathroom? We have ten."

"Can't remember," he said. "Bathroom." He walked away, and they heard the iron grille of the outer door grating again. —JOHN CHEEVER

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ROME, March 13 (U.P.)—Rifle shots were fired into the office of Mario Berlinguer, high commissioner for the punishment of fascist crimes, today, and the official was slightly wounded by flying glass. Police believed the shooting was an attempt to assassinate Signor Berlinguer. —*The Times*

But you know how cops are, always putting two and two together.

THE GUINEA HEN

Ed noticed the guinea hen one morning as he came out of the back door of the officers' club to empty some trash. She was stalking about, making little delicate tracks in the sand, her white head bobbing up and down as though she were looking for something to eat. "She's hungry," he said to himself, wondering whether she would come if he were to bring some food. He whistled to her gently, but at the sound she sped rapidly away. He saw her disappear beneath the raised flooring of one of the barracks where the officers lived, and when he leaned down to look for her, he could see her cowering. It seemed as though she were able to feel his gaze, for she scuttled away and came out on the other side of the building and fluttered up onto a branch of a scrub pine that grew in the sand.

He went inside the clubhouse and broke up some bread into crumbs, placed the crumbs in a pan, and brought it outside. The gray hen still nestled in the tree, and she did not move when he whistled softly to her again. So he left the pan on the steps and went back to his work inside.

Ed was a man in his middle forties, slightly hard of hearing, his hair almost all gray. He had come to this uncomfortable and sandy camp on the Gulf coast of Florida more than a year before, and, though most of the men who were sent here went overseas shortly after, he had remained on, at one duty and another, because he could not meet the physical requirements for overseas service. They had asked him if he would care to work in the officers' club, preparing sandwiches and serving drinks and keeping the place straight, and he had consented because it meant he would be promoted to corporal and would get some extra money. It was a small club, used by the officers of only one regiment, and the work was not very hard. He knew it might have been possible for him to get a discharge from the Army, but he hadn't thought much about it. He didn't have a family to go back to, since he had been long separated from his wife and there had been no children, and he had not asked for a discharge mainly because it was pretty comfortable for him the way things were now.

It was sort of dull during the day—the club was dark and empty—but when duty hours in the regiment ended and the officers began coming in for sandwiches and coffee or beer, it was more lively. The officers were familiar with him, calling him Johnny (his name was really Edgar) and sometimes joking with him, and they seemed to like having him around.

This morning there were no officers in the club building, and as he worked, wiping off the tables and putting the empty beer bottles into their cases, he began to worry about the guinea hen. For one thing, she had seemed forlorn, wandering about that way, and for another thing, it had created a kind of wonder in him to think that she was there at all. He had never seen her before, and he couldn't imagine where she had come from. If it had been a wild fowl, he could have understood it, for there were a lot of gulls and terns and kingfishers hovering over the water just off the beach. But he knew that guinea hens were domesticated, and there were no farms within twenty or thirty miles, and even on those farms, given mostly to raising hogs, you wouldn't be likely to find such a bird.

"Say, Mac, did you see that guinea hen out there?" he said to the soldier mopping the floors. The soldier was working off some punishment and had been sent to the club to help Ed.

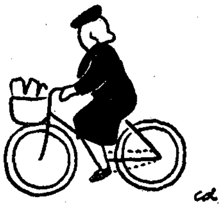
Mac nodded. "I've seen it around."

"Where do you think it could have come from?"

Mac stopped working and leaned on the mop handle. He was sweating, although it was rather cold outside. "Fellow in one of the companies had it. His folks from home sent him a pair that were mates. Then this fellow was shipped out and the birds got to wandering around loose. That's what they say, anyway."

"Now, *they're* queer pets to send a soldier," Ed said. "What do you think his folks would want to do that for?"

"All sorts of queer pets around." Mac said. "One of the companies has a pig for a mascot and right in my own company a fellow has a pet goat. He was moping around until the folks sent him his goat. Smells like hell."



"Well, I never heard of a guinea hen for a pet," Ed said, and continued cleaning the tables. Mac went back to mopping, working silently and seriously.

It wasn't until nearly noontime that Ed asked Mac if he knew where the mate was. Mac was a little doubtful about it. "Somebody says he was killed and eaten. They say them birds make good eating. Reddish meat, sort of dry. But maybe he just died," he added, as though he didn't like the idea of thinking someone would want to eat a guinea fowl.

It gave Ed a queer delight when he went outside again and saw that most of the crumbs were gone from the pan. He was afraid that one of the cats wandering about might have got the food, but he was reassured when he saw the hen's little clawlike tracks in the sand about the back steps. He brought another pan out in the afternoon, filled this time with some rice that he had softened by boiling, and beside it he set a cup of water. He saw in the evening that the rice had been eaten and the level of water in the cup had gone down, and there were more tracks about, but he could not catch sight of the hen anywhere.

Ed fed her every day after that. One morning he saw her sail down from a branch of the pine tree, as though she had been waiting for him to come out with the food. But she would not approach as long as he stood there. He went inside and watched her through the screen door. She advanced timidly, her head bobbing from one side to the other, her legs moving stiffly and yet with a certain grace, and it struck him that there was something very womanly about her. She came close to the pan, craned her neck cautiously to one side, then pecked hungrily at the food. He was able to observe her closely. Her feathers were a mottled gray, with an edging of white along the wings. Her head was white, with a tiny red comb on top and little red sideburns hanging from each side. She was a peculiar bird, he thought, but there was something very dignified and ladylike about her.

Getting to be friends was a slow process, but she became more approachable, as though she had decided to allow Ed to make her acquaintance. She began, first of all, to come to the food while he still stood near. And then she would approach at his whistle. Once, while she was eating, he stroked her back cautiously and felt the feathers ruffle, but he took his hand away before she ran off. After that she frequently allowed him to stroke her, but it was not like a cat or a dog allowing himself to be petted. It was as though she were barely able to control her alarm, and sometimes, at his touch, she did run or fly away from him. It warmed him, though, to think that she

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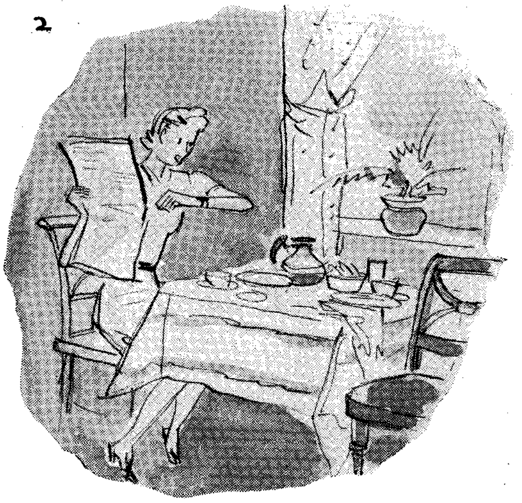

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came to him for her food and depended on him and even, to a certain extent, timidly trusted him.

Other people began to notice the guinea hen and the fact that she was always near the officers' club. Some of the officers even asked Ed about her, wondering why it was she stayed in this particular area. He hesitated to tell them, for some reason; the hen was a kind of secret of his and he didn't like the idea that the other soldiers might bother her. It made him feel good to see others whistling to her and attempting to get her to come close and to see her fleeing from them. Yet at his own whistle she always came. But when one of the majors questioned him, he did tell about it, offhand at first, but, under the major's kind regard, coming to talk more warmly.

"You mean she eats right out of a pan?" the major asked.

"Yes, sir. She'll even take food right out of my hand now."

"Say," the major said, "you know, that's sort of wonderful." He was a man around Ed's age, short and just a little stout, and wore rimless glasses. "Do you think she'd come if you whistled now?" he asked.

"I don't know," Ed said. "She might." He didn't want to appear to be too certain.

The major followed him to the back door and waited with him on the steps while Ed gave a low, soft whistle. Sure enough, from underneath one of the barracks the bird poked her head out and advanced with slow, stiff steps toward them. But when she got within fifteen feet or so of them, she suddenly shied off.

"Maybe," Ed said diffidently, "if you went behind the screen door, sir . . ."

The major nodded and went inside the door and watched from there. Ed whistled again and this time the guinea hen came right to him and let him stroke her feathers.

"Well, if that isn't something," the major said. "Well, I'll be damned."

The way the major acted, it made Ed feel as though he had done something quite remarkable.

THE guinea hen had got in the habit of roosting in the pine tree. She would stalk about the sand, lonely but seeming wonderfully proud in her loneliness, and then toward evening she would fly to her high branch and rest there. Ed knew that sometimes a soldier would chase her, but he didn't think anyone would attempt to kill her. But one evening he found two soldiers throwing stones at her. He didn't know how long they had been at it. He had just come outside to empty some garbage and saw the two soldiers aiming something at the tree. And, before he was able to shout, one of them let fly a rock and it struck the guinea hen. She fluttered from the tree.

"You bastards have killed her!" Ed yelled, not quite knowing what he was saying and starting to run to where the bird had fallen.

But he realized immediately that she wasn't dead, for she was hobbling as fast as she could go for shelter underneath a barracks, one leg bent tight against her belly.

"Get her, Joe!" one of the soldiers called to his friend, and the other sailed a stone at the hen. It missed her, but Ed could hear her in the darkness of her cover, making a sound in her throat which was like a thin, frightened bleat.

"Stop that!" he shouted, running toward the two men, who were picking up more stones. "Stop it! Don't you have any sense?" They were both very young, not more than nineteen years old.

"What's the matter, Pop?" one of them asked. "Is she your bird?"

"Yes, she's my bird," he said, giving the soldier a push. Ed was furious all over and trying to catch his breath. "You leave her alone, do you hear?"

"Take it easy, Pop," the other soldier said. "She isn't your bird. She's as wild as a rabbit."

Ed stood there, his fists clenched, feeling the urge to strike at both of them. The one he had pushed was looking at him coolly, and Ed glared right back at him until the man dropped his eyes and said to the other, "Let's go, Joe."

"I think he's cracked," Joe said as he shrugged and turned away.

Ed waited until they had sauntered off, then he bent down and looked underneath the flooring for the guinea hen. He could barely make out her form in the dimness. He whistled to her, but she didn't move. Now and then the thin bleat came from her.

He returned to the club, filled a pan with crumbs, took it outside, and whistled again. She didn't appear. He left the pan on the step and waited inside, behind the screen door. He saw her emerge into the open, but she did not approach the food. Instead, she began hopping in the other direction, slowly, one leg still up against her belly. He continued to whistle, but she kept on going until she had reached the cover of some brush, and he could no longer see her.

From time to time he went to the back door to see if, by some chance, she had come for the food, but it remained untouched. "She won't come back," he told himself, feeling certain about it. He couldn't get over his feeling of fury toward the two soldiers who had thrown the stones at her. He was so mad about it that he felt he could kill them if he were to see them again. He whistled to the guinea hen one last time before dark fell, but she did not come, and he took the pan of bread crumbs inside.

—HOLLIS ALPERT

●

"But I think it's high time they were being frank about it; high time they were laying all the cads on the table." (He emphasized the word "all").—*The Herald Tribune.*

Maybe we need a couple more tables.

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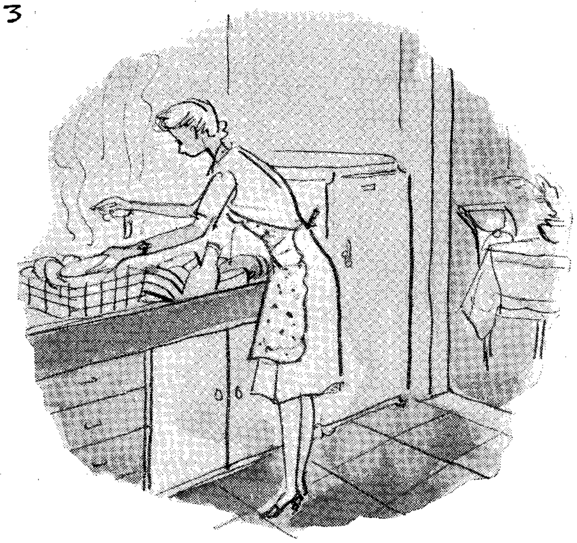

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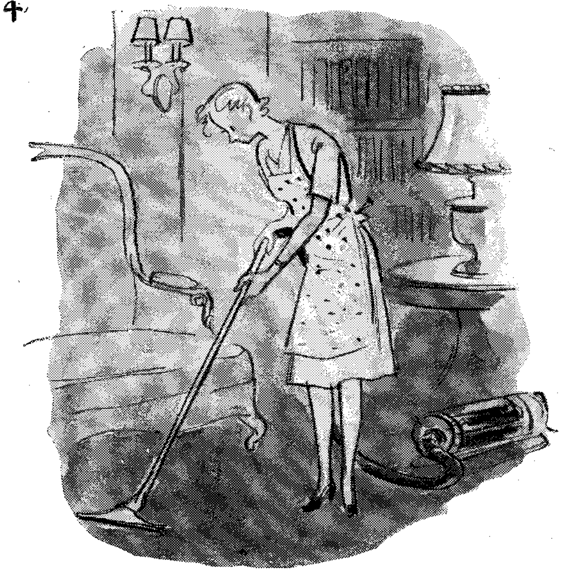

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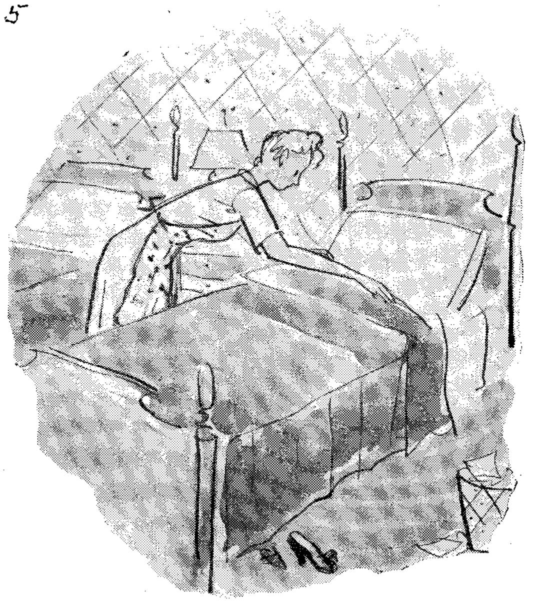

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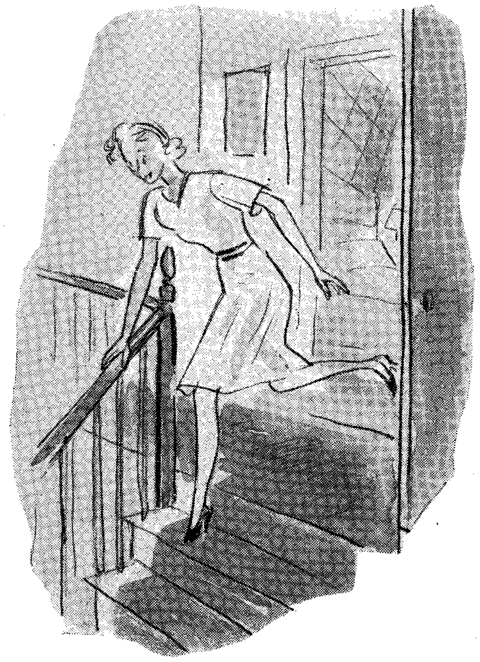

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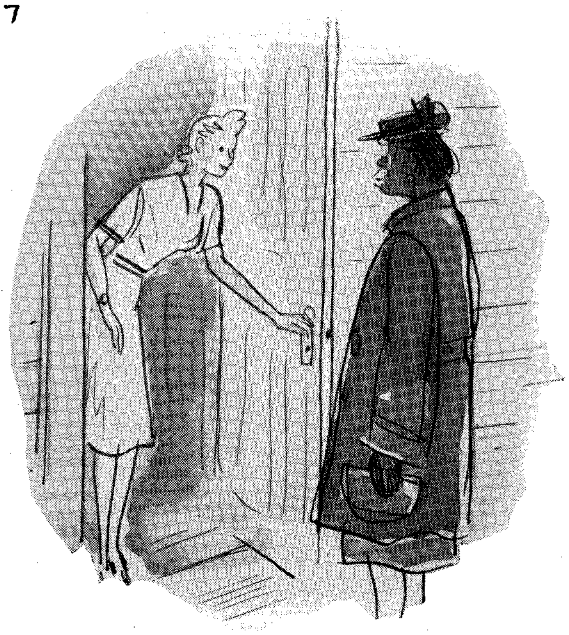

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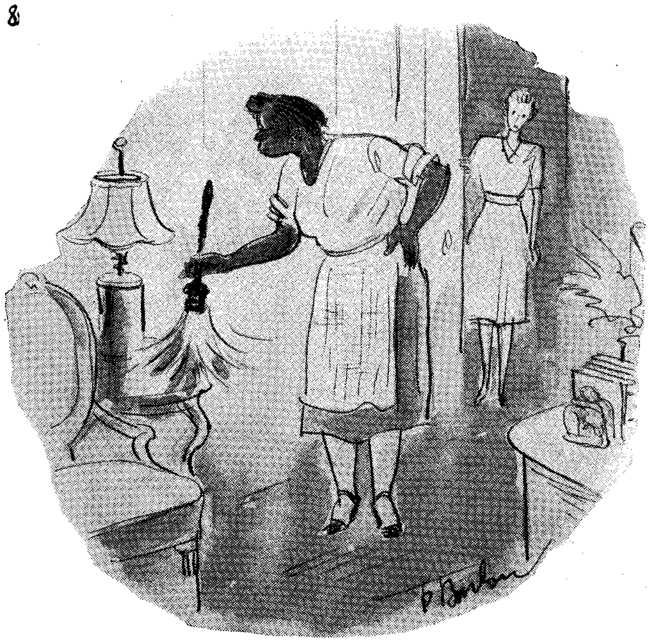
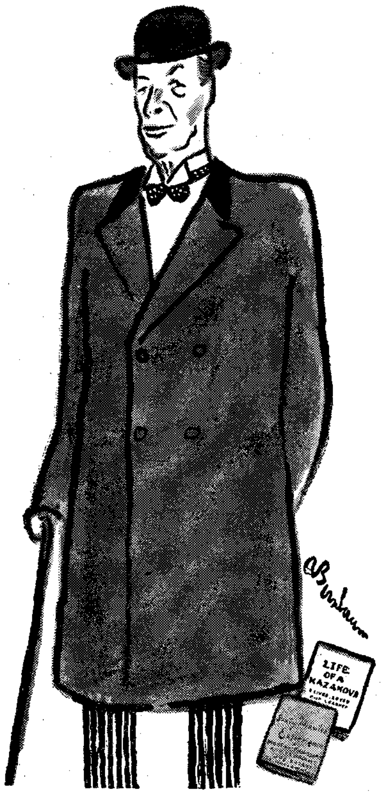


PROFILES

THE RED AND THE BLUE


LIFE OF A KAZANOVA
I LIVED, LOVED AND LEARNED

A. E. (Joe) Kazan

LIKE his self-avowed prototype, Casanova, and like Marcel Proust, Avraam Elia Kazan sits in a room writing down his remembrance of things past. He has already published two books, "Life of a Kazanova" and "Sixty Minutes Experience," and he has the material for several more. Kazan, who signs his works and all his letters "A. E. (Joe) Kazan" and frequently refers to himself in conversation as A. E., is a little younger than the Venetian was when he finally got around to remembering at Dux: Casanova was seventy-two; Kazan is sixty-eight. The small hotel room on West Fifty-eighth Street where, for the past few years, Kazan has sat pouring out his recollections is not corklined, like Proust's, but the intensity of his preoccupation with what he has lost is the same. Like Proust again, he has had to pay for the publication of his memoirs himself. The books he has either published or only partly completed have various titles, but, like the worldly recluse of the Boulevard Haussmann, he has really written only one work; it is an endless statement of what he has enjoyed and endured. Spiritually, of course—and he would be the first to acknowledge it—this latter-day A. E., who is of Greek descent, is much nearer the Italian than the Frenchman; his life is an astonishing span of the modern picaresque—from rags to riches, and beyond that to disillusion and moralizing. A seven-dollar-a-week messenger boy on the streets of New York at twenty, Kazan became a millionaire before he was thirty. However, the Algeric analogy will lead you astray in any summary of the career of A. E. (Joe) Kazan. Virtue was not its terminal, or idealism its motive power. You will be on firmer ground if you stick, as A. E. does, to Casanova. If he has regrets, it is because he has not always done the expedient thing. The conscience that hurts him is economic; the only guilt he feels is for not having held on to his money. Toward his lapses from strict rectitude, he is tolerant. What he cannot forgive is his poverty, for which he holds himself directly responsible. Like George Bernard Shaw, he looks upon poverty as a sin, and, in a rather ducal way, he is contrite about having committed it. His detachment about himself and his contempt for his major failure are symbolized in his invention of the name by which he is known in the circles he frequents—Flat Tire Joe. "It's a good name, don't you think?" he will inquire, without wistfulness. A. E. is never wistful. He is stern, he is sardonic, he is zestful, and he has reached old age without mellowness. This endows his personality with a kind of clean jauntiness. You can take him or leave him, but you don't have to be sorry for him.

In his appearance, Kazan sharply contradicts his self-applied pseudonym of Flat Tire Joe. He looks like a Morgan partner of the nineteen-hundreds (probably far more so than the Morgan partners ever looked) on the way to lunch on the Corsair with the head of the firm. His manner of dress is invariable and impeccable: a somewhat outmoded but impressive double-breasted black coat, very square and long, gray-striped trousers, gray spats, stiff-winged collar, and dark-blue bow tie with tiny white polka dots. His shirt front is dazzling white and stiffly starched. He carries a silver-headed cane. He wears a black bowler with an old-fashioned square crown. He is tall, square, white-faced, and bald, with snapping eyes and a somewhat bleak and rugged aspect. His usual expression is austere. It takes a lifetime of self-indulgence to produce a look so ascetic. Kazan sits in his hotel room mornings and early afternoons writing. About four, he usually walks to his favorite haunt, the Café de la Paix, at the Hotel St. Moritz, where he has a regular table. He is a striking figure on the street. If you passed him on his way to the Café de la Paix, moving slowly along, encased in his boxlike garments, tapping the sidewalk with his walking stick, his expression tense and unrevealing, his mind polishing up submerged facets of his past, you would think that he was the diplomatic representative of some strange country and that his avocation was abstract philosophy, which, indeed, it is.

Unless you have read his two published works, it is very difficult to have a sustained conversation with A. E. (Joe) Kazan. The full title of his first book is, somewhat after the ample eighteenth-century manner, "Sixty Minutes Experience: Modern Philosophy and Psychology: Joe Kazan's 50 Years' Experience." This one, which he wrote for children, is bound in bright red. The second book is called, in full, "Life of a Kazanova: I Lived, Loved, and Learned: Joe Kazan's 50 Years' Experience," and is bound in bright blue. It is necessary to be up on both these volumes. If, undocumented, you ask him about some period of his past, he will answer, with a benign testiness, "That's in the blue." Should your question be in the realm of the philosophical, the speculative, or the psychological, he will say, "That's in the red." He is like the master of some esoteric science who will not discuss it with you until you have learned at least the fundamentals. If you ask him, for example, how he got his start in America, he will simply say, "It's in the blue." Illiterates just cannot converse with A. E.

THE juvenile, "Sixty Minutes Experience: Modern Philosophy and Psychology," is on sale in the philosophical section of Macy's book department. Macy's would not stock "Kazanova." Presumably the buyers were afraid of the effect of this intimate autobiography on their customers. "Sixty Minutes Experience" is prefaced, again in the eighteenth-century manner, with a prospectus which says:

> Father tells his experience to young ones—they do not like it—and they do not take advantage. In later years they wish they had. This applies also to sixty minutes experience paragraphs.

This book is published by the Capano Press of New York. "Kazanova" is published by the Alexander Press of New York. On the first page of each volume is a ruled square, in which appears "Compliments of," followed by a blank line. "Sixty Minutes Experience" goes even farther than "Kazanova" in its implications of generosity. The second inside page is headed "To My Good Friend," below which is a blank line for the name. The next line, waiting, like a blank check, for a signature, has the word "Author" at the end. The modesty of this device is ingratiating; it is as if A.E. could not imagine that anyone but himself would make a present of this volume. The Capano Press offers a further convenience for the careful reader of "Sixty Minutes Experience;" the last page is ruled and is headed "INDEX FOR PARAGRAPHS YOU LIKE."

The two books differ in intent; "Sixty Minutes Experience" is didactic, whereas "Kazanova" is sensationally confessional. It is interesting, however, to note that the author has numbered the pages of the two books as if they were one outpouring. Thus, "Sixty Minutes," or the red, ends on Page 120, and "Kazanova" begins on Page 121. It would undoubtedly seem odd, if you innocently picked up "Kazanova" in someone's library and found yourself, at the very start, already on Page 121. Perhaps, in a shy way, Kazan is merely trying to anticipate those hard critics of even more prolific writers—of Somerset Maugham, for example—who say that no matter how much these authors turn out, they really write only one book. This is especially true of Kazan, because he is a behavioristic rather than an imaginative writer. He embosses what he knows, has seen, and has lived through; he is materialistic and factual. Although nothing could be farther from the child's world of "Sixty Minutes Experience" than the livid realism of "Kazanova," there is internal evidence that the two books are webbed together in the obscure caverns of Kazan's unconscious. Thus "Kazanova," while not overtly a juvenile, is a long apostrophe to a generic nephew named Bob; it is an avuncular fireside chat from a sophisticated older man to a guileless boy. Almost every admonition in the book is addressed to this imaginary Bob. And it is not unusual, when Bob asks his uncle a question, to find such a brusque answer as "Read paragraph 127 of Sixty Minutes Experience." A.E. won't talk even to Bob unless he is up on the red. It should here be noted that in the juvenile "Sixty Minutes Experience" there are no cross references to "Kazanova." Obviously, Kazan belongs to the rather old-fashioned school of pedagogy that does not believe in pushing children too far beyond their depth.

On the title and facing pages of "Sixty Minutes Experience," Kazan, following Fielding and Richardson, permits himself to revel in creative anticipation, as follows:

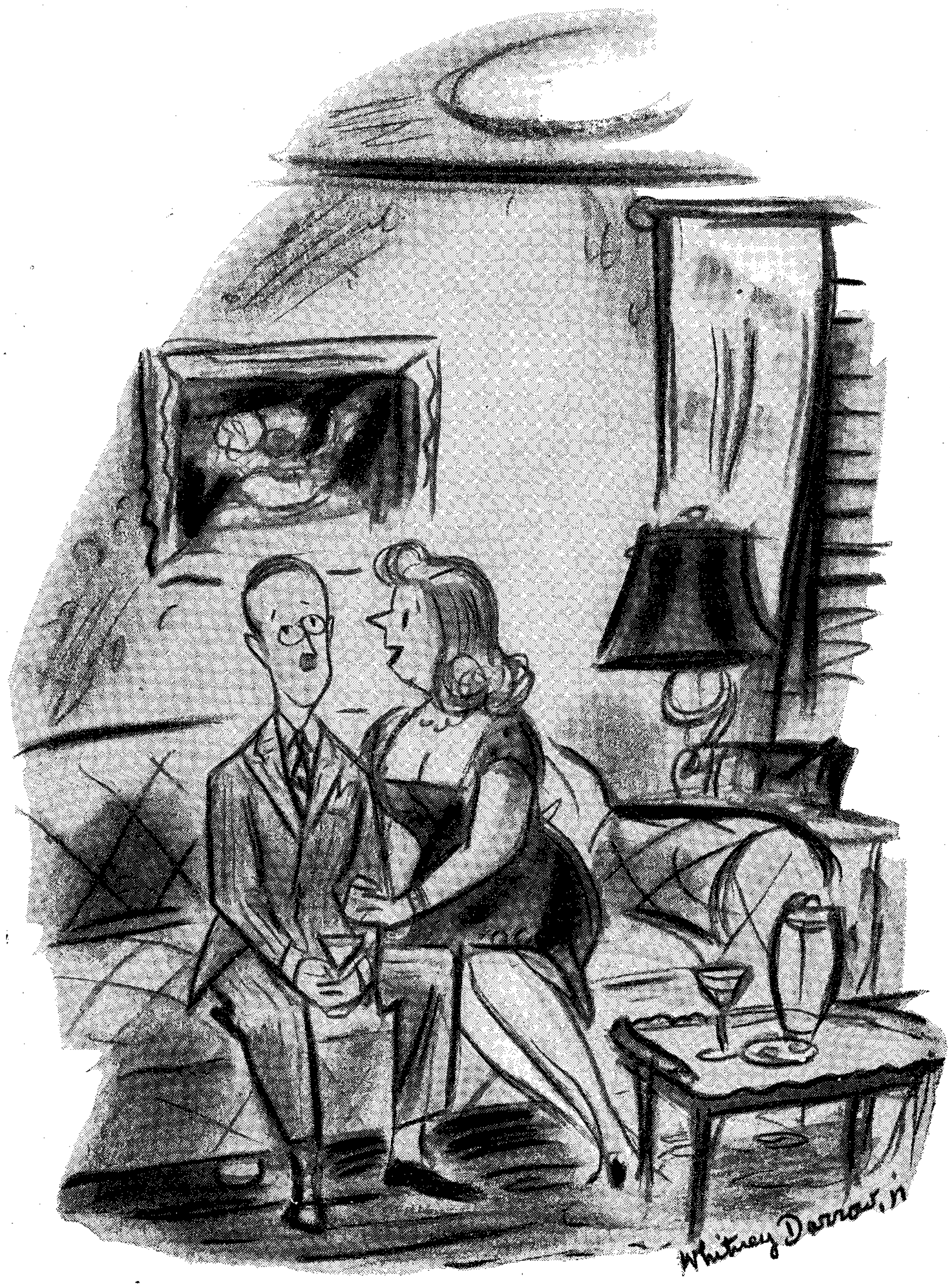
WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE
IF YOU WOULD BENEFIT
FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF THE
AUTHOR, AGED 67, READ THIS BOOK
SIXTY MINUTES EXPERIENCE
FULL OF TRUTH
ALSO
FOUNDATION FOR GROWN CHILDREN
THIS BOOK IS DICTIONARY OF
THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE ANYTHING
HAPPENS WILL HAPPEN:
READ IT AGAIN AND YOU WILL FIND
THE ANSWER AND THE REMEDY

Following is experience
(not advice)

Underneath this introduction is a box with the legend "This Book is obtainable at: —" The promise of the colon is not fulfilled; the emptiness that follows leaves you dangling in an irritated suspense, unless you happen to find out about Macy's.

Kazan urges anyone he meets to feed "Sixty Minutes Experience" to the children. "If they cannot read," he will say, "read to them." The book is written in the manner of "Also Sprach Zarathustra," in chased aphorisms. Some of the epigrams suggest that the children for whom Kazan intended them must be not only grown but even precocious.

The aphorisms are all numbered. Aphorism 3 indicates that A.E. has at least something in common with the



"And if they draft you too, Mr. Hilken, I don't know what I'll do."

progressive school of educators: "Do not do anything you do not want to do. Ignore forcing."

Aphorism 85 is evidently for incipient politicians: "Question. What benefit does bribing bring in this world? Answer. Plenty. Very few persons refuse bribes if they are big enough and legal."

Aphorism 121 must be intended for children who are about to go into business: "Any proposition comes to you, say 'No' first, easy to change it to 'Yes,' not easy to change it to 'No.' This will protect you from better trader than yourself in business."

Similarly, Aphorism 25: "If you write nasty letters, mail them next day; you may change them. Mail all important letters yourself."

Kazan seldom makes the concessions usually demanded of the writers of juvenilia; he expects the tots to supplement their experience with imagination, to fill in the void of the present with the fullness of anticipation. Probably on no other basis, for example, could he counsel: "The right time to propose marriage to a lady is at a wedding. The poor lady's heart is soft and trembling."

But occasionally A.E. forgets Chesterfield and remembers Polonius, as in Aphorism 39: "Do not swear and do not use vulgar language. Your tongue will get used to it. You might call your family names."

For girl babies, A.E. has special advice: "Ladies, do not fight with your man in the morning; he cannot attend to his business and you will not have luxuries or automobiles."

Again: "Ladies and sweethearts, save your money, because for no reason your man may switch his affection to another woman with 50% less charm than yourself."

He can be hard: "Do not trust anyone until you find him otherwise; an agreeable surprise. This means you are protecting yourself."

There are echoes of Aesop: "Story: An old farmer's wife was very fond of pigeons and erected a pigeon house in back yard, and watched them every day. Neighbors asked her why she was so fond of pigeons. She said, 'I like the billing and cooing of the male pigeon and his love.' "

And echoes of La Rochefoucauld: "Definition of partner—prays his partner will become extravagant so that he can own the business himself."

And of King Lear: "Father spends thousands and lots of trouble to bring up the youngsters; when father, mother, or sister gets poor and the children get rich they do not look after father, sister, or mother; they are beasts in human clothes."

And of Cicero: "Before 50, if you just happen to be in some risky business and accumulated a fortune, quit at 50 and become 98% honest. Otherwise, you will be caught doing wrong. It requires youth, nerve, technique to do wrong. You haven't got it after 50."

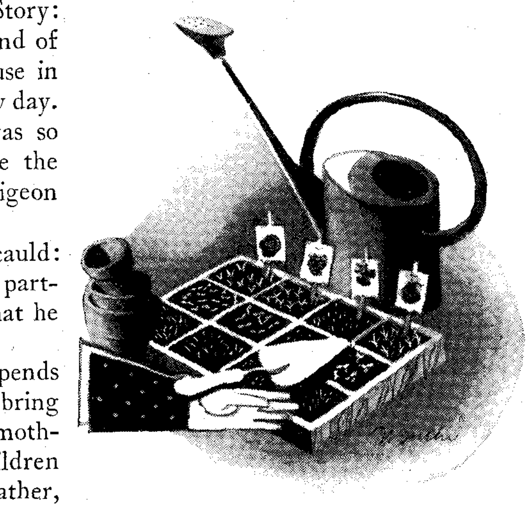
And of Montaigne: "Careless remark: Bill: 'Since when are you taking all birds to a night club?' James: 'The blonde is my wife.' Bill: 'Oh, I meant the brunette.' James: 'She is my sister.' (You have embarrassed yourself.) Diplomat says, 'I saw you with two charming ladies at the club,' as ladies are charming at any age."

And of Wilde: "What is the easiest thing in life to do? Wrong."

Sometimes one suspects—and it is true of so many books for children—that the inner message of "Sixty Minutes Experience" is intended for adults, as when the author ruminates, in Aphorism 259: "What is alibi of Philosopher? When he becomes poor, he says to himself, 'Too much money is no good anyhow!' "

Perhaps the most poignant moment in the book is the author's final paragraph, in which he reflects on the advantages contemporary children have that he lacked as a child. This is his envoi to his wandering in the child's world: "THE AUTHOR SAYS: I wish this book had been printed 50 years ago so that I might have read it and gotten the benefit."

THE blue, or "Life of a Kazanova: I Lived, Loved, and Learned: Joe Kazan's 50 Years' Experience," most of which is written in numbered episodes, is surely one of the frankest self-exposures in the long history of confessional literature. In Kazan's millionaire period, he maintained apartments in New York and in Paris and sported Rolls-Royces and Isotta-Fraschinis on two continents. Essentially (like so many bachelors) a homebody, he had sweethearts in various capitals so that while he was travelling he could enjoy the illusion the Statler hotels have always striven to achieve of a "home away from home." He also helped to make himself feel at home by taking with him, wherever he went, his most prized possession, a custom-built brown velvet sofa, on which he slept. He has clung to this sofa; it is all that is left of his former opulence. It stands now in his hotel room. A vanished and fascinating world is opened for you in "Kazanova," a world of uninhibited enterprise, of mighty fortunes made in selling rugs, of sixty-four thousand dollars staked on one hand in *chemin de fer*, of flying trips between Constantinople and New York, of international business amalgamations, of sybaritism in New York, Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Budapest, and Cairo.

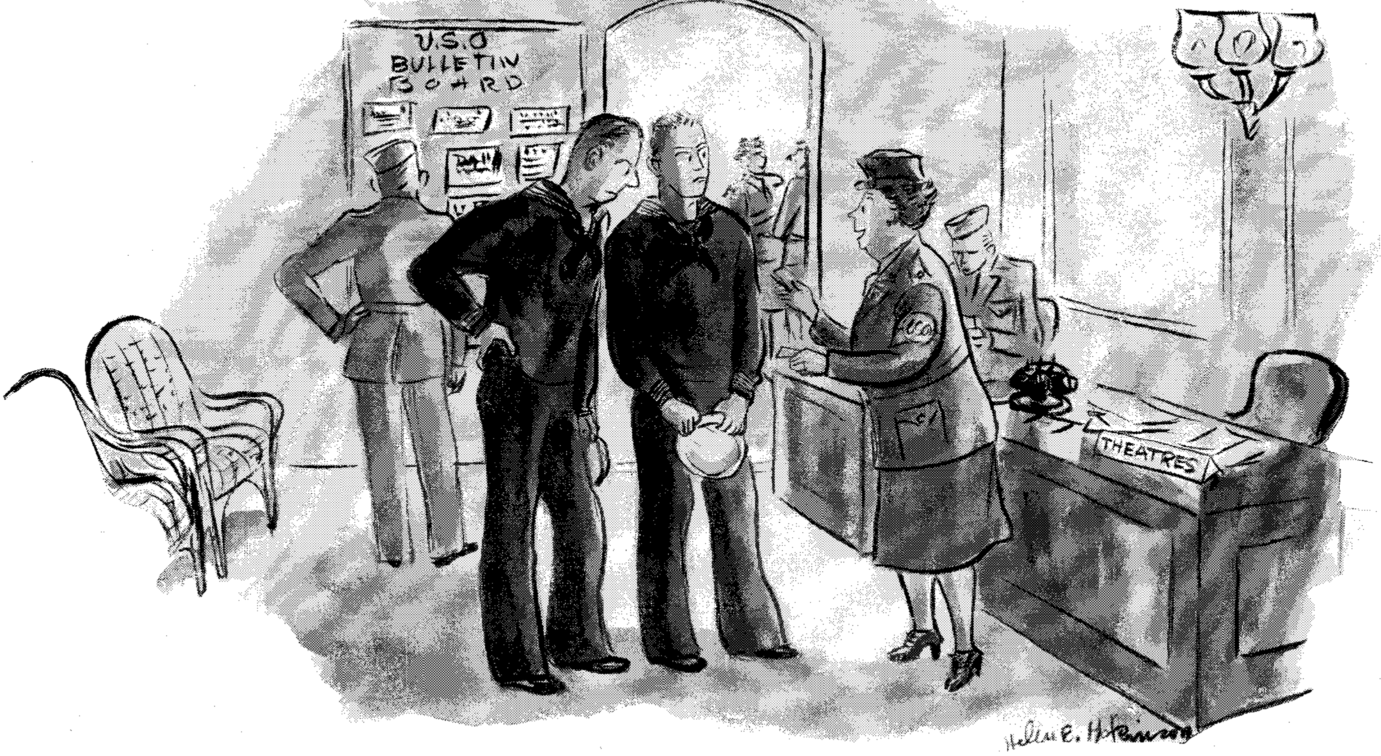


Under the statement "This Book Is a Lesson for Adults," A.E. begins his autobiography with his birth:

> Bob, I was born in the city of Cesaria in Turkey in Asia Minor. There were three of us children. My mother passed away when I was six years old. I don't remember anything about her except that when I approached to her for a kiss (she was sick in bed) they pulled me away from her.

What effect this earliest remembered trauma has had on the career of A.E. it will remain for the psychologists to expound. There is certainly no indication in "Kazanova" that it made an introvert of him. Of the childhood incidents he relates, the following is perhaps the matrix of what was to come:

> Bob, at the age of nine when I was going to school, the best my family could do was to give me Turkish bologna sandwiches for my lunch almost every day. Then I became a racketeer, at the age of nine. (Compulsory.) A rich parents' son (sissy) at school. His lunch contained cheese, chicken sandwiches, cake, candy. One day I asked him to give me some of his lunch. He said no. The next day at noon I said to the rich boy, 'Let us go on the roof and have our lunch in the sun.' (Only the two of us were alone on the roof.) I grabbed his lunch box and ate half of his lunch, and I gave him half of my bologna. I also gave him a couple of slaps. I told him: 'If you don't get me extra lunch every day you will be licked by me.' The sissy obeyed me from fear. I had a delicious luncheon every day for a year. He told his mother he got awfully hungry at 3 o'clock and wanted more lunch. Years after, returning to Constantinople from America (having money) I met a young man at the Tokatlian restaurant. From his name I recognized him as the boy whose lunch I robbed every day at school. For days and days I treated



"It's closing tonight, but Burton Rascoe loved it."

• •

him, dining him, champagne, girls, etc.—never allowing him to spend money. He never guessed who I was.

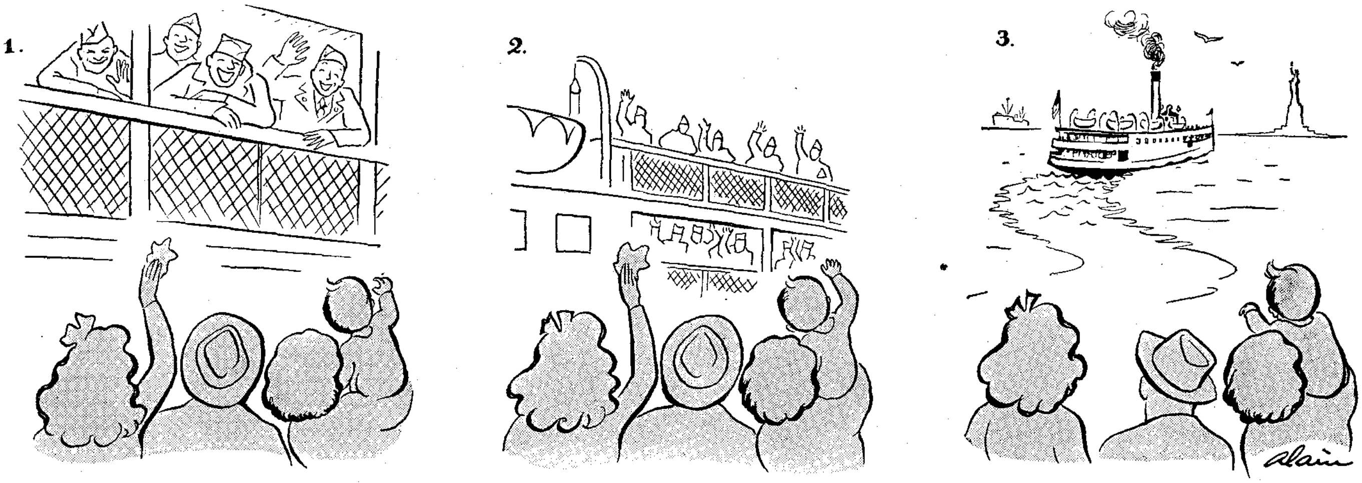
The free-lunch racket waned (perhaps the sissy became virile), but A.E. supplanted it with another. The boys in Cesaria used to play a game called *ashik*, with marbles that were made out of the little bones in the knee joints of lambs. The young Kazan put lead in one of these marbles, and with this he could, at a distance of ten feet, easily break through a row of normal ones. For a season he had a steady income of what came to two American cents a week. But he was too consistent a winner, the device was discovered, and, at the age of ten, he was expelled from school. A.E. has never fought the temptation to gamble, no matter how much it has cost him; he feels that the instinct is both congenital and insurmountable. He does not believe, he says, in fighting nature.

The young Kazan went to work, at the age of eleven, as a messenger boy, carrying rugs around from one establishment to another, but, after four years of it, Kazan, Sr., felt that the boy was too smart for Cesaria and sent him off to Constantinople, a four-day journey by carriage, to live with an uncle and aunt and their children. There A.E. got a job in a drugstore, at eighty cents a week. He noticed that apparently no matter what the ailment, the doctors prescribed the same medicines, so he took to filling prescriptions himself, with an admirable uniformity. But the atmosphere in his uncle's house was unfriendly. The family slept together in one room, on wool beds—layers of matted wool piled one on top of another. A.E. had brought a wool bed with him from Cesaria, a parting gift from his father. Gradually he became aware of a diminishing altitude in his bed; he slept lower and lower, and finally he reached the floor. He could only conclude that the layers had been removed one at a time by his relatives while he was at work—whether for mere gain or as a delicate hint that he was unwelcome, he was not sure. In any case, he took to sleeping in the drugstore. Avraam had grown up in the rug business, and he soon felt the call to return to it. It was in his bones. "I know the business so well," he says, "that rugs are afraid of me." He got a tryout for a job with a leading rug merchant in Constantinople, spreading out the rugs and helping to show them, at a dollar a week. On his first day, he saw a coin on the floor—a coin worth a quarter. He picked it up and gave it to the boss. This evidence of honesty clinched the job for him. He had been forewarned that this dropped coin was a stratagem of the boss's, and he survived this first test of his probity.

A.E. calls the years from 1887 to 1897, when he left Turkey for America, his "chiselling days." It was while working in the rug establishment in Constantinople that there came to the Avraam the first impulse to go to America. Tersely he describes, in "Kazanova," this turning point in his young life:

> Bob, one day a friend of my father's got me a job in a rug store in Constantinople (my father's trade) at a dollar a week. I slept in his warehouse. Every Saturday, lots of Armenian merchants visited his office to talk over business and gossip about America with my boss. I used to listen. They would say: This man became a millionaire in America. This man bought a chateau. This one is wealthy. I said to myself: me for America. I went to my rich uncle to get some money to go to America. (No dice.) What next? My boss was paying loads of money to have his rugs repaired. What could I do? I learned how to repair rugs and I worked at night for three years to save enough money to come to America.

Kazan was twenty when at last he sailed, by freighter. The journey from Constantinople to Marseille took nine days. He was quartered on the steerage deck, but as it was summer, this was no great hardship. His capital was forty-two dollars and several silk rugs he was to deliver to a brother of his Constantinople boss who was in the rug business in New York. The blandishments of Marseille were too much for the young



adventurer. He left the freighter, squandered his capital, and then sold one of the silk rugs for forty-five dollars. When at last he got on a ship for America, he had five dollars left. He gambled four-ninety-five of this away. From a fellow-passenger, a lady, he borrowed a quarter to wire his boss's brother from Ellis Island. For two days he slept on benches there until the boss's brother appeared and rescued him.

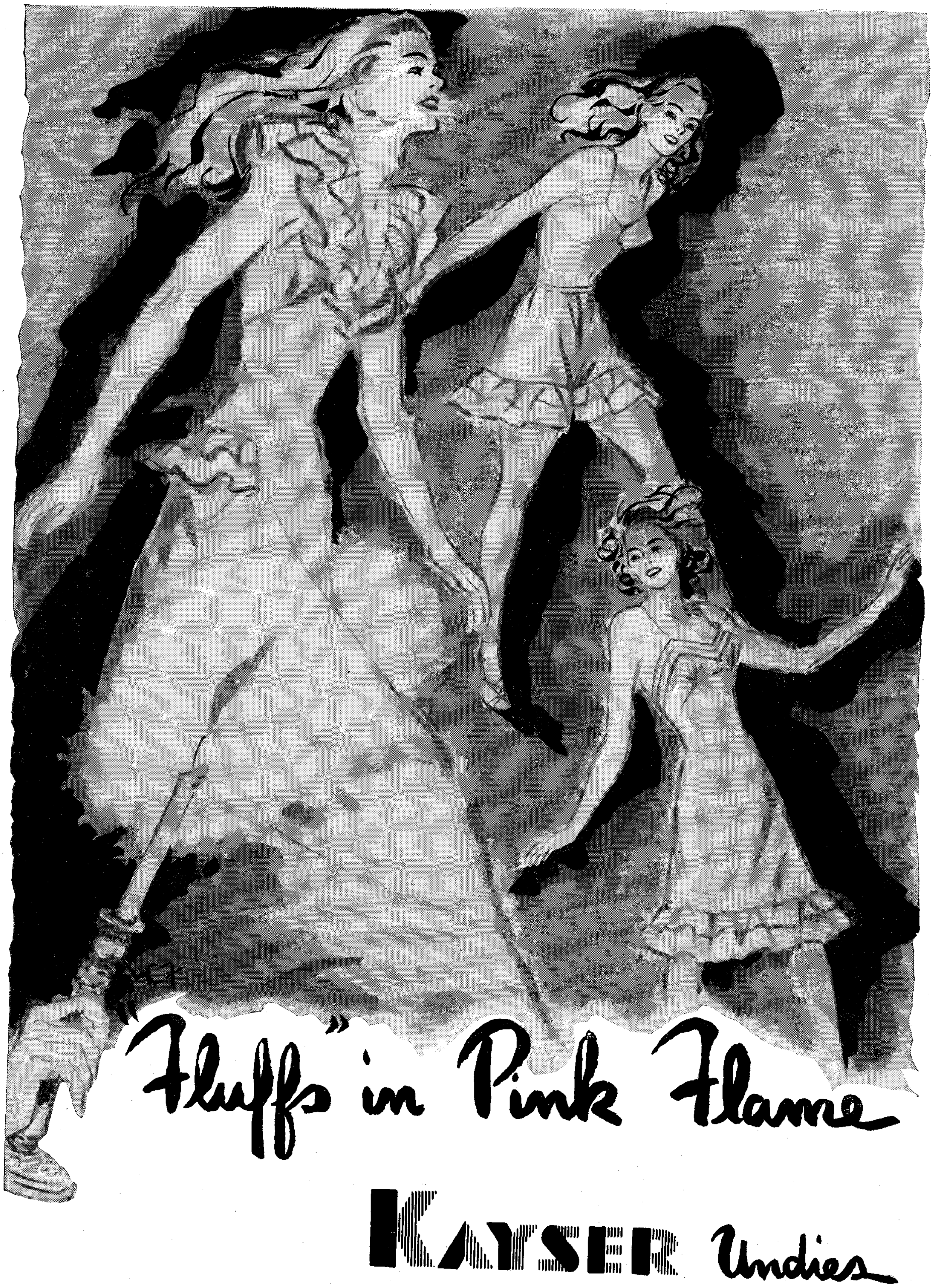
KAZAN considers the time between 1897 and 1904 the happiest of his life, because it was the only period of his business career when he had no overhead. His faculty for cleaning, repairing, showing, and selling rugs stood him in good stead. He went to work for his boss's brother in his establishment at Broadway and Seventeenth Street, and he earned extra money repairing rugs at night. He lived in a boarding house near Wanamaker's and got himself a girl. This girl the boss coveted. The boss seems to have been something of a Biblical student, for he sent A.E. on the road to sell so that he could woo the girl with an easier conscience. With A.E., he sent along another young member of his staff, who had been stealing from him. The boss told A.E. that he was sending him, A.E., along to watch the other fellow, but the maneuver was transparent to A.E. However, not counting the world lost for love, A.E. consented to go on tour. The two young men left for New England with their merchandise. Their procedure, after they arrived in a town, was to go to a music shop, say, or a hardware store, and get the proprietor to let them set up a temporary rug department in return for a ten-per-cent commission on sales. The tour was a triumph. In the communities A.E. and his companion visited there appeared to be a hunger for rugs which they had arrived in the nick of time to satisfy.

The first thing A.E. did after he sold a rug to a lady for a thousand dollars in Concord, New Hampshire, was to send a money order for fifty dollars to his father in Turkey. The sensation caused by its arrival was recounted to him years later, when he returned to Cesaria a rich man. A.E.'s father looked at the money order with skepticism, and he was assured by his neighbors that he could not get cash for it at the post office. At the post office he asked for the money in small silver coins, then brought it home and poured it on the kitchen table. The neighbors crowded in to look. The elder Kazan pointed with pride. "Didn't I tell you my son is a genius?" he said. "Look, we are rich!"

Women were as helpful in furthering A.E.'s career during the New England tour as they were later, with the assistance of overhead, in helping to undo him. In Bridgeport, an elderly lady came in and examined rugs for two hours. A.E.'s patience long outlasted that of his partner, who was always irritated by interminable shoppers. Finally the lady bought a rug for thirty-five dollars. She asked A.E. to deliver it to her house. The partner sneered, but A.E. stuck to business. He delivered the rug at dinnertime and was invited to dine. "After dinner," he recalls, "as I sat on my hostess's lap, she got on the telephone and began making calls all over Bridgeport." She sold fourteen thousand dollars' worth of rugs for him to her friends. "American women of that era," says A.E., "were very sympathetic if you came from Constantinople and were poor." From this one contact, A.E. got a fine dinner and three thousand dollars in commissions. He promptly returned to New York and quit his job. He approached a Fifth Avenue dealer with a proposal that they sell rugs at auction, so that they could influence the prices by bidding against each other when necessary. The merger was a great success. A.E. recalls vividly a pair of silk rugs of a crème-de-menthe color (he dwells lovingly on these two rugs, after a lapse of nearly half a century) which were bid up to seven hundred and fifty dollars, though they had cost him and his partner only sixty-two dollars. Those were wonderful years: America was a new and hospitable and rug-hungry land; there was youth and a growing intimation of genius in finance; there were women of all ages, sympathetic to a good-looking boy from Constantinople; and, above all, there was no overhead.

A.E. was soon averaging five hundred dollars a week, but he continued to live in the boarding house near Wanamaker's. Boarding houses, he says, were a symbol of respectability. It helped establish credit to live in a boarding house; it was an index of honesty and industry. During the panic of 1907, A.E. was occupying a large room for which he had paid a year's rent in advance. When Wanamaker's began discharging salesgirls, many of them came to A.E. for help, and he helped. One of the more idyllic of his memories is of this period. The girls used to come to his room in the evening and talk and sing to him while he repaired his rugs. He tolerated no indiscretion; it did not go with the boarding-house façade; he was a Platonic pasha.

A. E.'s career, from this point, followed swiftly the pattern set by many immigrants of those days. He was in a world in which you outsmarted everyone you could, in which you vowed revenge when you were outsmarted, even though you could not help having a certain admiration for the outsmarter. One example, taken from "Kazanova,"


"Fluffs" in Pink Flame
KAYSER Undies

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Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
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Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
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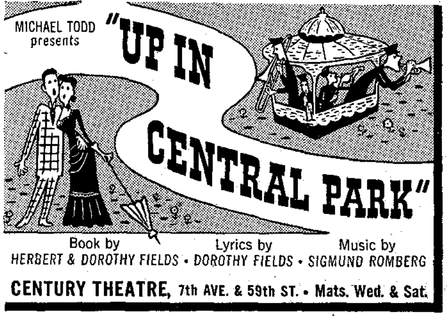

MICHAEL TODD presents
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Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
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Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
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MAX GORDON presents
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By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
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The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
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will serve as an illustration of this phase of his life:

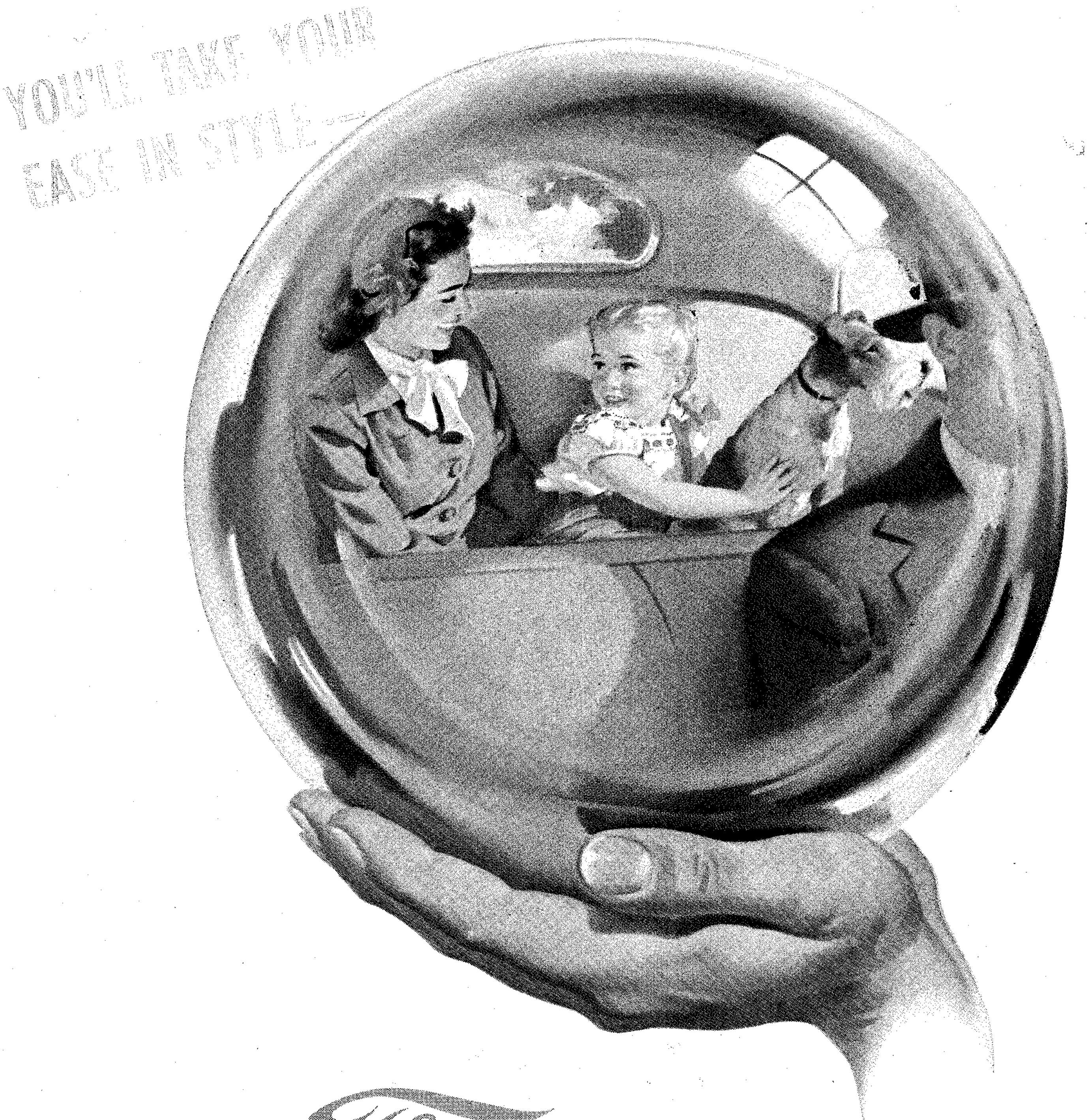
> Bob: At the age of 23, a poor boy, I sold at auction to a lady one silk carpet for $1,700 costing me $550. This was a profit of $1,150. An artificial gentleman dealer saw this lady and spoiled the sale of the silk carpet, and the lady returned it. This was a big loss for a poor man. I registered this evil act of the so-called gentleman in my mind. Fifteen years later I was sitting in a fashionable café. This same dealer came in and sat with me at a table. I bought him a drink. He bought me three drinks and then he went out and bought me a cigar which cost fifteen cents and one for himself which cost sixty cents. Now what is the catch? He asked me to lend him $25,000. "Yes, if you send all your rugs (worth about $120,000) to my store I will lend you the $25,000 and charge you $12,000 commission whether all the rugs are sold or not." I started working on the proposition and in a month I sold $37,000 worth and thereby collected my $25,000 and $12,000 commission. I sent the dealer back the balance of the rugs. He cost me $1,150 fifteen years ago but I got back from him $12,000 in one month. Bob, here is the benefit of not calling a fool a damn fool to his face. Bob, if you are willing to give a cigar to another friend, give same cigar that you smoke, not a fifteen cent cigar to him and a sixty cent one for you.

There began the period of A.E.'s life that he describes in "Kazanova" as "Genius in Business and Technique." In this period he acquired more partners and he acquired overhead. His success was great, and he began to make quantities of money. His years of wealth, characterized by him in a subtitle as "High Living Days: Genius and Amoeba," lasted until the liquidation of his fortune of several million dollars in the crash of 1929. The first big step toward success came when Orlando Jones, a bookmaker, introduced him to another bookmaker, who wanted to buy some rugs. A.E. took the prospect to the largest rug dealer in New York. One of the salesmen there offered A.E. a thousand-dollar commission on the transaction, which came to five thousand dollars, but A.E., remembering the dropped coin in Constantinople, refused, and asked only the customary ten per cent. The news of this startling heresy reached the boss, who, overcome by A.E.'s spectacular honesty, gave him a job at four thousand dollars a year, plus commissions. After four years of this, during which, A.E. recalls, the boss "liked him every day," he was given an account of three hundred thousand dollars and sent to Constantinople on a buying trip. He bought too freely and when the home office heard about it he was discharged by cable. He promptly formed a partnership in Constantinople with a local banker named Castelli. In the next few years A.E. was involved, first in Constantinople and then back in New York, in a series of dissolving partnerships. One of them had an almost immediate but charming dénouement. A jovial partner, whom A.E. greatly liked, was caught cheating after one week. A.E. reproached him. "I have been a crook for forty years," said the candid culprit. "You can't expect me to be honest in one week." In spite of the sweet reasonableness of this argument, A.E. dissolved the partnership.

From this period, too, comes an interesting account of the pastime of "rug-walking," taken from "Kazanova":

> Uncle, they tell me you used to chase customers from your store. Is this true?
>
> Answer: Yes but only those rich customers who were egotists or better traders than myself.... For one of my best customers and friends I spread a large rug on the floor and he asked me what is the price. I said $800. He says, "I'll take it." (Being a bargain for him.) We were walking on the rug and I spoke to him in jokes—stories to keep him walking to the good end of the rug but he walked to the opposite end of the rug and then he said, "No, I do not want it." I asked him what's the matter with the rug. He said, "The rug is worn out." "How do you know?" I said. "You haven't touched it." He said, "I felt with my feet that it is worn out." I said, "Here's a cigar—but we won't do business with anyone who knows that a rug is worn out by touching it with his feet." But we wined and dined many times after that.

In 1912, A.E. felt himself strong enough to do without partnerships and founded his own firm, the Kazan Carpet Company. The firm had a rating of AAA in Dun & Bradstreet's, and he had so much money that it was not necessary for him to be respectable. The boarding-house era was over. He moved into progressively finer apartment houses and eventually took an apartment at the Ritz Tower and had it furnished at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. The "High Living Days" period swung into its halcyon rhythm. It was then that he had his sofa made, and when he went to Paris he took it with him. (Can it be possible that this is the first record of a man taking a bed to Paris?) One evening there, he went to dine at the home of a count who was also fond of good living. On the third floor of the count's mansion was a bathroom which aroused A.E.'s envy; it had walls of exquisite mosaic and a bathtub big enough for two. A.E. couldn't get the magnificence of this bathroom out of his mind. He was like an art lover who has looked at a tantalizing picture and cannot rest until it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hangs on his own wall. The next day he called the manager of Claridge's, where he was stopping, and had him, with the count's permission, visit the bathroom. A copy of it was installed in his suite at Claridge's. He kept this apartment, as well as the one in New York, all through the High Living Days.

A typical high-living day is described in Episodes 621 and 622:

> In the morning my customary coffee served in my room. Masseur, osteopath or Turkish bath, alternately; besides my own gymnasium in my apartment. Every morning the barber comes at the same hour to shave me. Even if it is only to talk, the manicurist comes now and then. No worry for expenses (keep the change). A tailor comes once a month with samples and I buy a suit of clothes or an overcoat whether I need it or not.
>
> Good organization at the store. Customers buying my rugs at any price, as I am almost a monopoly. I look at the newspapers—stocks go up. At one o'clock before I go to lunch I stop in at the stockbroker and buy 1000 shares of some stock on which I already have a tip. (To be sold at 1¼ point profit if it goes up. This profit will pay for my luxurious expenses.) And they go up. Arrive at 61st Street restaurant. Plenty of beautiful girls. Of course I am welcome to these girls because some of checks go on my account (and their sweeties are working at the time). I go with some of the girls back to the apartment, either to play bridge or dance or drink (Prohibition). Some of them jump on my electric horse and camel. Bob, I was very generous with my girls. If they went out dining and wining with a nicer looking man than myself, I forgave them. Otherwise, elimination.

This life of easy gymnastics occasionally has a more astringent note. As in Episode 638, on "The Influence of Heredity":

> Bob, here's an example of how a person can inherit certain habits from his parents. When I was in Constantinople, I used to visit my father every Monday in the suburbs where he lived. In his bathroom I saw a cake of soap which had been made from little scraps of left-over soap. That was economy! And I, the damned fool, had lost $5,000 the night before playing poker. Did I learn anything? We shall see. In New York, I lived at a Tower Hotel. I was wealthy and lived very expensively. Yet I also had a cake of soap made from little scraps of left-over soap. Even today I do the same thing. These are the little things that you inherit from your parents. And here's how it benefited me. A girl once came to ask me for $125 for a Chinese dog that she wanted to buy. When she happened to go into the bathroom and saw my cake of soap which had been made from little scraps of left-over soap—she left the room without carfare.

IT is doubtful whether any man has ever been franker than A.E. in disclosing his failures with women. He seldom recalls an amorous episode that did not have some economic aspect. This is very hard to understand, because A.E. is a handsome, imposing man even today. Possibly, if he had remained poor, women would have been touched by his need for love, as they were in his non-overhead days; but it is hard to be sorry for a very rich man. If there is one idyl in the life of A.E., it is his nostalgic worship of the lady whose identity is veiled in his lavish numerology as Sweetheart No. 5. (He is inclined to say less about Nos. 1 through 4.) He loved and wanted to marry this girl and yet, even in this case, his nostalgia is soured a bit by the fact that, although he spent a fortune on her and wanted to send her to school and to educate her, she left him, when he began to lose his money, to marry a man who had had the good sense to remain a millionaire. He still thinks with tenderness of Sweetheart No. 5 and writes to her now and then, but she does not answer his letters.

Some of Kazan's innumerable transatlantic crossings during the high-living days were dictated by romance. Sensitive to the merest inflection of infidelity, he once quickly abandoned a Paris sweetheart because, in an absent-minded moment, she called him by the wrong name. To salve his wounded *amour-propre,* he sailed at once for New York, only to have his New York sweetheart make a similar unfortunate slip of the tongue. One incident in "Kazanova" is reminiscent of a painful episode in "Of Human Bondage"—when Philip gives his friend the money to go away with Mildred—and is none the less poignant for being told so pitilessly:

> I made arrangements with a new manager to take care of my business as I was sailing for Europe on the Majestic. When I arrived on the ship I received from a real friend the following telegram (4 words): "You are a donkey—Bill." But after I got on the boat I changed my mind—I wanted to get off—but the first whistle for leaving had blown. The second steward, who knew me well, said, "The only way you can get out of here is to get sick"—and I got sick plenty. They had to lower the plank and I got off. This cost me $100. Now what was my idea? First, I was not doing justice to my business. Second, I wanted to go and watch my exclusive sweetheart, for her I bought a small house in the suburbs, and to see if she was in love with someone else. On two occasions I went around her house but did not have the courage to go in and see for myself if . . . I never justified my suspicions because I never found out. Damn fool—but this is love.

KAZAN attributes his failure in business and his present impecuniosity to his gambling and extravagance and what might be called the "flat tire"

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
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K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

3RD YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Royal BEAL Betty CAULFIELD
BIJOU THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play." —MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
Rose Franken's Comedy
with Martha SCOTT • Myron McCORMICK
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

STANLEY GILKEY & BARBARA PAYNE present
The Deep Mrs. Sykes
A New Play by GEORGE KELLY with
Catherine WILLARD • Neil HAMILTON • Jean DIXON
Booth Thea. W. 45 St. CI 6-5969 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Lucille Ball
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GERTRUDE NIESEN
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"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
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in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
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Anna Lucasta
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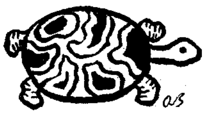
LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

quality in his character, but not for a moment does he regret his romantic expenditures, financial and emotional. He indulges in no sentimental what-might-have-beens even about the practical Sweetheart No. 5. And toward all women he still retains an attitude of incorrigible gallantry. If his life has been an unending immolation on the altar of Eros, he feels no remorse. In this sense he is a true Casanova, the perennial Don Juan, a perfectionist in amour. It is perhaps A.E.'s most striking and ingratiating quality that he is detached and unregenerate. He looks upon his own failings, as he does upon honor in others, with equanimity, as eccentricities of character to be observed and catalogued and appraised for their instructive value. He is constantly contrasting his brother, who is the father of Elia Kazan, the stage and screen director, with himself. This brother has been successful in the rug business, but not so spectacularly as A.E. He is respected in his business circle in New York and in New Rochelle, where he and his family live. In "Kazanova," A.E. refers to him as "my noble brother." He applies this epithet not with irony but with real reverence. "He is a good man," A.E. will say. "Never did anything dishonorable. A good man, a thousand times better than I." But he says it in a tone of casual inventory, as if he were estimating the value of a rug or a diamond. He does not envy virtue. For the good brother's son, his nephew Elia, he has an admiring affection. He repeats with relish conversational tilts he has had with Elia.

"Once," he says, "I asked him for five hundred dollars."

"You are always telling me," Elia answered, "to save my money. How can I give you five hundred dollars and still save my money?"

"Because," A.E. said, "when you give you get back more."



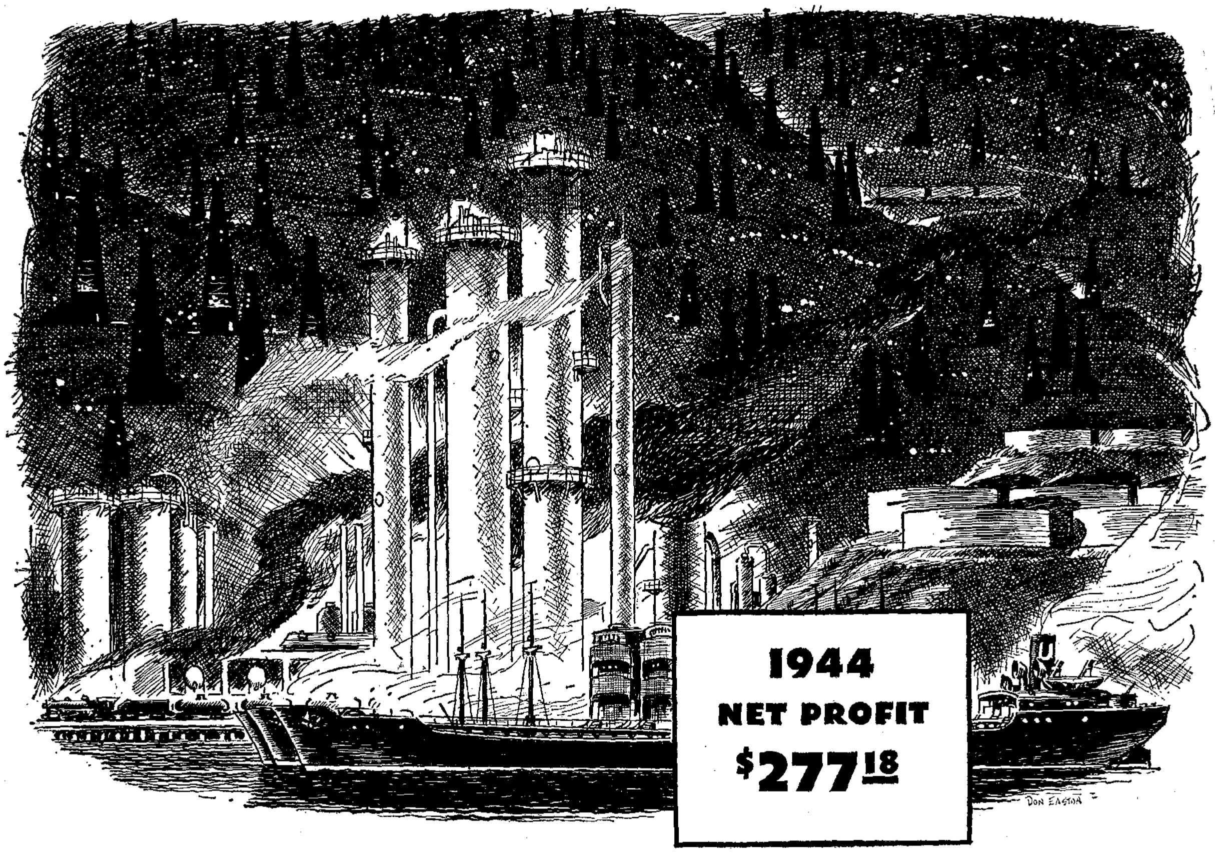
A.E. won the argument and the five hundred dollars.

His nephew's increasing fame and success have not been an unmixed blessing for A.E. "Formerly, friends sometimes helped me," he says. "Now they say, 'Why should we help you? You have a millionaire nephew. Why don't you go to him?'" (In A.E.'s circle you can't be merely affluent; you are a millionaire or nothing.) There is a story that Oscar Wilde, when he was living in poverty in Paris, wrote the synopsis of a play called "Mrs. Daventry" and one day sold it to a producer, promising to write the play. He didn't write it, but he kept the advance. He repeated the process several times with other impresarios, always using the same synopsis. Finally, one of these men got someone else to write the play around Wilde's synopsis and put it into rehearsal. When Wilde heard of the impending production, he wrote an indignant letter to this producer. "By producing this play," he said, "you rob me of a certain source of income!" A.E. feels somewhat this way about his nephew's success.

THE small hotel room on West Fifty-eighth Street in which A.E. has lived for nine years seems even smaller than it is because most of it is occupied by the much-travelled sofa. The sofa is the worse for wear, and its generous proportions make living in the room somewhat of a maneuver. Pressed against it on one side is a bridge table, on which A.E. does his writing. The table is covered with manuscripts. Next to the sofa, on the other side, is a huge wardrobe trunk plastered with labels: "Berengaria 1926;" "Paris 1927 to Hold on Arrival." Into the trunk, A.E. recalls, he once threw fifteen hundred dollars after an alcoholic card game and didn't discover it till five years later, when he was rummaging for a collar button. The sofa, bridge table, and trunk form a small triangle. In this little triangle, most of A.E.'s existence is now confined.

Kazan's sofa was made to order by the Tiffany Studios in 1921. "I paid seven hundred and fifty dollars for it, but now I couldn't get ten dollars," he says, not ruefully but as a comment on worldly mutation. No other man has ever been so faithful to an article of furniture. Even when he lived in his apartment at the Ritz Tower, which had a magnificent bed, he slept on the sofa. Whenever he was ready to go to Paris, he would simply order his chauffeur to ship the sofa ahead. When he arrived in his apartment at Claridge's, it would be there. Now it is his workbench as well as his bed. He lies on it, collecting his thoughts, and when he is ready to set them down, there is the bridge table. The sofa, A.E. says, is his pal. It is a relationship analagous to the one between Elwood P. Dowd and Harvey.

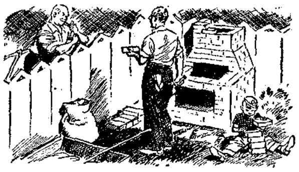
A.E.'s degeneration into a writer took place in this way. In 1941, yielding to one of his rare bouts with apathy, he didn't go out of his room for three days. On the fourth day, the maid who does his room prodded him. "You haven't been outside for three days," she said. "What's the matter with you? You



1 Figures can be deceiving. In the financial news of last month, Union Oil's 1944 net profits were listed at $8,932,994. Now that's a lot of money. But what the figures fail to reveal is that this money was divided among *a lot of people.*

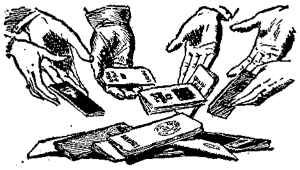
2 For Union Oil Company is owned not by one man or two, but by 32,227 individual Americans. Divided among that many owners, the net profits averaged just $277.18 per stockholder. Even this sum wasn't all paid out in dividends. $4,266,724 of the net profits were plowed back into the business.

3 So dividends paid out averaged just $144.79 per stockholder. In contrast to this, the wages and salaries averaged $3298.77 per Union Oil employee for the year. Even government received more from Union Oil's operation than the stockholders. $4,666,270 were paid out in dividends, $6,127,200 in taxes.



4 This is not pointed out as a complaint, but rather to show you that while Union Oil today consists of about 169 million dollars' worth of buildings, oil wells, refineries, ships, etc., it is owned by ordinary Americans like you and your neighbor next door.

5 These owners live in all parts of the country—516 in Oregon, 801 in Washington, 706 in Illinois, etc. 341 are in the military services. 2913 are Union Oil employees. The average stockholder owns 145 shares. Some hold less, some more; but the largest owns less than 1½% of total shares outstanding.



6 So it is not the investments of a few millionaires, but the combined savings of thousands of average citizens, that make corporations like Union Oil possible. And without some such method of financing industry, American mass production, with free competition, could never have been achieved.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA
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Those desiring more complete information on the material in this advertisement may refer to the formal Annual Report to Stockholders and Employees which we will gladly furnish on request. We would also appreciate any comments or suggestions. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

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Valued Gift of a Cartier Watch

Diamonds and sapphires accent an exquisite 17 jewel gold watch for her, with a gold flexible bracelet, $778. For him, the important all-duty precision service watch — waterproof, shock-resistant, dustproof, unbreakable crystal and luminous dial — in 14 kt. gold, 17 jewel movement, $105. . . Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

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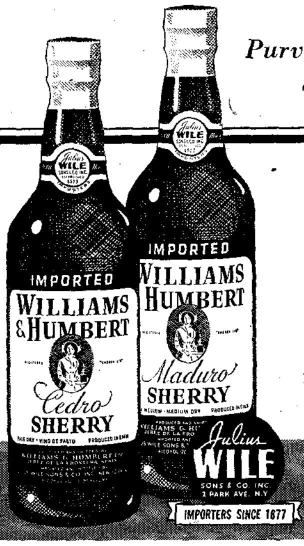

must be a writer!" The writing germ, a non-filterable virus, entered A.E. at that moment. By the end of a week, A.E., now dedicated, was at work on his first manuscript. His new avocation, he feels, has lifted him above the ordinary, material plane on which he had always lived. On the floor of his room are three worn rugs; he estimates their total value at ninety cents. On Christmas Day of 1944, A.E. was alone in his room with his work. He looked down at the rugs and found himself remembering that once he had had in his store two thousand rugs, each worth between five hundred and two thousand dollars. He laughed. He went out to the Automat for his Christmas dinner, and while sitting there, drinking a glass of milk, he laughed again. It is his conversion to art, A.E. feels, that gave him the power to laugh on that Christmas Day.

A.E. takes a certain pride in the magnitude of his downfall. In 1929, he went bankrupt for a million dollars, and he still carries, and likes to display, a newspaper clipping recording this handsome débacle. Since 1929, he has done no formal work. He is an authority on the late sport of horse racing. He had elaborate formulas for betting, the most incomprehensible of which he called the "unit system." Once he evolved an intricate scheme for a betting pool with a capital of a million dollars. He perfected the plan with patient lucubration and then offered it as a sort of gesture to the Greek community in New York. It was turned down. He was rather hurt by this, because he was prepared, he says, to devote all his time to it. For a while, after the crash, he lived in the Hotel St. Moritz, and he still goes there almost every afternoon and sits on a yellow-leather chair at his regular table in the Café de la Paix. He loves the Café de la Paix. The proprietor of the hotel, a Greek by the name of Taylor, is an old friend. The waiters and clientele also know him. When he tips the waiters, they good-humoredly refuse the tips. They don't want to be tipped by their friend, they say. When A.E. arrives at the Café de la Paix, he sits down at his *Stammtisch* in one corner. He talks to his regular waiter in French. He has known this waiter for thirty years, since the days of the old Café Martin. They inevitably recall the night Stanford White was shot. They were at the Café Martin when it happened. A.E. puts on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, takes some long sheets of yellow foolscap from his pocket, and asks the waiter to read to him from his work in progress, "My Life at the Café Martin." "The proprietor, Martin, was like my brother," says A.E. "What a man I was!"

Back in his room, A.E. puts in an hour before dinner at his writing. The pockets of his double-breasted black overcoat and of his jackets are stuffed with foolscap covered with writing—newly remembered stories of his past, amplifications of stories he has already told. Afflicted with graphomania, he keeps adding and adding to his reminiscences and speculations. If you visit him in his room, he insists upon your reading his works aloud to him. He will reach into a pocket and pull out a sheet of paper. "Read this," he will say, in the voice of one long accustomed to obedience. "Aloud!" When you start reading, A.E. tilts his head back and a little to one side. A faint smile curves his lips and the expression on his distinguished, strongly modelled face softens to benignity. As the sentences set in motion the stream of memory—of opulence, of power, of defeat, of voluptuousness—the benign look deepens, and it is plain that the voices he hears are mellifluous. At last the passage is finished. There is a silence. The sun lights up a column of motes rising from A.E.'s sofa to the window. He gets up and adjusts his boxlike jacket against the back of his collar. "Damn fool," he mutters. "Damn fool."

"What would you still like to accomplish in life?" his visitor asks, to snap him from his past to the future.

"You will find the answer," he says brusquely, "in the blue—797A."

It is there, on the last page, just before the addendum, which is a little manual on horse racing. It reads:

> Bob asked his uncle: "Why did you start writing this book?"
>
> Answer: "It is a good hobby, if you are lonesome, and an education. You will become a better person reading your own memoirs and experiences, and I am tired of stretching a dollar as far as it will go. I am also trying hard to make this book more successful so I will be able to reciprocate favors which I receive from my family and my friends, and will be able to establish a small orphanage and live with the children and see them happy. When they come and jump on my lap and kiss me, that is the only genuine kiss in the world with no hidden personal interest, except, of course, mothers'."

—S. N. BEHRMAN

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story by Gale Wilhelm in Redbook*]

He closed his eyes and went on watching her still pale face.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

A TRADEMARK KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Can you think of any trademark in the field of men's clothing, furnishings, and accessories—or, as a matter of fact, of any kind, perhaps—more generally recognized and more favorably known than Brooks Brothers' famous sheep? Over a period of many years hundreds of millions of printed impressions in magazines, newspapers, booklets, and other advertising material have etched it deeply into the minds and the memories of succeeding generations. Countless thousands of dozens of articles of merchandise have carried it out of our store not only on labels and packages and boxes...but literally into the hands and on to the backs of Brooks Brothers' customers all over the world. Whether you see it stamped, as a tiny device on a glove button, a pair of suspenders, or a leather wallet...or printed as big as a silver dollar on a shipping carton...you can be sure that it stands today, as always, for the simple, understandable thing for which it has always stood: *A Standard of Quality worthy of bearing our name and our mark.*

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Sportshirts by Rogue...
the shirts that check with a man's idea of what's what. Finest fabrics, styling and tailoring. Shown: Palm Springs, Tie-Vertible, Deserteer, all masterful Rogues.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 15 (BY CABLE)

BECAUSE the British have been prepared for the last few weeks to receive the good news which obviously nothing could spoil, the bad news knocked them sideways. President Roosevelt's death came as a stupefying shock, even to those Britons whose ideas of the peace do not run much beyond the purely personal ones of getting their children home again, a roof back over their heads, a little car back on the road, and plenty of consumer goods in the shops. To the more internationally minded, the news seemed a crushing disaster. People stood in the streets staring blankly at the first incredible newspaper headlines which appeared to have suddenly remodelled the architecture of the world. They queued up patiently for succeeding editions as if they hoped that something would be added to the first bald facts to make them more bearable. The flags hung limply at halfmast along Whitehall, where knots of lugubrious people gathered at the entrance to Downing Street, hoping for a glimpse of Mr. Churchill as he came back from adjourning the House of Commons' business of the day. The Prime Minister will pay his formal tribute on Tuesday, two days before his expected war statement, which, according to some excited speculation, may contain the announcement that German organized resistance is over.

On that first shocked day after the President's death, one frequently heard the observation that at this juncture even Mr. Churchill could almost have been better spared than Mr. Roosevelt. It was a strange remark to hear in England, but it was a perfectly sincere one. The fact is that many people feel that the Prime Minister's supreme job was to steer this country safely through the second World War, as it was the job of the only recently mourned Lloyd George to steer it through the first World War. Loyal and grateful Britons know that no other leader could have done it as well as Mr. Churchill, but they believe that if, by sad chance, it had been he who had caused Friday's tragic headlines, England's postwar policy would have continued roughly on the same tracks. The postwar policy of a United States without Mr. Roosevelt is hard to predict on this side of the Atlantic. People here might find more comfort in the situation if they were at all familiar with the new President, but they are not. The average Englishman, who knows little about American domestic politics, feels as lost as the average American would if Mr. Churchill were to be suddenly succeeded by some relatively unknown Conservative. The evening papers came out with photographs and hastily dug up biographies of President Truman, which Londoners read noncommittally. They glanced at the adjoining headlines, which said that Allied troops were reported only fifteen miles from Berlin, with ironically little apparent emotion and as though Berlin were a village on another planet. Mr. Roosevelt's death will sober still more what would in any event have been a sober V Day. The universal expression of profound personal sorrow, however, has far outweighed the sense of political uncertainty or the worries about the San Francisco Conference. No Briton has forgotten those dark times when the only cheerful thing seemed to be Mr. Roosevelt's voice coming over the radio late at night, and no Briton will ever forget. Elderly people with long memories say that they remember no such dazed outburst of general grief over the death of any other foreign statesman, or, for that matter, over many English ones. At the end of that sad Friday, innumerable people cancelled whatever plans they had made for the evening and stayed quietly at home because they had no heart for going out.

IT is all very different from what every one of us had expected the last few days of the European war to be like. Earlier, there had been much cheerfulness over the fact that the V-bomb attacks had apparently already ended. Hardly anybody seems inclined to believe that the Nazis are still contemplating some last, horrific attempt on Britain. This feeling of security has raised a formidable new problem for the government, which has to convince thousands of evacuee Londoners that though the bombing danger may be past, home is not yet the best place. The reason, of course, is that there are a number of homes which are still anything but snug, but it is going to be hard, now that V Day is in sight, to make restive Londoners stay put and wait for the orderly process of being moved back under the government scheme instead of simply hopping on

So we put away our bugle and never blew a note

THE OTHER DAY our Raymond Gram Swing was given the famed George Foster Peabody award for his excellence and competence as a commentator. A day or two before that, "Variety," top publication in the entertainment world, came through with a nice citation for one of our ace news-casters, George Hicks... and old man Temptation nearly got us: we came near writing an ad about the swell job some of our boys are doing on the news front. Felt like bragging a little.

After all, George *did* make one of the outstanding broadcasts of all time on D day and *was* first to broadcast the Rhine crossing... and our Gordon Frazer *was* the first radio correspondent to cross the bridge... and our Arthur Feldman *was* the first to broadcast the news of three major landings of the Philippines campaign...and Raymond Swing also got the BBC award (for his job in keeping the British people aware of America's war effort) in addition to the Peabody award.

Temptation Bows Out

Well, it was quite a temptation. But we finally put our bugle away without blowing a note. Settled down then to figure out *why* these men (and all our other Blue men up front and out at sea) consistently do such a bang-up job. Got to thinking that our red-hot interest in the whole news and information picture might have something to do with it. That's a pretty important part of our operation over here, you know. We're *doing things* with news. It's part of our job to keep the public informed.

We are building some of the soundest news policies radio has ever seen, too.

No Censorship at the Blue

For example, we face the issue and admit that everyone over the age of six is prejudiced one way or another. And this fact in itself makes it impossible, on the face of it, to overcome bias by filtering all the news and commentaries through one "unprejudiced" man.

▶ That's silly. No man is smart enough to know what the public ought to hear. So, having picked men with a sense of responsibility, we let them say what they feel, reviewing their work only for good taste and for competent news authority. Then we set out to balance these prejudices: a commentator with a slant toward the liberal is balanced off with another more conservative.

Then we let them ride, with only this bit of coaching: "Get it all; get it straight; get it first, if you can."

And maybe the fact that the Blue Network *practices* freedom of speech instead of just preaching it inspires these men to do a great job.

We Owe This to the U. S. Public

We trust America. We don't think our people need to be spoon-fed. We think they can make smart decisions if they're given *all* the news, *all* the information, *all* the slants. And, so far, we can't see any evidence that this is a wrong slant on a public that has "come through" during these years.

LET'S TALK ABOUT NEWS: News is a lot of things: the first flash over the wire . . . the fox-hole-eye view . . . the interview with the Commanding General . . . the Washington sum-up . . . the commentator's interpretation.

But most of all, it's *information;* it's the anvil on which tomorrow's public opinion is shaped.

That's why the Blue Network does everything possible, every day, to keep it—

Accurate Speedy Varied
Comprehensive Interesting
—and our commentators
are not muzzled or censored

A Whisper to Advertisers: A network that's winning acceptance by dealing them straight isn't a bad one to keep in mind!

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Luncheon • Afternoon Tea

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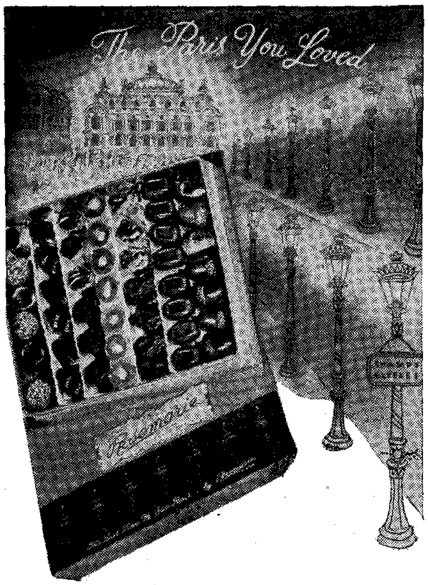
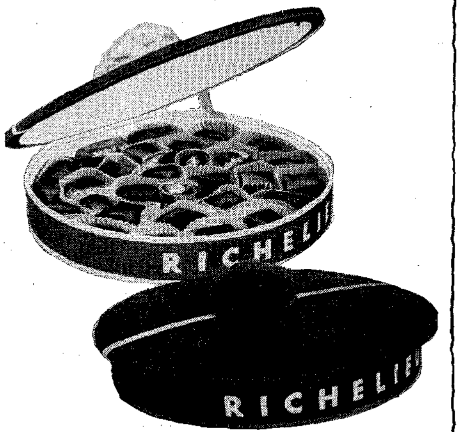


Assortment

"The Last Time We Saw Paris"

No. 16 1 lb. 3.75; 2 lbs. 7.50; 3 lbs. 11.25



Rosemarie Chocolates

No. 14 Silk Hand-made Box $7.50

Rosemarie de Paris INC.

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the first homeward train. Still another sign, this time political and not quite so bright, of the nearness of what people hopefully call the peace has been supplied in the last week by the unpeaceful spectacle of Cabinet Ministers' forgetting their Coalition neutrality and indulging in a wordy party set-to. Labour's Bevin has accused the Conservative Party of having been unready for 1939, and the Conservatives' Brendan Bracken has tartly reminded the Socialists that because of their hampering refusal in earlier days to support rearmament or conscription, they have no particular cause to pat themselves on the back either. This breaking down of impartiality at a high level looked to many people as though the elections were near at hand and the Coalition was having its last gasp.

Since Friday's heavy blow, many, too, seem to be coming around to the idea that the political parties in this country should stick together, at least until after the San Francisco Conference and maybe on into the confused shadows of the future. National unity in wartime is essential and people increasingly appear to feel that it may be equally essential in the perils of peace. But at the moment, everything here for anybody who bothers to think is subordinate to this crushing loss, which came at a time when people's minds were keyed only to victory. Trying to realize that this disaster has happened, and trying not to think what it may mean to the world, has temporarily clouded the feeling that the sun is very nearly shining.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

A cool and suavely dressed matron got on a crosstown bus the other morning and started off wrong by offering the driver a ten-dollar bill. Then, when she finally managed to dredge a nickel up out of her bag, she didn't know where to put it. It hardly came as a surprise when she confided to the driver, "I've never been in one of these before, you know." Looking indifferently at this lamb sacrificed on the altar of civilian shortages, the driver said, "We ain't missed you none, lady."—*The New Yorker, June 12, 1943.*

The problem of getting to Radio City, or any other place in the theatrical district, grows more difficult daily. One bejeweled and ermine-coated dowager, opera bound, despaired of getting a taxi, and condescended to travel by BMT. As she swayed on a strap, she remarked loudly to her escort, "This is the first time I've been on this smelly subway in twenty years." An old man seated near her informed her gravely, "Lady, we've missed you."—*Bennet Cerf in the Saturday Review of Literature, March 3, 1945.*

"Do a fella a favor"—

"Please send me a Kirsten"

—writes a Fighting Marine

Service men overseas really want *Kirsten* pipes, and write many letters telling us so. Every *Kirsten* pipe manufactured is distributed by the Army and Navy to service men overseas, but because production is limited, some fighting areas may have to wait for *Kirstens* . . . but they're on the way. Some day . . . perhaps soon . . . these cool, bite-free pipes will again be available at leading dealers in this country. Wait for a *Kirsten* . . . you'll be glad you did.

Buy more War Bonds —and KEEP them!

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THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
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For extraordinary performance, magnificent musical tone and authentic cabinet design, remember this name when you buy your postwar radio-phonograph.

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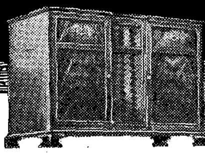

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Large, restful rooms. Boardwalk Sun Decks. Famous SHELBURNE GRILL and Cocktail Lounge.

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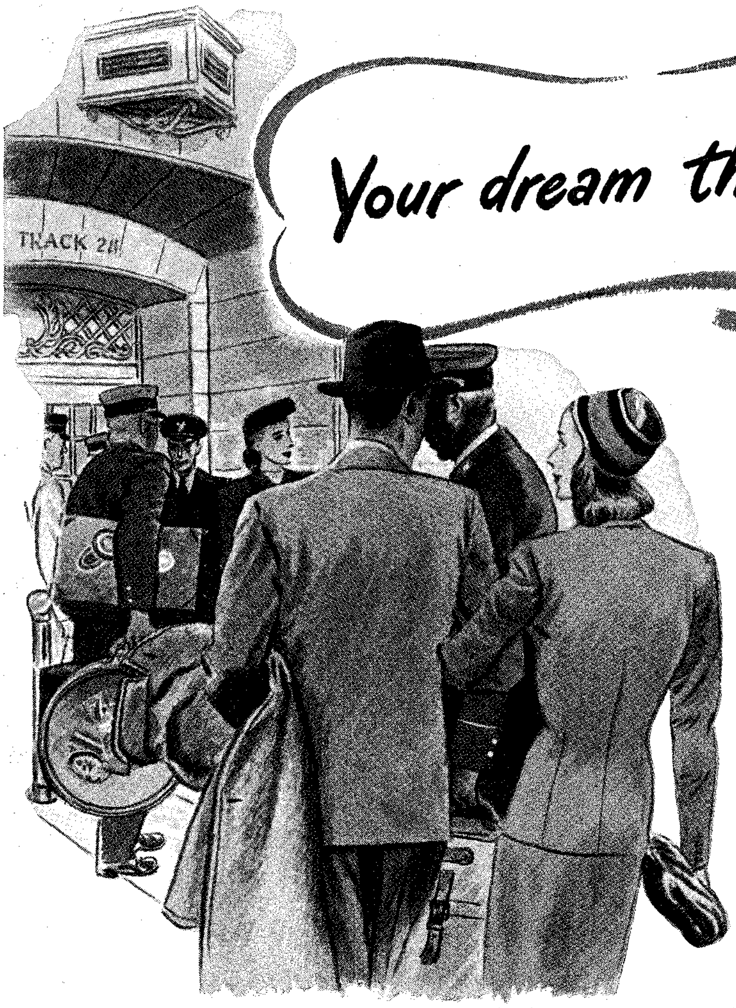

"Oh Bob, I can hardly believe we're really going. Are you certain we can afford it?"

"We sure can, Honey. These stainless steel sleeper-coach trains make it easy on the pocketbook."

● "Such comfortable seats."
"Best part of that is they're ours for the whole trip. Numbered and reserved. No scrambling or overcrowding on this train."

● "What a lovely lounge car. And to think this is ours to use, too."
"These broad windows are something. I always thought 'Observation Car' was quaint, but I see what they mean."

● "Isn't this nice? I'll take the consomme and the roast chicken."
"This is a good menu. They certainly do things right in this diner."

● "This is cozy. I'm going to sleep."
"Sleep tight—every minute you'll be saving money. With all this comfort and luxury, we'll be $52 richer than if we'd taken berths."

You are planning and dreaming of travel, when war's emergencies are over. The railroads, too, are planning—to give you more and finer trains. You will see new stainless steel trains, built by Budd, many of them one-class or Sleeper-Coach trains which give you both luxury and economy. Budd builds of gleaming stainless steel for strength and safety—builds reclining chair cars of most modern type, sleeping cars, dining cars, tavern and observation cars, and complete trains.

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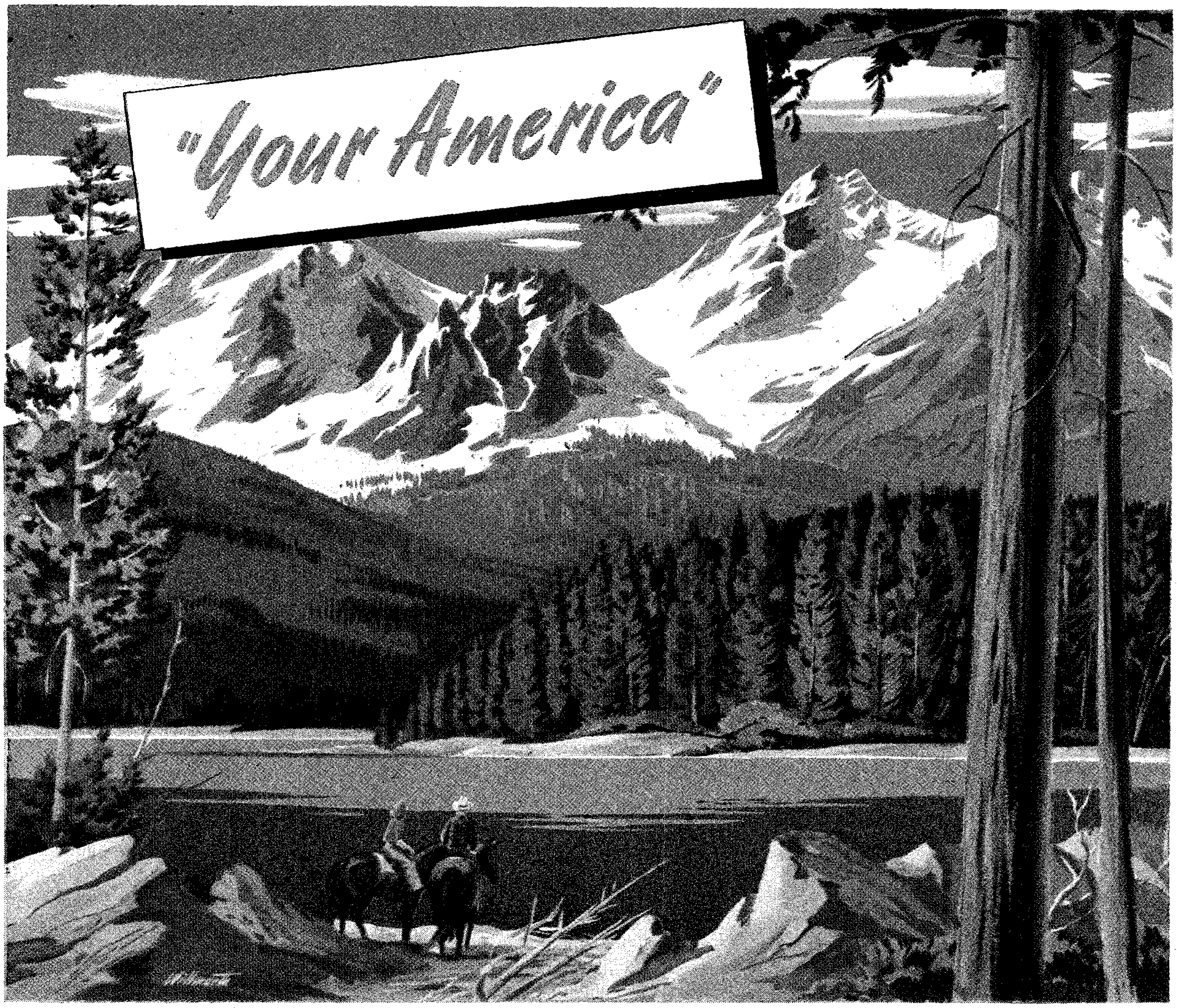
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THE PROGRESSIVE

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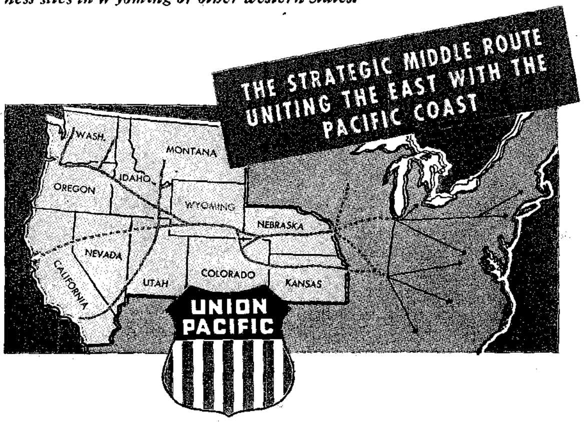
Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" —Mutual network—every Sunday afternoon, 4 pm, E. W. T.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MUSICAL EVENTS

Still More Novelties

AT the première of "Undertow," by the Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan last week, the program supplied the customers with only the names of those concerned with the production, the names of the characters, and a terse indication of the setting, so, unless you already knew something about "Undertow," you were just about on your own when it came to figuring out the action and its meanings. There was some aid to the novice, though, in the names of those characters—The Transgressor and a group of mythological folk, including Cybele, Pollux, Volupia, Aganippe, Nemesis, Polyhymnia, Pudicitia, Ate, Hymen, Hera, and Medusa. For some spectators, it was fairly easy symbolism; for others, the way of The Transgressor was hard to follow.

"Undertow" is in three scenes. The first is the Prologue, which begins with the birth of The Transgressor. The second episode, "The City," has him encountering Volupia, Aganippe, and the rest of the cast. These people aren't the conventional story-book figures; weirdly costumed as they are, they are often recognizable human types. Medusa, for example, is not the classic queen of the Gorgons but a dangerous and attractive girl. In this episode, The Transgressor is tempted and bewildered by the life about him. His troubles culminate in a meeting with Medusa, whom he strangles. In the third scene, the Epilogue, the personalities with the mythological names reappear in relatively normal guise, as rather simple, unfrightening passersby, orange vendors, toy-balloon salesmen, and the like. The whole thing is open to a variety of interpretations, ranging all the way from psychiatric analyses of The Transgressor to metaphysical observations on reality and unreality. Nevertheless, whatever other conclusions the spectators may care to draw, they will probably be unanimous in deciding that Antony Tudor has created a provocative and thoroughly interesting ballet.

William Schuman's score for "Undertow" is first-rate. It has brooding power, touches of irony, moments of gaiety, and dramatic decisiveness. I didn't think the evolutions on the stage

LISTEN: APRIL 21, 1945

Since Kingdon Tyler's compact, readable and illuminating little book *Modern Radio* has been on the stands, a lot of people have learned a lot of things they never knew before about the technical side of radio, and learned them painlessly. Soon it will be available to a lot more people—those who live chiefly in a world of sound—when the American Printing House for the Blind brings out an edition of the CBS engineer's handbook in talking form.

★

Pierre Garrigues and Pierre Schaeffer are two French radio officials who got along so badly with the Boches during the years of occupation that they had to go underground. If you happened to be near a television set on Wednesday night April 11 you could have seen some eloquent pictures of how they harried their oppressors. The program was televised from Columbia's New York station WCBW.

The two men are now in this country studying radio, television and motion picture techniques.

Just about a year ago, or D-Day minus-45, Garrigues and Schaeffer got together with a recording machine and secretly transcribed 100 hours of programs celebrating the liberation of France. Then they waited for the first moment they could lay their hands on a broadcasting station. It came on August 24 when they and their fellow resisters seized *Radio France* in Paris with the Germans still fighting in the suburbs. You should have seen those turntables spin, say the Pierres, in unison.

★

Of 228,000 decks of playing cards which generous listeners throughout the country have so far donated for wounded and hospitalized servicemen in answer to a 94-second radio appeal by Bob Hawk, none was more appreciated than those collected by the 32 pupils of the sixth grade of the Kingsbury School in Waterbury, Conn. After listening to his plea on WBRY, the CBS affiliate, the kids rolled up their sleeves and didn't roll them down again until they had hauled in 1200 decks.

★

Many of the country's leading musicians make a point every Wednesday night of accepting Columbia's *Invitation to Music.* For by tuning it in at 11:30 p.m. EWT they know they'll hear rare and unusual music sensitively performed. It may be a Bach fugue or the discovery of a fresh talent.

In the next seven weeks the programs offer three world premieres:

April 25—*The War Gods,* a cantata by the young British composer, Richard Arnell; performed by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra assisted by Evelyn Pasen, mezzo-soprano and the Columbia Chorale.

May 9—A new symphony by the noted contemporary American composer, Roger Sessions, broadcast as part of the Columbia University Festival of Contemporary Music.

June 6—Bernard Rogers' opera, *Samson,* based on a libretto by CBS' distinguished writer-producer-director, Norman Corwin. The cast includes mezzo-soprano Mona Paulee and baritone Mack Harrell, both of the Metropolitan Opera.

★

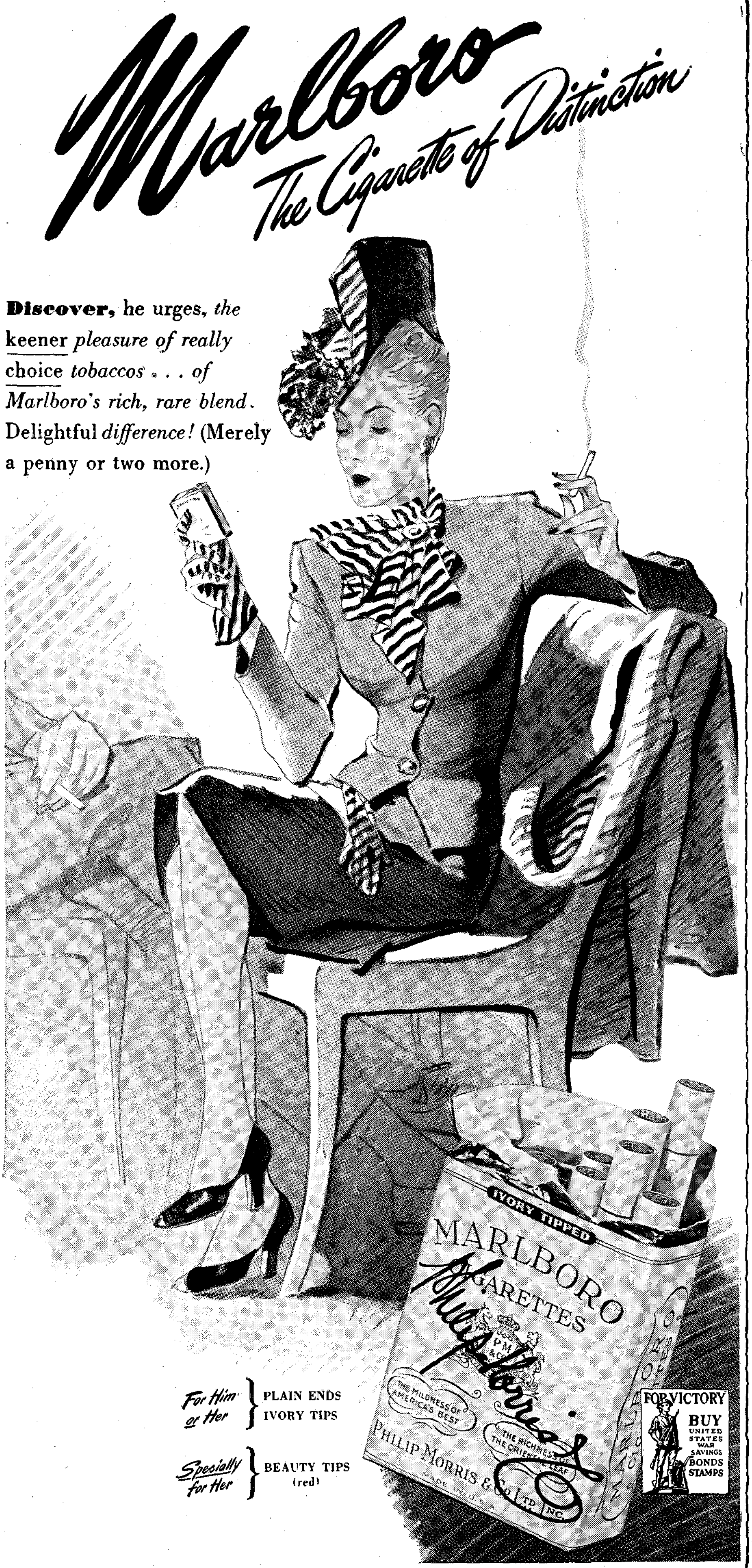
Just before H-hour on Easter Sunday CBS correspondent Webley Edwards in a Navy photographic plane peered down through cloud-gaps on Okinawa. Offshore the fleet was setting the island on fire and the landing craft were about to disgorge their amphtracks. With its cameras clicking, the plane circled the island for two hours above the white streaks of water carrying soldiers and marines up on the beaches.

Edwards won the toss to represent the combined American networks on the flight. He took off from Guam Saturday morning, flew into a typhoon, circled it and came into Clark Field on Luzon. Shortly after midnight the plane headed for Okinawa, and after completing its mission turned back to Guam, stopping off to refuel at Iwo Jima. At 9:15 a.m. EWT, Sunday, April 1, Americans who were up and listening heard Edwards' story. He was the first reporter to fly more than 4000 miles to make a single broadcast.

★

This is CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM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Discover, he urges, *the* keener *pleasure of really* choice *tobaccos . . . of Marlboro's rich, rare blend.* Delightful *difference!* (Merely a penny or two more.)

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Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

were quite up to the music in thrust or intensity, even though there was much that was striking, especially the fine performance of Nana Gollner as Medusa. It is likely, however, that as "Undertow" goes on, its action will be sharpened and clarified. That has happened to plenty of ballets before now.

WHAT must have been the season's longest concert took place in Carnegie Hall last week when Leonard Bernstein conducted Russian music of recent composition. In addition to a quantity of orchestral music, there were songs from Lawrence Tibbett, Maria Kurenko, and the Russian Choral Society, which was directed by Lan Adomian. The concert started at about eight-thirty with a crisp performance of Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" and ended not very long before midnight with the first hearing, in this town, of Khatchatourian's second symphony. Among the features en route was a brilliant exhibition of the Shostakovitch piano concerto with Staff Sergeant Eugene List as soloist. The Khatchatourian symphony was a big one, both in length and in sound, full of good orchestration and promising themes, but much of it seemed stretched out. It was well played by a proficient but unnamed orchestra under Mr. Bernstein's expert direction, and the large audience received it with enthusiasm, even at the unwontedly late hour.

AT its closing Carnegie Hall concert of the season, the Boston Symphony presented Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," a setting for chorus and orchestra of four excerpts from the writings of Thomas Jefferson. It was melodious and forthright music, but I suspect that Mr. Thompson, when he attempted to convert some of the long sentences of Jefferson's prose into concerted song, took on a problem that could hardly be solved with complete success. However, the sturdy melodies and the timely words of Jefferson had an impressive sound as they were sung by the Harvard Glee Club, which was conducted with great fervor by Serge Koussevitzky. There is an appeal about "The Testament of Freedom" that will make it an addition to the repertory of many a singing group. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Chile, if placed on the west coast of North Carolina, would reach from Sitka, Alaska, to a point opposite Mexico City.
—*Greensboro (N.C.) Record.*

And would be simply delighted.

UNHOOK ME, ABERCROMBIE

LAST week I received a flattering letter from Abercrombie & Fitch, addressed to Mr. H. Dolson and asking if I had any extra fishing tackle I'd like to sell them. I was flattered because my first name is Hildegarde and I don't fish. There are an awful lot of things batting around on the top closet shelf of my Greenwich Village apartment, but fishing tackle isn't one of them. I'm sorry, too, because this is the first time I've ever been approached as a sportsman. Besides, it was a lovely personal letter, signed by the assistant to the president. The body of the letter (that's a phrase I picked up in fifth grade and it's been ever so useful) dwelt on war conditions, which have resulted in a diminishing supply of fishing equipment, and don't I have *any* I'm not using, and ended up, rather desperately, "Contact us."

Ordinarily I break into hives when anybody says, "Contact us," but in the case of Abercrombie & Fitch, I realize it's only because of wartime exigencies that they talk so streamlined, with no slack for gracious give and take. I guess I know a gentleman when I see one, or even when I don't see him but merely feel him engraved on a letterhead. For that reason, I'm disposed to explain to the assistant to the president how I think Abercrombie & Fitch happened to approach me in the first place and what I know about fish.

LAST year, just before Father's Day, I went into Abercrombie's for the first time in my life. I am accustomed to mooching around Saks-Fifth Avenue or Kress's (the one at Thirty-ninth Street, with the nice kitchen towels in the basement), but the eighth floor of Abercrombie's is something else again, and, frankly, I felt like a fool among all those moose heads and pup tents. After tripping over a pup tent and knocking three hunting knives off a display table, I backed into a clearing and told a white-haired retainer behind the nearest counter that I wanted a fly book. I myself had no idea what I was asking for, but my daddy up in Venango County, Pennsylvania, once mentioned this item. To be more specific, he had written in a letter, "Don't send me any more ties for Father's Day, Hildegarde, but if you happen to see a fly book, I could use one."

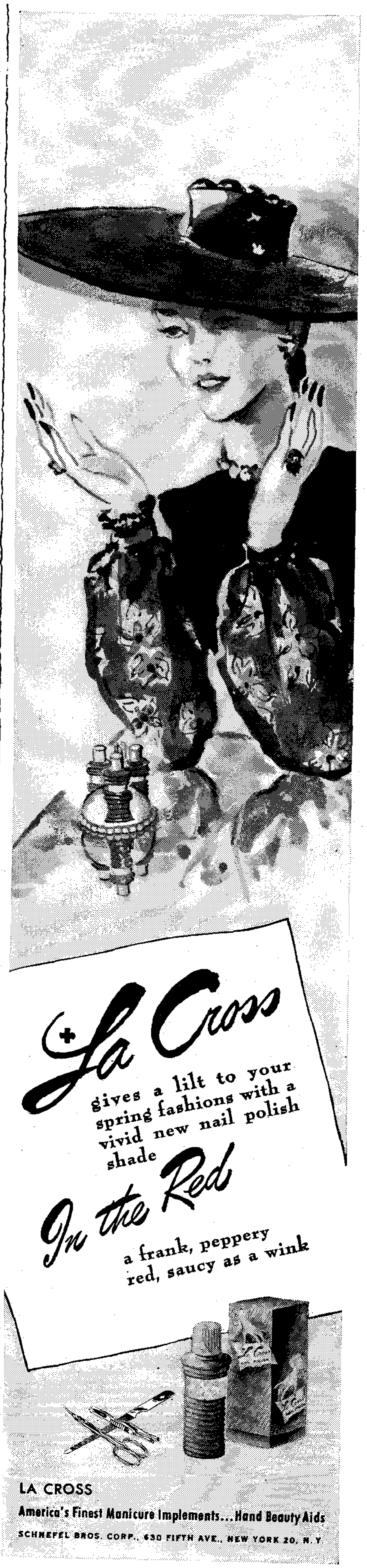
Happen to see a fly book, indeed! Even when the clerk brought out a thing he said was a fly book, I just hoped he knew what he was talking about. It looked to me more like an empty manicure kit with a flannel lining. I asked the clerk if he was sure, and he kept saying "Eh?" until I hollered, "Are you sure this is a fly book?" He was very sweet then, and got a trout fly and stuck it into the flannel, so I'd catch on. I paid cash and had the fly book sent to my father, but the clerk insisted on taking my name and address too, for the record. He didn't bother to spell out Hildegarde. Most people don't. And that's how A. & F. happened to get hold of H. Dolson.

NOW, about the time I contacted a fish. It all began in Franklin, Pennsylvania, on the day of my first dancing-school party, when I was thirteen. I wanted to be as ravishing as possible for that event, and I had just snitched a handful of my mother's bath salts when I discovered that the tub was already occupied—by two live bass. My nine-year-old brother, Bobby, had caught them that afternoon, in the creek a mile from our house. As bass go, they weren't very big, but even a middle-sized bass looks pretty impressive swimming around in a bathtub, especially if you come upon it suddenly. Bobby told me that he intended to keep them there until Father, another serious fisherman, got home from the office to observe the catch in its fullest glory. When I nastily told my brother that I wanted to take a bath, he thought I was asking his permission to get in the tub with the bass. "Go ahead," he said agreeably.

After I turned down this generous offer and insisted that he remove the fish, he got mad. "Sissy," he said. "Afraid of a fish."

I flounced to the top of the stairs, with my brother nipping at my heels, and yelled, "Mooooother! Come make Bobby take the bass out of the bathtub." In case she was in the kitchen and hadn't heard me, I kept on yelling. Meanwhile, Bobby was hopping up and down shouting "Sissy! Sissy!"

Mother came to the foot of the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stairs. "What did you say, dear?" she asked. Being older than Bobby, I could talk faster and fancier. From my version of the affair, anybody might have gathered that I'd been tossed to the sharks and, indeed, bore the imprints of their teeth at that very moment in my tender flesh.

"Bobby, why did you want a fish to bite your sister?" Mother asked.

It took some time for her to understand what had happened. Bobby sat hunched on the stairs, anxiously watching her face and waiting for her decision. If I'd had sense enough to keep my mouth shut, too, my cause might have been saved. Instead, I had to remind Mother that nobody, absolutely nobody, kept fish in the bathtub.

At that, Mother stiffened. "Hildegarde," she said, in her I-don't-understand-how-any-child-of-mine voice, "you must learn to be more tolerant."

After I'd received an impromptu lecture on respecting the rights of others, we finally effected a compromise. Mother said I could supplant the bass for fifteen minutes if I helped Bobby transfer them to a tin pail. I soon discovered that grabbing fish out of a bathtub is an even livelier sport than bobbing for apples. By the time I went off to dancing school, I had acquired a sullen distrust of bass that still nestles in my subconscious. As for trout, all I've got against them is that I'm forever choking on their little bones. I'd like, though, to end on a more hopeful and helpful note. The point I want to make is this: Abercrombie & Fitch have got hold of the right family but the wrong Dolson. My father is their man I know for certain (or for pretty certain) that he has something called a Coachman's Lady he's crazy about. In fact, he may even have two Coachman's Ladies, and if Abercrombie & Fitch ask him as nicely as they asked me . . .

—HILDEGARDE DOLSON

•

. . . their hands, roughened by alkali water, and red dust, and burning sun and wind, dwelt lovingly on these absurd scraps of silk and velvet, snipped from an old welding dress . . .—*From "Cimarron," by Edna Ferber, Armed Services Edition.*

And reminiscent of the days of playing with the torch.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From a program of the Washington (D.C.) National Symphony Orchestra*]

Liszt and the Hungarian Rhapsodies which he composed over a period of forty years will always be closely associated.

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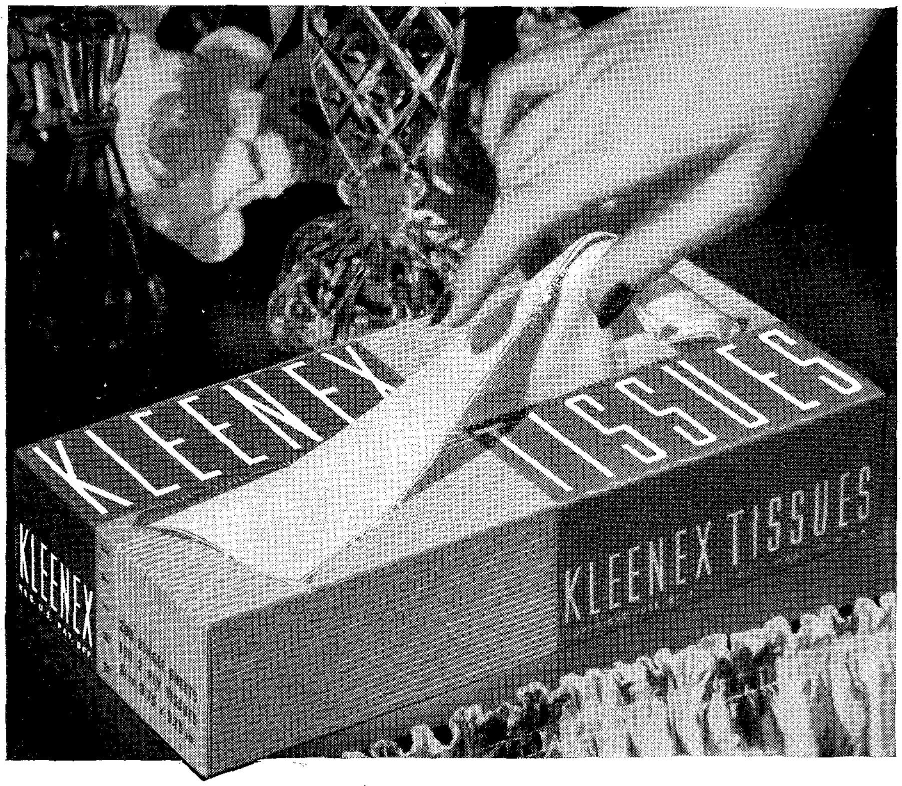

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Katie's in Again

COMPARED with the frank vulgarity of the performance given by Mae West in something on the stage called "Catherine Was Great" and the pretty, ethereal behavior of Elisabeth Bergner in the same rôle in a film whose name, I am sorry to say, I can't recall, Tallulah Bankhead's version of the notorious Empress in "A Royal Scandal" struck me as a small masterpiece of humor and technique. The part has been very handsomely written by Edwin Justus Mayer, who has wisely avoided the conventional combination of nymphomaniac and termagant, but he owes a great deal to Miss Bankhead, who reads his lines with a style very unusual on the screen, or on the stage either, for that matter. Some of Mr. Mayer's prose is necessarily rather flat, since apparently even the fundamentals of history are mysterious to the Hollywood public and a good deal of exposition has to be dragged in by its ears, but Miss Bankhead is never defeated by these sequences. I don't know in precisely what spirit the producers intended to have Catherine, referring to the Crimea, say, "I think it would be nice to have a peninsula on the Black Sea," but when Miss Bankhead says it, in the voice of somebody suddenly awakened from a deep and valuable sleep, it is, strangely enough, very funny indeed. A few of the jokes are dubious by any standards ("In Paris, only the husbands and the servants use the regular doors" and "Let's keep the throne clean"), but even these the star manages to make fairly tolerable.

ROBERT
COMING

Being more or less an illiterate in Russian history myself, I don't know what actual basis there is for the plot of "A Royal Scandal." It seems, roughly, that a military clique wished to seize the throne and enlisted the services of Catherine's current admirer, one Alexei, as a man very useful to their cause. He was supposed to succeed her on the throne, as I recall it. Anyway, the conspiracy wound up badly, along with the film, which produced a last-minute irony that would have embarrassed O. Henry. There may have been such a plot against Catherine and even such an episode in her love life. I am obliged to say, though, that it looked rather more like Twentieth Century-Fox to me. In addition to Miss Bankhead, by the way, the cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Mischa Auer, William Eythe, Sig Ruman, and Vincent Price. All kept in discreet focus.

"HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME" seems actually to be the name of a moving picture, though I would be the last man to investigate it personally. According to my helpmate, it is distinguished by a blonde, "who appears for no particular reason first in a polka-dot dress, then in a bathing suit of the same design, carrying a polka-dot compact with a large matching powder puff, and finally accompanied by a discouraged white dog, also covered with polka dots. She doesn't say anything, which may be just as well." At one point, Pat O'Brien, a private dick, is knocked out when somebody drops a canoe on his head, and everything else is just about on that level. Carole Landis and George Murphy represent love, in the mystery-story sense.

"ZOYA" is the biography of a Russian Joan of Arc who was hanged by the Nazis at the age of eighteen, after a night of torture during which she was beaten, burned, and driven barefoot through a blizzard. It is the story of her full and happy childhood (curiously interspersed with newsreel pictures of the Dnieper Dam, Stalin, and various political gatherings), which culminates in her determination to fight and die for her country. Strong but somewhat special fare, not particularly helped by an accompanying monologue in English.

—W. G.

•

PRESERVING CATTAILS—Thanks to Mrs. Henry Sole, 5103 Eliot st., for her suggestions.

"On Dec. 1, Mrs. H. R. F., La Junta, Colo., asked how to preserve cattails for winter bouquets.

"I have had good luck just soaking them in ordinary spar varnish to preserve them in their natural color. If she wants the cattails colored, she can use any shade of enamel or gold or silver paint, applied with a brush. She might like to paint the pods one color and the stems another."

* * *

Thanks also to Mrs. C. E. Woodend, 4420 W. 32d ave., who sent in a similar method of keeping cats away from canaries.

—*Rocky Mountain News.*

Soak them in spar varnish?

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A REPORTER IN YUGOSLAVIA

THE LONG MARCH—II

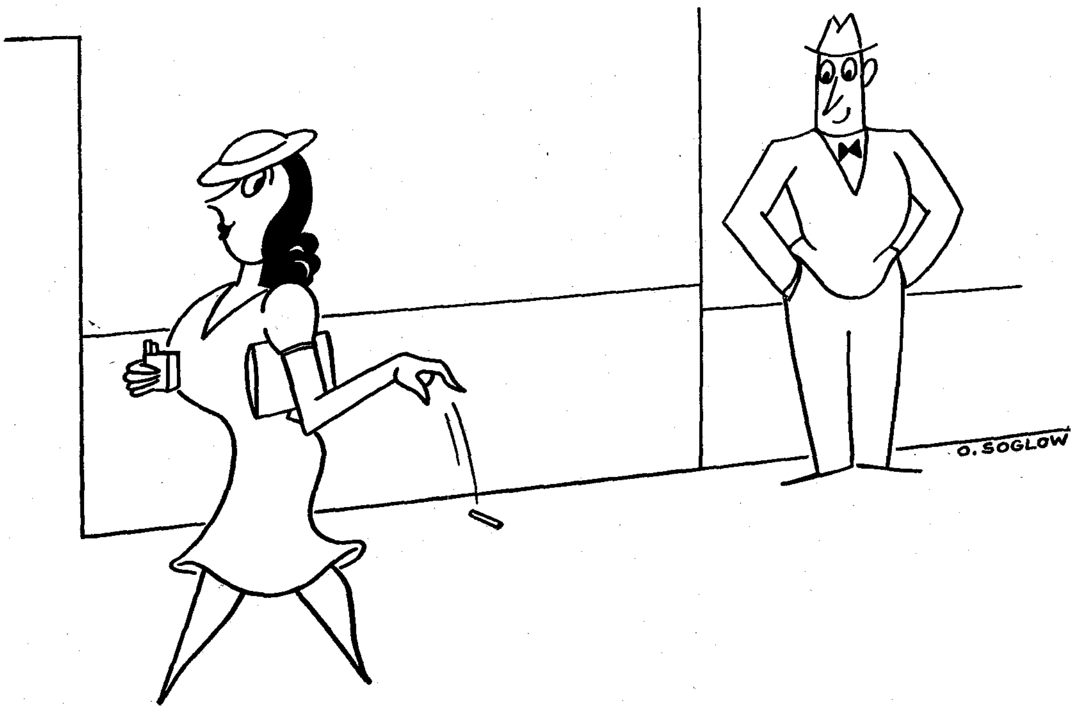
[*This is a continuation of a story begun in last week's issue. The third and final part will appear next week.*]

AFTER a long sleep, I awoke on the afternoon of my second day in Yugoslavia. As an American soldier on a special assignment, I had been marching, in the company of fifty Partisans, for two nights and a day, at times through German-occupied territory. We were on our way to Partisan headquarters. As soon as I woke up, I tried to put my boots on and found my feet too swollen to get into them. We were bivouacked in a pine grove somewhere in the hills of Dalmatia. There was no stream in which I could bathe my feet, so all I could do was squeeze, and finally I got them into the boots. We had arrived at the bivouac at dawn; it was now midafternoon and time to march again. There was nothing to eat, since we did not carry any rations and were not near a village that might have helped us out. Our only baggage, aside from our equipment, was several rucksacks filled with literature for the Yugoslavian youth congress to which most of my group were bound. The last time we had eaten was the previous afternoon. George, a young Partisan who spoke English and was acting as my interpreter, had a few ends of stale bread in his pack; he took out one of them, carefully broke it into four parts, and handed pieces to me and two youth-congress delegates he and I were sitting around with—a young man named Živko (the party's official photographer) and a young Dalmatian poet who had been fighting with the Partisans for three years. Then Peter, the major in charge of our group, gave the order to fall in. I was behind George and the poet, and just ahead of Živko. Peter started off and the column followed. We headed east along a dirt road, our pace slow and almost casual.

We walked all night again, as we had the first two nights, this time without incident. We sang as we marched and talked until we were too tired to talk. George produced another piece of bread at midnight, and he and the poet told stories of their early Partisan days, when they were really hungry. The Partisans have always had an order that no one can demand food from the people. The poet told how his unit would approach a village, not having eaten in four days, and wait outside to see if the villagers would bring them food; if no one did, they went on to the next village. And if any Partisan even picked a grape off a vine, he was immediately tried and usually punished. This way the people learned that the Partisans were different from the Germans and Chetniks, who looted as they went. Now they feed and care for Partisan units and are paid by the Yugoslav Army. We talked of hunger and how much food a man needs in order to fight well. The poet told about Partisan units that had lived on half a loaf of bread a man a day, and had marched over mountains and fought. "It depends what you are fighting for," the poet said. "But we need food more than anything else," George said. "If we had enough food, we could always take guns from the Fascists." The night passed smoothly this way, dark and beautiful, hiding the broken country. Once we heard a plane, but we couldn't see it. The plane went away and returned: a German plane; we could tell from the coughing sound of the motor. The plane stayed around long enough to become part of the night, and it was possible to walk along and look at the stars and think of walking in New Hampshire on a night like this, the air and the mountains the same, and the plane simply a plane. It was that kind of night.

Toward morning we saw flares off to our left, but they weren't anything to worry about. The sun rose while we were climbing a hill; not far ahead of us were mountains, high and gray against the light. Behind us, we could see the hills we had already crossed. We got to the top of the hill and looked down on a group of stone houses huddled together at the base. We straggled down and stopped at the outskirts of the village. Peter and Ranka, the girl secretary of the youth congress, went into one of the houses and came out with a very old man and two old women. They talked together for a while and then Peter said something to our group and everyone took off his pack and set down his gun. "We will rest here," George said.

I didn't feel sleepy, for some peculiar reason, so I walked around the village by myself. It was a very old village. The houses were of thin, worn rocks. Some of the houses had settled so much that they looked as if they had been built on a slant. I saw only a few villagers, and they also were old. They looked at me closely as I passed, but without expression. At the far end of the village was a house set apart from the others. Outside it were some younger people, dressed in the mixture of German, Italian, and British uniforms that most Partisans in this section wore, and with the red Partisan star on their caps. They saluted as I passed, placing their clenched right fists beside their temples



Fine Coffee... for Generations
Hall Mark of Hospitality in Fine Homes

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

It was a gracious age... the art of fine living flourished. Adam and Sheraton were the reigning cabinetmakers... Thomas Daniell's exquisite coffeepot, shown below, meeting the high standards of London's Goldsmiths' Hall, was stamped with these hall marks TD ... and the great Romney was at the height of his career... rivaling Reynolds and Gainsborough... painting the portrait of the electric Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, famed hostess of the Earl's villa near Epsom. Then, as now, fine coffee was the hall mark of hospitality in fine homes.

Today, coffeepots of Thomas Daniell's craftsmanship are hall marks of hospitality in gracious American homes. And today, Mrs. James Fullerton Shaw of New York, President of Portraits, Inc., and Vice-President, Travelers Aid Society of New York, serves her distinguished guests coffee undreamed of in the Countess of Derby's time ... Yuban Coffee ... coffee that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant ... selected from all the world's choice sources of supply. Esteemed for its distinctive character, its fine flavor and full rich aroma ... Yuban is today, as for generations, known as "the guest coffee."

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REMEMBER MOTHER!

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in the Partisan salute. When I returned to our group, George told me that the house was a hospital and the young people were patients. He said that near here had been one of the hospitals that the Partisans had been forced to build underground in the days before they had permanently regained any territory. At that time they were always moving, and always on foot, and what to do with the wounded was a constant problem. At first they were left to be taken prisoner and treated by the enemy, but that stopped after the Germans slaughtered several thousand of them. The Partisans dug caves, ventilated them, camouflaged the vents, and then put their wounded inside—twenty or thirty in each cave, with a doctor, nurses, and food enough to last until they were well. Then they sealed up the entrance and left. The wounded stayed; the war flowed on above them and sometimes they could even hear the Germans passing over their heads. They counted on other Partisans being able to fight their way back and relieve them. If that hadn't happened by the time they were well, they broke out and took their chances.

George and I sat against one of the old houses and had what he called a Partisan breakfast—water and a mess tin of some kind of cooked cereal. This looked like corn meal and tasted like cardboard, but it was hot and it stayed down. Afterward we rested for half an hour. My feet hurt, but I didn't dare take off my boots. I wouldn't have been able to get them on again.

WHEN the order came to get ready, we all stood up and got in line. My thumbs were hooked in the straps of my pack when I felt a tug on them. I turned and saw Peter motioning me to take off the pack, as he had done a couple of times before. "He says there is someone to take it," George told me. I said that I was perfectly able to carry the pack myself. "But these are special bearers," George said. "They are carrying all the packs." That was something else again. I didn't take off the pack, since everyone else was still carrying his, but I asked George where the bearers were. "Over there," he said, pointing up the road. All I could see was five old women of the village at the head of the line. "You don't mean those old women?" I said. "Certainly," George said. "They are very strong." They must have been sixty years old. As I watched, two men in our group brought them a rucksack full of papers and one of the women picked it up and slung it over her shoulder. "They would not even feel your pack," George said. I adjusted my pack and shook my head. "Listen," I said. "How will it look when I get back and people ask if I carried a pack over all those mountains and I say no, an old lady carried it for me?"

George and Peter finally gave up, and Peter went to the head of the line and started off. The five old women followed right behind him, each with a rucksack full of literature on her back. They sang as they walked, their voices very high and old. They kept singing one song; they would chant a stanza in their high voices and everyone else would sing the chorus. The song was about the region we were in and how hospitable its people usually were and how they welcomed everyone but how they would welcome the Fascists with bullets and knives. The chorus was shouted rather than sung, and the angry words boomed and rumbled over the countryside. We walked only six hours this time. The path went uphill most of the way, and after the fourth hour I began to think maybe I should have given up the pack. Everyone was a little droopy by then except the old women. Even when we stopped for a break, they didn't sit down. We came to another village toward the middle of the afternoon. We stopped outside again and Peter and Ranka went on in. A minute or two later they returned and motioned for George and me to come with them.

In the village, which was exactly like the last one, the four of us entered a large stone house. As we went in, the Partisan soldiers standing outside saluted us. Inside was a large, dark room with two tables, one in the center and another in a corner. A radio and a German field telephone stood on the one in the corner. Two men and a blond girl were seated on backless wooden chairs around the table in the middle, studying a large map. They stood up and we shook hands all around. One of the men went out and the rest of us sat down. "This is the headquarters of a guerrilla detachment," George told me. "This man is the major in command. The girl is on his staff."

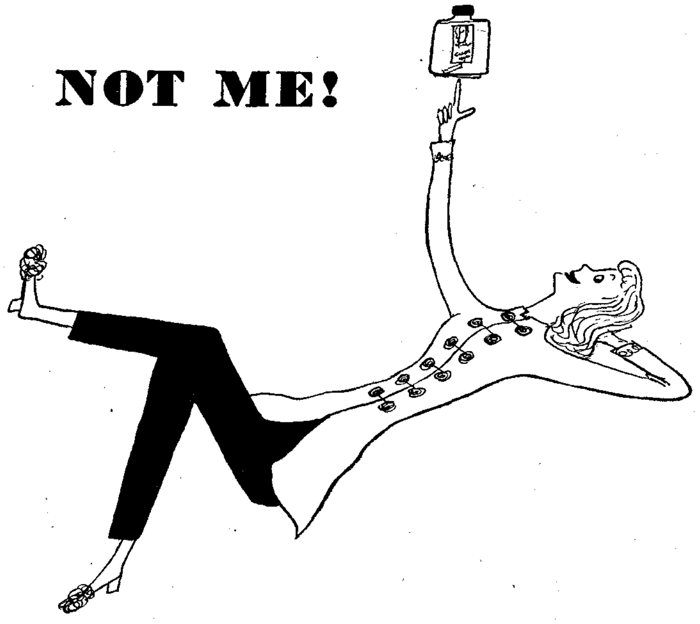
Peter and the major started talking; they seemed like old friends. I suddenly felt very tired and washed out. The man who had left the room reappeared, carrying a tray on which there were several small glasses and a decanter half full of a colorless liquid. He put this on the center table and Peter slapped his knee when he saw it. The major filled the glasses and passed them around, then lifted his own, said something around the word "*Amerikanats*," and tossed it off. I tossed mine off too, and wished I hadn't. The stuff hit the bottom of my stomach and bounced around like hot mercury. I knew what it was—it was *schlivovitz*—but someone must have mixed a little Sterno in with mine. "Good, hey?" George said. I put down my glass and before I knew what was happening it was filled again. "Ha!" Peter said. We all touched glasses. "Peter says he is your brother," George said. We drank again, and then three more times. Then George said, "Now we eat." I stood up and nearly fell on my face. "You should have let them carry your pack," George said. "What pack?" I said.

The major led the way into another room, where there was a table set with plates. We sat down and a soldier came in with a pot full of hunks of cold lamb. He put it on the table and everyone reached in and pulled out a hunk. The lamb was tough and saltless, but it tasted fine. There was enough for each of us to have a piece and a half. No one talked much during the meal; we were all too hungry. The soldier brought a pot of water and we took turns drinking out of it. When we had finished, we went back to the other room. I noticed a poster on one wall and went over to take a look. The poster showed a woman holding a gun over her head with both hands. A caption said in Croatian, "Women in the Fight against Fascism." Underneath that were the words "Women's Day" and a date.

George and Peter talked awhile to the major. Then George said to me, "We are going to see a Chetnik commander who has just come over to the Partisans. Would you like to come along?" I said I would. As we walked down the street, George explained that our group was going to take the Chetnik along to Partisan headquarters. He said that the general policy with Chetniks is to offer them the chance to join the Partisans and fight against the Germans. If they refuse, they are told to go home and stay there. Only if they are believed guilty of looting or torturing are they held for trial. "Once we captured the same Chetnik eleven times," George said. "Each time we sent him home and each time we captured him again." I asked why they hadn't finally shot him. "Don't be silly,"

"Knock myself out?"

NOT ME!



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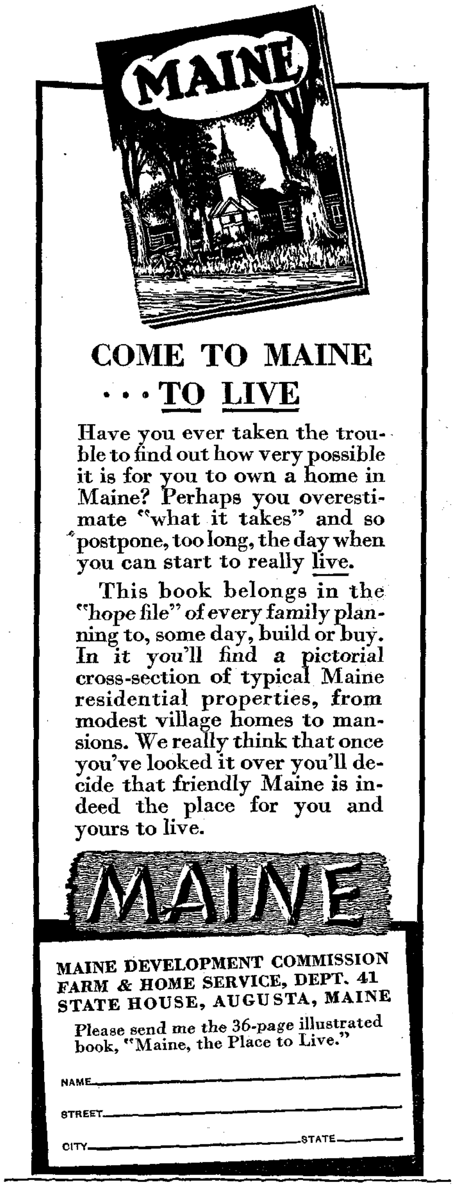

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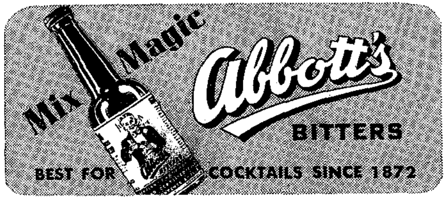


George said. "We got eleven rifles from that man."

The Chetnik was in the kitchen of a house at one end of the village, talking to two Partisan soldiers. He was a thin, sharp-faced man about thirty-five. He wore a tweed suit, somewhat too large for him, and a peaked cap. The major greeted him pleasantly and we all shook hands. Then the major started talking to the two Partisan guards and Peter and the Chetnik talked together. George stood listening and I watched, not understanding a word. Peter did most of the talking; he seemed to be explaining something. They talked for about fifteen minutes, and then we all shook hands with the Chetnik again and went out. I asked George what Peter had been saying. "He was telling this man why it is necessary to fight with us rather than with the Germans," George said. I said that the man had evidently made up his mind to do that, and George nodded. "But he does not yet understand what we represent," he said. "You must understand, too. We are not only against the Fascists, we are for a federal republic of Yugoslavia."

I spent the rest of the day in the first house, talking with George and the major or trying to get something on the radio. The major was an old Partisan; he had been fighting, mostly in this sector, since the German invasion in the spring of 1941. "It is my home," he explained. "I would be lost away from here." He apologized for the old and dirty trousers he wore and said that he had lost his good pair to the Germans the week before. He and a number of his men had been in the village we had just come through, getting some laundry done. He had been sitting in his underwear in the front room of a house when he heard familiar sounds outside. He looked out the window and saw five German tanks coming up the road. All the Partisans immediately dived out a back window, minus their pants. The major said it was lucky that he had been wearing his shoes; otherwise he never would have got away. There was a lot of static on the radio and the only stations I could get clearly were Vienna and Bari. Once I caught some American jazz, but I couldn't hold it and never was able to pick it up again. It sounded like "That Old Black Magic," which was just becoming popular when I left the States. All I could get from Vienna was beer-hall music, and Bari was nothing but Italian opera.

When it got dark, we ate once more—the same meal. It didn't taste so good this time. Then we laid our blankets on the floor and went to sleep. The floor was harder than the ground but warmer.

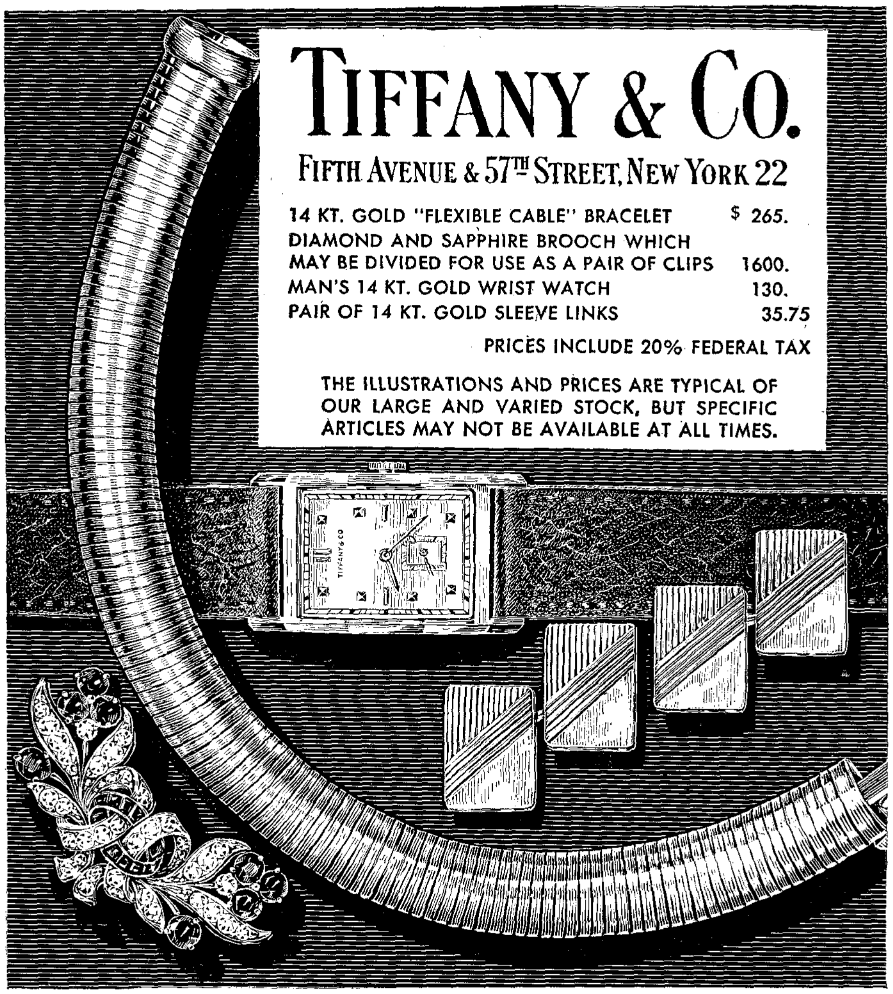
WE got up at daylight and ate lamb again. Then we went outside, where we found the rest of our group waiting for us. The Chetnik was there, carrying a small handbag. When we started off, I felt stiff for the first time. The five old women were no longer with us, but their place had been taken by three men and two women from this village. We took a dirt road out of the village and immediately began to climb. The road wasn't steep, but it went steadily uphill. The Partisans sang, as usual, but I was too busy conserving my strength. In an hour we crossed a river, picking our way across the wreckage of a stone bridge. "We blew this with German dynamite," George said. We went through another village, like the ones we had passed except that all the houses had been burned. On their walls were scrawled Italian Fascist mottoes and German military directions. "We caught some of the bastards who did this," George said. He didn't elaborate.

The road became level and broad, winding dustily through a valley. The mountains were practically on top of us now. Some had snow on their peaks. We walked slower; at times our pace was almost leisurely. Six nurses in our party were behind me, chattering as they walked. Ranka dropped back from the head of the line and walked with them for a while, then walked with George and me. "Ranka is disgusted with the nurses," George said. "All they talk about is men. She says to listen to them you would not know what kind of war they were fighting." Ranka shook her head sadly and said something to George. "They talk a great deal about Peter," George said. "They think he is very handsome but too old."

George and I went up the line to the Chetnik and talked with him. He seemed eager to talk. He was a Slovenian and had been a lieutenant in the Royal Yugoslav Navy before the war. During the Italian occupation of Dalmatia, he had done liaison work between the Yugoslav prisoners and the Italians, but some of his people thought he was collaborating. When the Partisans took the town he was in, they sentenced him to death. He escaped and joined the Chetniks, who were organizing an army in Dalmatia with

Italian permission. Because of his military background, he became Chetnik commander in the city of Sibenik and then commander of the Chetnik *Skradin* brigade. He said he took orders from the local German commanders, who armed the Chetniks, paid them, fed them, and told them where and when to fight. Finally, he could stand it no longer, so he came over to the Partisans. At the start of the march with us, he had been very unsure with our men, but as the march continued and everyone was pleasant to him, he lost this feeling of insecurity and talked more and more and louder and louder. I was surprised that the Partisans were so nice to him, for I had seen indications of how brutally the Chetniks operated. But our group treated him simply as a Partisan who had just joined, and kept walking up and shaking hands and telling him how good it was that he had come to fight the common enemy.

The day was cool and pleasant, and we marched until sunset. By then we had reached another village. Peter and Ranka again made arrangements and we all had a Partisan supper. This was the same as a Partisan breakfast—cereal and water. I hoped that we would stay there for the night, but George said that we had to reach another village before daylight. He didn't say why. We sat by the side of the road while the women of the village brought us the food. George said that their men had either gone off to join the Partisans or had been impressed by Mikhailovitch into the Chetniks. When we finished eating, the women began a dance. They danced to their own singing—a kind of snake dance, each woman holding on to the woman ahead of her. The line started with only six or seven women, but some of our group got up and joined, and finally there were about thirty people in the line. George translated the songs for me. One was about Tito; it asked him, on behalf of the women, to send the men home, and Tito answered, "It is not yet time, it is not yet time." Another was called "Republic," and began: "Republic, we want you. You belong to us. We have won you with our blood." I thought that nothing on earth could get me on my feet after that march, but before long I couldn't sit still any more and got into the line with George and danced and sang without knowing the words or even the tune. The singing and dancing went on for an hour or more. Then Peter broke up the party and everyone sat down. "We must rest a while," George said. "We have to walk all night



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and there is heavy climbing. We must wait until it is really dark, because there is another road to cross." This was a reference to the fact that we had crossed a main road on the second night of our march and had had a little trouble with Germans.

WE waited until dark and then started off. We left the road and struck off through some woods, following a stony path. The noise of the displaced stones was like a waterfall, and it seemed to me that anyone within fifty miles could hear us. It was very dark, but my eyes were used to it by now and I got along all right. The path went up a very steep hill and down the other side, among rocks that forced us to climb rather than walk. We stopped briefly several times. There were no flares, and we heard no sounds when we stopped. Once we stopped for what seemed half an hour. It was cold. Soon after we started off again, there was a gleam ahead and we came to a concrete road and crossed quickly and silently. Peter stood in the middle of the road, as he had done the other time, whispering "Swiftly, swiftly!" We picked up the path on the other side of the road and followed it downhill. There was the sound of rushing water, and suddenly we were at a river. The column halted. I could see little bits of foam in the dark. I asked George if we would have to swim across and he said he didn't know. He seemed uneasy. I asked him why and he shook his head. "This is bad territory," he said. "Too many patrols." There was movement at the head of the line, then a heavy splash and the sound of low voices. The line began to move again, slowly. When I got to the river, I saw that Peter and some other men were holding onto the end of a tree trunk that seemed to stretch across to the other side. I stepped up on the trunk, following the man ahead of me, and walked across. It was slippery. The water looked black and ugly, and at one place it slapped angrily against the log. The trunk ended at a sandbar, and I stepped onto that and waded ankle deep to the other side. We waited there until everyone had come across. A few people fell in the water, but they were fished out without much trouble.

Peter was the last one across, and as soon as he got there we started off again. There was no path now—only a cliff going straight up. Some places I had to pull myself up with my hands. At one point each of us had to climb up on the shoulders of the man behind and from there onto a little ledge. I don't know how the last man made it. I don't even know how I got to the top of the cliff, but finally I did. Then I collapsed, along with everyone but Peter, who kept walking around and peering down the cliff until he was certain that we had all made it. Then we started off again, up a hill and down the other side, seemingly not even following a path. We came to the top of another hill, crossed a railroad track, the rails twisted and the ties broken, passed through a ghost village, the houses burned and empty, and then far below us saw a huge, dark valley with a village at each end. As we were coming down between the villages, George pointed to the one at the left. "It is full of Germans," he said. There may have been six miles between the villages. We walked slowly down the hill, heading for the village at the right, as dawn began to break. It got light enough to see faces, and we still had at least two miles to go, but no one seemed disturbed. We finally made it, straggling into the village in a long line.

The villagers were waiting for us. They had seen us coming down the hill and had cereal and water waiting. I was too tired to eat. I looked at the food and tasted it, but that was all. I asked George why the Germans didn't come after us, since they could have seen us coming down the hill. "We would be lost in the hills before they got here," George said. He and the poet and Ranka and I went into one of the houses, spread our blankets on the floor, lay down, and went to sleep instantly.

Peter awakened us at noon. There was nothing further to eat—the village didn't even have enough for itself—so we lined up and started off at once. We began the usual climb; we climbed the rest of the day, and that night we slept outdoors on top of a mountain, between two patches of snow. George and the poet and I pooled our three blankets and slept together to keep warm. In the morning it took us only two hours to descend on the other side. Then we started all over again on the next mountain.

FROM then on the days were tough. After a while I lost track of time. I would see the sun on the horizon and think it was daylight, and then it would get dark. Even the Partisans stopped singing when we tackled some of the higher mountains. We passed many villages—all the same, poor and primitive. The children would be waiting for us at the outskirts, twelve-year-olds looking like seven, their eyes huge and liquid and their bellies swollen from hunger. But none of them begged. The only thing they ever asked for was a pencil. We passed many classes being held in the open—old men and women and little children being taught to read and write by a Partisan soldier or a young girl. In one village a boy asked me if I were an American. I said yes and asked if he was a Croatian. "No, no," he said. "*Partisan.*"

Finally we came to a village which, George said, was just across the mountain from Drvar, the village in which the Partisans had their supreme headquarters. We stayed in the first village overnight and in the morning the party broke up. George and Ranka and the poet and Živko and the six nurses and I went toward headquarters. The rest headed for another village nearby to wait until the youth congress began. This was to avoid concentrating the delegates in one place, in case of an air attack, and also to simplify the food problem. My group took it very slow that day, following a good dirt road that wound easily over the mountain. Ranka spent most of the day lecturing the nurses on their political deficiencies. The poet told me that Ranka was a Partisan hero; all by herself, she had once held a hill with a machine gun against four German attacks. The poet also talked about poetry; he confessed he had been a Dadaist but said the phase hadn't lasted very long.

The day went quickly. We came to the top of the mountain well before dark. We walked around a bend in the road and there was the next valley below us. It was green and rolling and very long, and in the center was a lovely village, larger than any we had seen. It looked peaceful and perfectly normal. "That is our headquarters," George said. The mountains surrounding the village were capped with snow, but the valley was green and fertile. I could see a tiny farmer plowing near a miniature farmhouse. We started down the road, and the valley grew life-size and real as we descended. When we were halfway down, I took another look at the village. It was still lovely, but now I could see that most of the houses didn't have roofs.

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

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DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE

[*From the News*]

In keeping with her conservative upbringing, Elizabeth Katte Shrady obtained a dignified divorce from Henry Merwin Shrady, socialite architect, in Reno during the weekend.

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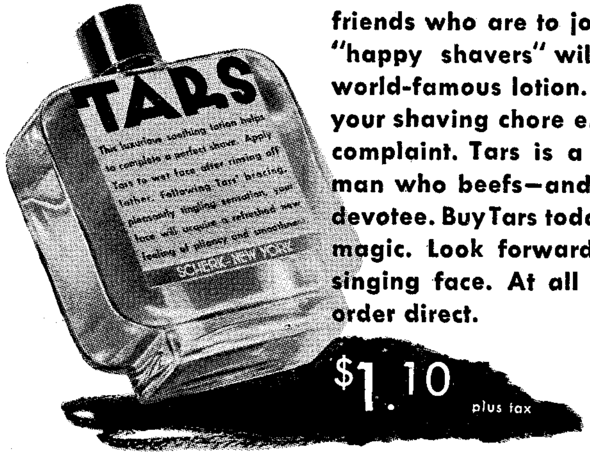

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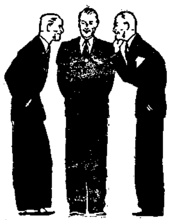

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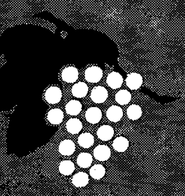

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A South Pacific Port
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The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

I HAVE just read your fascinating article entitled "G. I. Christmas at Home and Abroad" in *The New Yorker* of September 16, 1944. Magazines, like Christmas parcels, are not delivered promptly in the far reaches of the Pacific. This holds especially true when you serve, as I do, on a ship which travels quixotically from island to island, often arriving at a port many days before a post office gets there. Hence we celebrated our gift-receiving end of Christmas last week, with the arrival of two hundred sacks of packages. To mark the occasion, the crew's mess hall was adorned with foliage hacked from local coconut trees and an enterprising ensign filled the officers' wardroom with holiday spirit by painting the electric bulbs red and green.

Fruitcake is "surefire," you say. Have you ever heard of the havoc spread by tropical heat and mail ants, and how both of these insidious agents are aided and abetted in their work by leaks that sometimes appear in the most durable of parcels? One mammoth fruitcake we got was sadly massacred by our industrious little insect friends, although wrapped with the most highly imaginable air- and watertight integrity. I observed this particular unveiling closely, but I cannot explain the Houdini-like ingenuity of the creatures. They may get in by absorption. At any rate, only ten per cent of hundreds of fruitcakes arrived in edible condition. Most of the intact ones, for the information of future fruitcake packers, were encased in heavy cans.

The candy situation was a little better. All the soft stuff—toffee, gum drops, licorice, chocolate, etc.—had the consistency of hot molasses, of course, but it was edible after a fashion. The hard items were only partially affected by the heat and were totally ignored by the ants. The jelly beans had reverted to jelly. The peppermint sticks were flexible but tasty. Cookies had turned into crumbs, as might have been expected. Ants, I have learned, are partial to fancy icing. In the case of a few cookies that had not been totally blitzed, the ants had discriminatingly attacked the fancy toppings and ignored the foundations. I don't know whether or not the ants just glutted their appetites on the icing and thereby developed tastes too aristocratic for plain baked dough.

Whole nuts, in their original dress, came through splendidly. The shelled ones, though, had dried up or disintegrated completely, even those packed in cans. Don't take too much stock in those so-called hermetically sealed cans, by the way. Food often seems to dry up in them just as thoroughly as in the most ordinary can. The practice of having "little things tucked away in corners" of packages (as you suggested) is not recommended for toothpaste, after-shaving lotion, talcum powder, and various other little things. True, these commodities seem to have the quality of repelling ants when split open in the course of wartime travel, but their odors and flavors are no more attractive to humans than they are to ants. I am not suggesting that the Navy's mail handlers have an exactly stevedorish approach to their work. I think it is merely that, in the never-ending routing of mail sacks from shore to ship to boat to barge, and so on, a goodly amount of breakage and crushage is inevitable. The contents of one large bottle of lilac lotion permeated an entire sack of parcels. The only items remaining unperfumed were a dozen cans of Portuguese sardines. I doubt if even the sardines would have been excepted if they had not been super-insulated by a gooey sheath of multicolored toffee. The toffee originally had been tucked away in a corner of the package.

One thoughtful aunt not well posted on Pacific naval strategy mailed a sailor a pair of furry ear muffs. Our pet monkey took an immediate and violent fancy to them and now wears them around his skinny chest. And somebody received one of those "splendid raincoats for Navy officers in wool whipcord." It was immediately sprinkled with camphor flakes and stowed away in a trunk. It rains like hell out here, but light Navy-issue gear goes better with the temperature.

All in all, though, everybody was quite thrilled at the arrival and unwrapping of the Christmas packages. As one eighteen-year-old gunner's mate said, "Hell, I guess it's like Grandma always said—'It's the spirit that counts.' "

Merry Christmas to all.

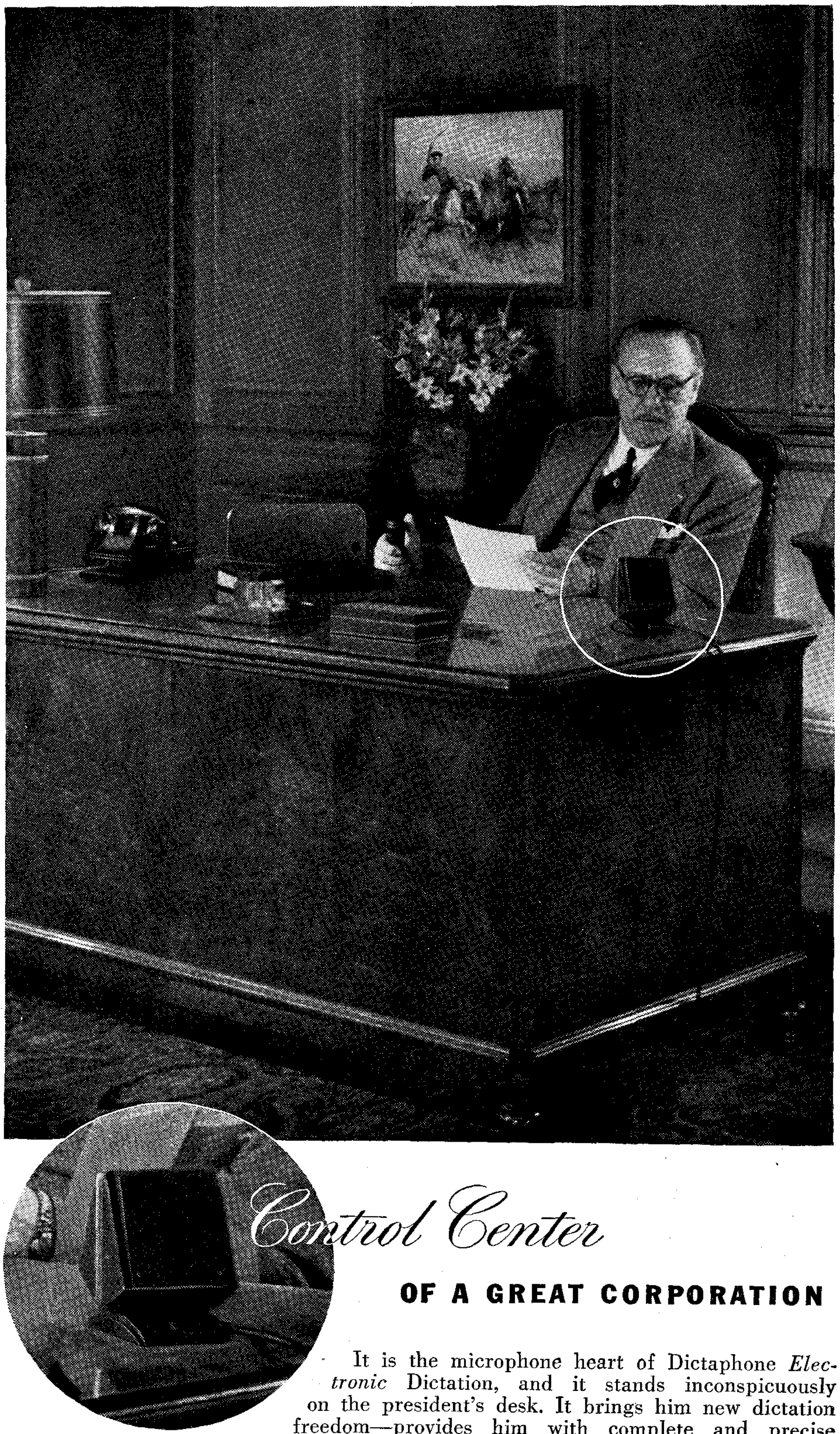
Yours sincerely,

Lt. (j.g.) Alton Kastner

•

Chevrolet 1932 Sedan; has 36 wheels; $125. Humboldt 2-5023.—*Adv. in the Newark Evening News.*

How many of them still turn?



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

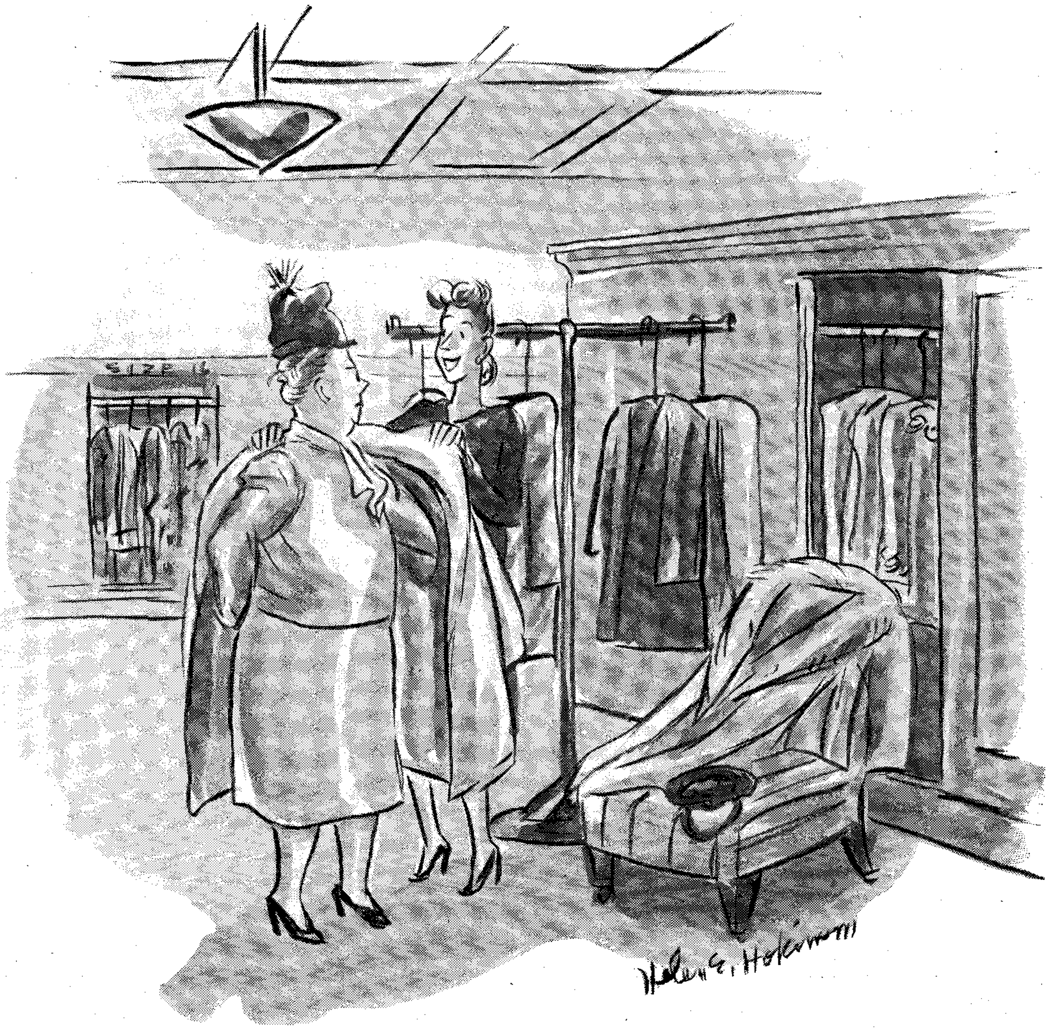
FEMININE FASHIONS

WOMEN who are interested in such little niceties as quality, good looks, and similar trifles have to search harder and harder to escape becoming involved with shoddy materials, skimpy workmanship, and dresses that are just generally tacky, and they can't let down their guard even when they are inspecting things priced at $80 and more. Happily, good clothes can still be found, and not always at a painful price.

Bergdorf Goodman have managed to assemble some ready-to-wear clothes with that indefinable custom look, though they run between $30 and $45. Some of them are in a rayon that resembles handkerchief linen. A startling afternoon dress, in black with a green palm-tree print, has a bateau neck, cap sleeves, and restrained side drapery. And there's one, in pink with a black pin dot, that has a high V neck and a pointed peplum across the front. A tailored dress, in white with black, green, or mauve polka dots, has a turnover collar and a bodice fastened with buttons that match the dots. Bergdorf has a good collection of suave dark rayon crêpes. Some are in black, with rayon faille lapels and with rounded faille peplums ascending to the waist in back; others have peplums that come low on one side or split peplums whose lining is all black and white polka dots. A notable two-piece navy rayon crêpe has a short Chinese jacket edged with white grosgrain. Among the printed rayon crêpes is a pink-and-black shirtwaist dress of considerable distinction; it has long sleeves, wide black grosgrain bindings, and an attached grosgrain sash that ties to produce the effect of drapery in front. The afternoon dresses include a flesh rayon crêpe with an unusual purple plum print. This has a striking V neck—the V is tilted sidewise and is over toward one shoulder—and a sash twisted to make front drapery. Another rather special business is a spanking fresh white rayon crêpe afternoon or dinner dress in a print of red roses interspersed with messages (in French) scrawled in black. It has a V neck—a conventional one, this time—and black rayon velvet bows on the shoulders above the short sleeves. For evening, there are slinky, draped rayon crêpes in black, white, or pastel. One has a bare midriff in front that can be covered up by inserting an extra piece of crêpe that comes with the dress.

BENDEL'S Young-Timers shop, which, in the main, is *really* for young-timers, has a nice group of dresses made of a rayon that looks like shirting and is guaranteed washable. There are collarless ones, in pastels, that button down the front; these have short sleeves that also button all the way down—at the center of the outer side, to make pressing easier. And fly-front models, with a bow at the throat, appear in white with a royal-and-lime or yellow-and-gray design. Among the rayon crêpe prints, you'll find a tailored job, in white with a pattern of black or navy script initials, and a dress, in aqua or pink with a black spider-web pattern, that has a jagged, collarless neck and a narrow black grosgrain sash. There are more rayon crêpes, dark or bright, with tailored, buttoned-down fronts and fullness in front below the set-in belts. Others have U necks, big gold-metal buttons, and gathers that go all the way around. Young people who cling to full skirts will like an afternoon dress that has a plain navy rayon crêpe basque top and a full, gathered taffeta skirt. Everything I've mentioned here is, by the way, somewhere between $22.95 and $39.95.

SHOEMAKERS are a moody lot who want you to walk high or low as the spirit moves them. I. Miller is offering the flattest flats I've seen yet at the very moment that Delman, at



"We don't say it has a baggy look. We say it has a _mandarin_ *look."*

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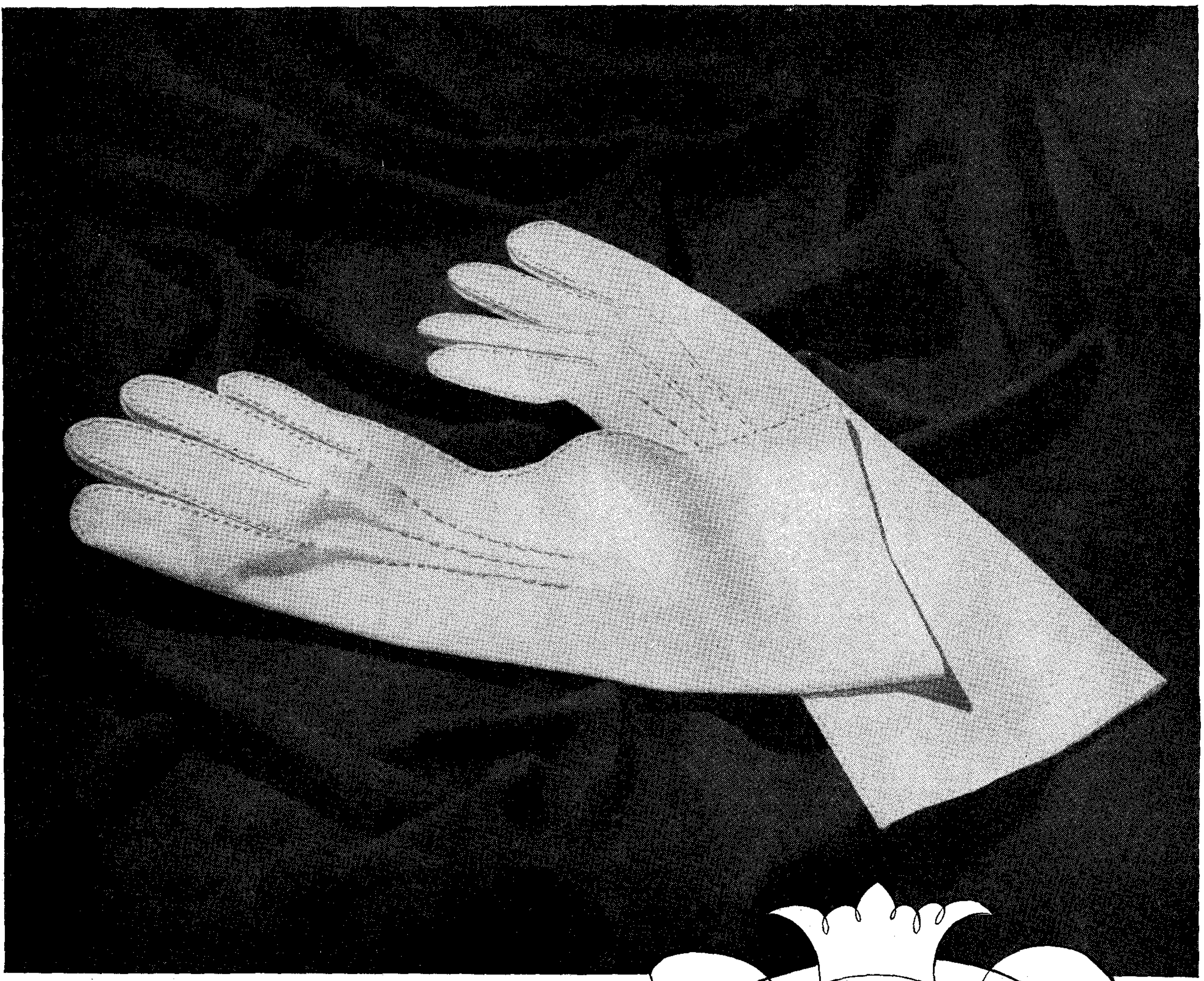

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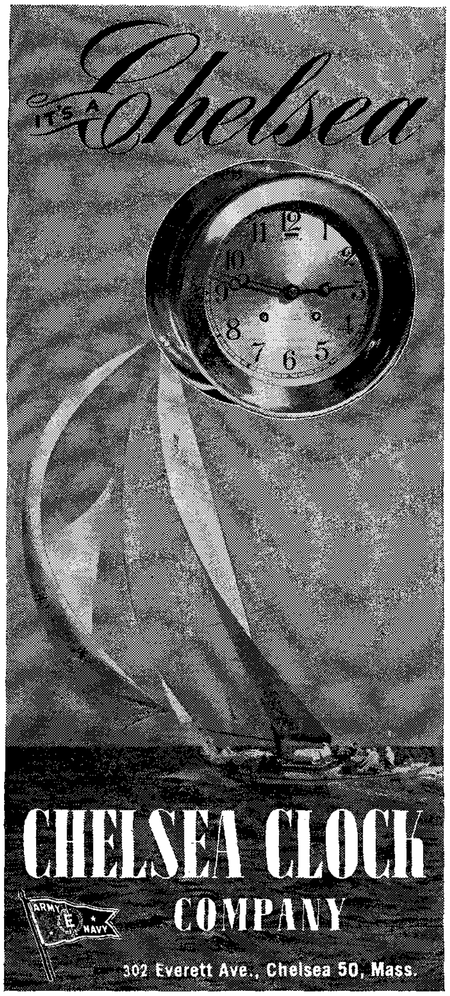

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New Hampshire

Bergdorf Goodman, is trying to make you tower in platform soles. The I. Miller Pancakes have heels just three-quarters of an inch high. Some of these shoes are made like a child's sandal (Miller, though, claims that a ballet slipper was the inspiration); they're $14.95 in black suède. Others, in black or brown suède, have monk fronts and incongruous open backs. There are also "walking" pumps with extended soles, medium heels, and open toes and backs (good for walking on nice clean hardwood floors), in tan, navy, or brown calf with white stitching. There is also a high-heeled version in black patent leather. Miller, who doesn't think that women should do any walking at all later in the day, has produced Naked Genius, which is my idea of a sumptuous cocktail and dinner shoe. It's a high-heeled sandal, completely open on the outside of the foot and sort of held together by a band wrapped diagonally across the toe and an ankle strap. Unsubstantial, and lovely, in black or navy suède at $14.95 or in red snakeskin at $16.95.

Delman's platforms range in height up to exaggerated clog soles that are called Footstools. Some of the clogs are simply the standard old brown-calf-and-white-buckskin spectator sports shoes lifted up on carved wood platforms. I'd feel webfooted in the things, but you may like the clodhopper look and sound. Among the more restrained affairs, fitted out with platforms covered with rayon faille, is that rarest of models, a pump with a closed toe and a heel on a wall last; this one has Delman's new highish, square, panelled heel and a self-buckle. You can have it in black or navy calf or in red or green lizard, and it's handsome in all four varieties. The heel-and-open-toe type of sandal, in perforated or plain suède, is likely to have an ankle strap and two fairly wide bands crossed over the toe. Delman's perforated black patent leather sandals are enlivened by a flaring bow on the vamp. And here, as elsewhere, nailhead metal studs appear on platforms and metal discs on the edge of big rayon faille bows. This phenomenon I do not understand, aesthetically or any other way. Isn't there supposed to be a shortage of metal?

AT Jaeckel, the firm of Dielle & Webb, a newcomer, has set up shop and is showing some jewelry that, in a tried and true word, has beauty and imagination. (This shop-within-a-shop idea seems to be contagious.) Everything is handmade and, except for the cultured pearls, all the stones are real. They like to make special designs, using your own stones, and insist that they can fill your order in a week or so. The things in stock begin at $54, including tax. One of the rings, a crystal ball set in two gold prongs topped with tiny square rubies, involves a fairly tricky idea: the crystal ball can be twisted about at will in its setting. A nice, pacifying bit of mechanical therapy for those fretful women who are always playing with their rings or tapping their feet. Rings of corrugated gold have tiny rubies in diagonal lines across them. There are lapel pins, too. One is a perforated gold disc that looks like a saltshaker top. It has lovely pale-green peridots set in the lacy gold edge. The massive carved-ivory rings and bracelets set with turquoises would be handsome on tanned skin. A gold clip in the shape of a new moon has a moonstone at one corner. Round moonstone earrings have starlike spikes of sapphires.

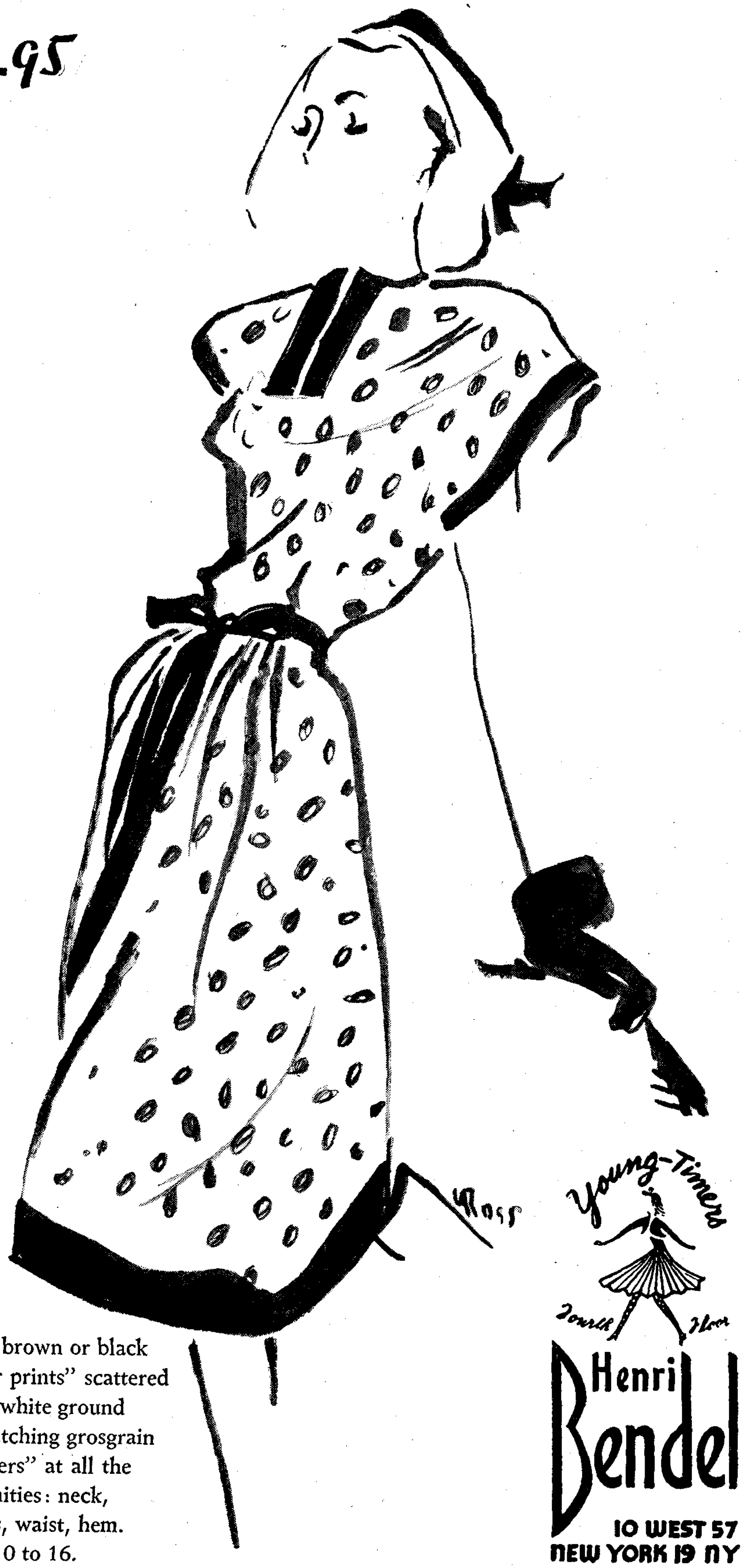
A newcomer with talent is always welcome in what we sometimes call the world of fashion. As you can see, I'm seventeen-going-on-eighteen about this one.

HAZEL KOLMAN, up at Elizabeth Arden's salon, has de-luxe custom lingerie at de-luxe prices, but my experience has been that it wears like iron—without, of course, feeling like it. She still has silk, which she uses, for example, in a pink crêpe-de-Chine nightgown which has a diamond-shaped insert through the middle (her gowns are cut and fitted as meticulously as dresses) and realistic satin roses in several shades appliquéd in fluttering petals at the neckline. There are ensembles, too, such as a gown, in a convincing rayon crêpe, that has a high, split back and a heart-shaped front décolletage trimmed with multicolored appliquéd morning glories (green leaves and flowers in white, periwinkle blue, and pink). There's also a thin, wraparound wool robe, in any of these morning-glory colors, that has fringed edges and flowers running down one side of the surplice closing. But then, you'll be apt to like most anything you see here.

GLAMOUR-PUSS NEWS: Some promising upstarts among the summer floral scents have recently made their débuts. Norman Hartnell's new triumph, Gay Diversion, nestles in a little black-lace-and-peach-rayon-satin bandbox and has a spicy smell. . . . Georg Jensen, whose scents are always very good indeed, has two new flower scents that are not cloying to this reporter, who is generally not fond of sweet scents. Arbutus-Rose, in which rose predominates, has a lovely richness about it; Freezia is a delicate, lingering affair. You can have them in toilet water, cologne, and talc forms, and the Rose is used in soap as well.

Everybody is rushing forth with new color tints for lips and eyes and nails and skin. I must confess that I have fallen for the comparatively recent business of using a foundation darker than the skin and then covering it with a powder that is distinctly pink. The dark foundation seems to give a warmth that prevents the pink powder from looking doll-like, and the powder provides luminosity. Antoine's compact foundation, in a pinky beige, and his pink powder (Gay Gossip is the name of *this* makeup) are particularly successful. The lipstick is deep pink and the rouge and nail enamel are rose. Good for very light skins, both young and not so young; such skins are likely to look overdone if vivid colorings are used. At Saks-Fifth Avenue.... If pink makeup is not for you, Revlon has a new color called Dynamite, a luscious, not-too-flaming clear red that appears in nail polish for toenails and fingernails (I suppose the idea is that we'll all have to match feet and hands up from now on, but I doubt that I'll bother), an exactly matching lipstick, and a pinky-beige face powder.... Germaine Monteil has Coral Reef, to be worn by women who have acquired a golden tan. It's a true coral with plenty of yellow in its deep pink. It appears in an exceptional lipstick and in cream or dry rouges. She likes moss-green eye-shadow and coral-tinted face powder if you're a blonde, and beige if your skin is olive.... Then comes Peggy Sage, with her Psyche Pink nail polish. This, they tell me, is an "unrepressed" pink, and certainly there is nothing ingenuous about it, for it's a deep rose with a lavender cast that flirts with fuchsia. Either plain or in her opalescent, shimmery polish. Peggy Sage also has a new thing called Oil-Dry, a nail-polish dryer that, applied when your nail polish has set for about a minute, hastens the drying remarkably. So much for the face and hands.

The Ogilvie Sisters have brought forth a new dry shampoo for women whose hair has become either too dry or too oily from frequent shampoos. Especially good for girls who have to travel a lot and/or have colds in the head. There's nothing to it—sprinkle some on a dry washcloth, rub it into your scalp and hair, then brush it out. It



Young-Timers will be known by their finger-print-ed rayon crepe
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leaves the hair clean, sparkling, nice-smelling, and undishevelled. . . . Bernord Az Guro, at 441 Madison (50th), is still holding forth in his excellent but quite unpretentious establishment. He is noted for his hot-oil treatment (including lots of back massage), which does wonders both for nerves and for thin, lifeless hair. An expert shampoo and set cost $2.50, and the people here believe in drying hair under a light that doesn't throw heat on your face, which is nice for summer. As for permanents, the old master is still an old master at whatever sort you have in mind.

Charles of the Ritz, at the Ritz-Carlton, gives a fine body massage. There are eye pads to help you relax while you're being worked on and there's an alcohol rub at the finish. They like to concentrate on the spots where bulkiness is a problem, and they brag that they can even do a lot about heavy thighs and legs and ankles, given time. What I like best is that everything takes place in one room and you don't wander about clutching a sheet and feeling foolish. An hour's massage is $4. . . . Constance Gaul's charming new salon, at 1 East 53rd Street, comforts you at first sight, and the body massage is superb. A treatment, including a half-hour workout in a gymnasium, is $5; an electric-blanket treatment is extra. The place is open Tuesday and Thursday evenings until eight, too. —L. L.

•

Q. Does a man falling from a great height, without a parachute, lose consciousness?

A. Falling through two or three miles of thin air will not cause loss of consciousness unless the individual is scared.

—*Hartford Courant.*

Scared of what, for heaven's sake?

•

Shirley is attending a wonderful school for girls in a nearby town. We went with Mrs. MacKenzie to see her. Angelo Patri says that the most beautiful sight in the world is a young girl in her teens and we agree to that. Of course the great sight of western New York is Niagara Falls.—*Springfield* (*Vt.*) *Reporter.*

There you go, vacillating again.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Waukegan* (*Ill.*) *News-Sun*]

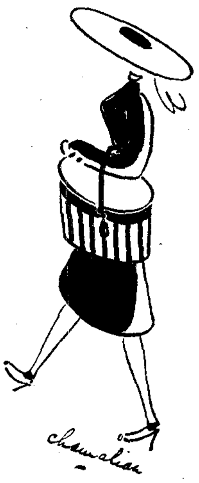
GRAND ISLAND, NEB. (AP)—Cpl. Ellis A. Jenks of the Grand Island army air field passes officers without giving them the customary salute—but he's got a ready explanation if there's any questioning.

HOME SO EARLY

TOWARD the end of 1917, when I was a boy of ten, people were warned of approaching enemy planes by bicycle-riding members of the London police force, who pedalled furiously through the streets, tinkling their rather ineffectual bicycle bells. On breast and back the police wore placards which announced, in bold black letters, "First Warning," "Second Warning," or "Take Cover." The "Take Cover" placard was accompanied by the flat plop of warning fireworks exploding on the roofs of schools, police stations, and other public buildings.

My mother didn't think much of these alerts, and on evenings when the weather seemed to her to favor an air raid, she would take my sister, Freda, my brother, Manny, and me to a shelter. Her knowledge of air-raid weather was by no means technical, and the only nights she felt safe at home were the wild, storm-lashed ones fit neither for man nor beast. This meant that at least nine nights out of ten we spent in shelters, raid or no raid.

My mother's preference in air-raid shelters ran to caves a thousand feet underground, sheathed in hundred-foot layers of reinforced concrete and capped by solid granite. She would have liked these caves to be accessible by underground tunnel from our home. Since such shelters didn't exist, she contented herself with the deeper Underground stations, the lower floors of the tallest tenements in the neighborhood, the cellars of breweries, the boiler rooms of indoor swimming pools, the basements of hospitals, schools, churches, and synagogues, and the pit stalls of any variety theatre that could boast of at least three balconies.



We children preferred the nights we spent in the variety theatres, since, by paying the price of admission, anyone was able to see the last performance and was allowed to stay on for as long as he wished after the show. My mother's decision to spend certain nights in theatres rather than in other types of shelter was based entirely on her morale at the moment. Our theatre nights usually coincided with the receipt of fairly good news from my father, who was somewhere in France. If he wrote that he was well, that he was getting enough to eat, and that the trenches seemed a long way away, my mother would say, "Tonight I have a positive feeling we should go to the Palaseum." Sometimes it would be the Paragon or the Shoreditch Empire. If the news was not so good, we spent the night in the nether regions of a hospital, synagogue, school, or brewery.

Next to the pit stalls of the theatres, I liked the Philpot Street synagogue, where my grandfather was a respected elder. His standing with the congregation gave me a sense of belonging which the other shelters did not. Until the hour arrived for our mothers to bed us down for the night on the stone floor of the basement, we children played games. Space being limited, we confined ourselves to shove ha'penny, darts, ludo, and snakes and ladders, or gathered in little groups and exchanged whatever misconceptions we had about the facts of life. We found the closely packed synagogue more conducive to these discussions than the street corner or the schoolyard, probably because here so many intimate details of people's lives were exposed to our gaze.

Our attempts at more active pastimes were summarily squelched by the beadle or his assistant, both of whom were busy enough as it was resuscitating fainting mothers, restoring wandering toddlers to their owners, settling disputes about allocating space, and allaying the fears of nervous people who felt that the synagogue was just the target the German airmen were seeking. After the Cambridge Music Hall was hit by a bomb—fortunately, we spent that night on the platform of the St. Mary's Underground station—we never spent another night in a theatre. Mother became skeptical of my father's reports that things were going well with him. Once he wrote, "Last night we had a nice little game of brag by the light of a candle." She tossed her head and said bitterly, "They are letting them play cards. They are letting them have a little pleasure to lull their fears. Already I can picture what dangers are waiting for your father." Then she went out into the yard and looked up at the sky. "It's a black night," she said on her return. "The sky is filled with clouds, but the wind is strong and will drive the clouds away. Tonight we will go to the boiler

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room under the swimming pool at the People's Palace."

THERE was one week when no letters at all came from my father. My mother did not tell us that she was worried, but she was plunged in gloom and spoke hardly at all. Toward the end of the week, we took shelter one night in the basement of the Philpot Street synagogue. There really was a raid that night, but most of the children in the shelter, including myself, knew nothing of it until it was over. An hour after it had ended, when the "All clear" whistles were being blown, I awoke, and when I learned of the raid, I was deeply disappointed because I had not heard it. I asked my mother why she hadn't awakened me.

"It is enough a mother should have to listen to such noises of the devil," she said, "let alone children."

I am sure my mother did not have more than two or three hours of sleep a night in those days, for she never slept while we were in the shelters, but waited until the early morning hours, after we had returned to our own beds and before we got up to go to school. During the day she worked at home as a seamstress for a tailor.

We left the Philpot Street synagogue that night as soon as the raid was over. It was only two o'clock, and my mother, who had grown accustomed to going home at around five, decided that we ought to look in on my grandparents to see how they had fared. My grandparents rarely went to shelters, and when my grandfather did go, it was only as a special concession to my grandmother, who sometimes got nervous. According to him, it was already written when he would die, and he felt that his death would be a lot more convenient for all concerned if he were at home when it came.

There was quite a gathering at my grandfather's house when we arrived—my grandparents, four of my aunts, an uncle, a few of my cousins, and the husband of one of my aunts. For wartime, with families separated, this was an unusual showing, and my mother was surprised to find so many of our relatives there.

Throughout the war, she never asked any of my aunts for help, preferring to live an independent existence. She regarded herself and her children as the separate unit we would have been if my father had been home; the fact that he was away made no difference.

Everyone was drinking tea and eating poppyseed cakes at my grandfather's

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house. The rumors about the raid ranged from the reported destruction of Buckingham Palace to the collapse of Tower Bridge. In the midst of an argument with one of my cousins about which of us had heard more guns and counted the explosions of more bombs, I noticed that my mother was sitting quietly in a corner of the room with a sad expression on her face.

"Drink your tea, Esther," my grandmother said to her.

My mother shook her head and rose. "I think I'll take the children home and put them to bed," she said. "But it feels strange to go home so early." Something in her tone caused a hush to fall over the room. "Home!" my mother said suddenly. "What kind of home is it without a man! The house is as dreary as a tomb, filled with silence and loneliness." Then she burst into tears.

No one said anything. My aunts averted their eyes and my grandfather bowed his head and drummed slowly on the table with his long fingernails. After a moment my mother found a handkerchief, dried her eyes, and said, "Put on your coats, children."

In the doorway she turned and said, "Good night," and then shepherded us out into the street.

We walked home quickly and went straight to bed. My brother, Manny, slept on a cot in my mother's bedroom. My sister and I occupied another room. As I undressed, I heard my sister crying.

"What are *you* crying for?" I asked.

"Because Mummy's lonely," she said.

"What does she have to be lonely about?" I asked. "She's got us. The only time we're not home is when we're in school or out playing. I don't see why she has to be lonely and say the house is like a tomb."

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't talk so much," my sister said, and turned away.

For a long while I lay awake. It was the first time I had ever heard my mother express any sort of longing for my father. I could not understand her loneliness. I missed my father occasionally, but the pride I took in the fact that he was a soldier far outweighed that. I was well into my teens before I quite forgave my mother for daring to be lonely.

—PETER J. PACKER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an article in Collier's*]

Slowly the feeling that childlessness was a family skeleton not to be disturbed gave way to the present belief that it is no more shameful than an ingrowing toenail.

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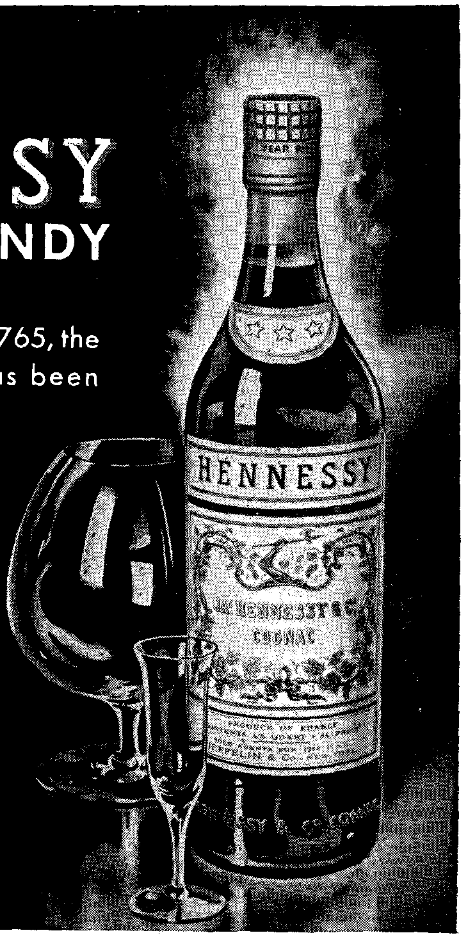

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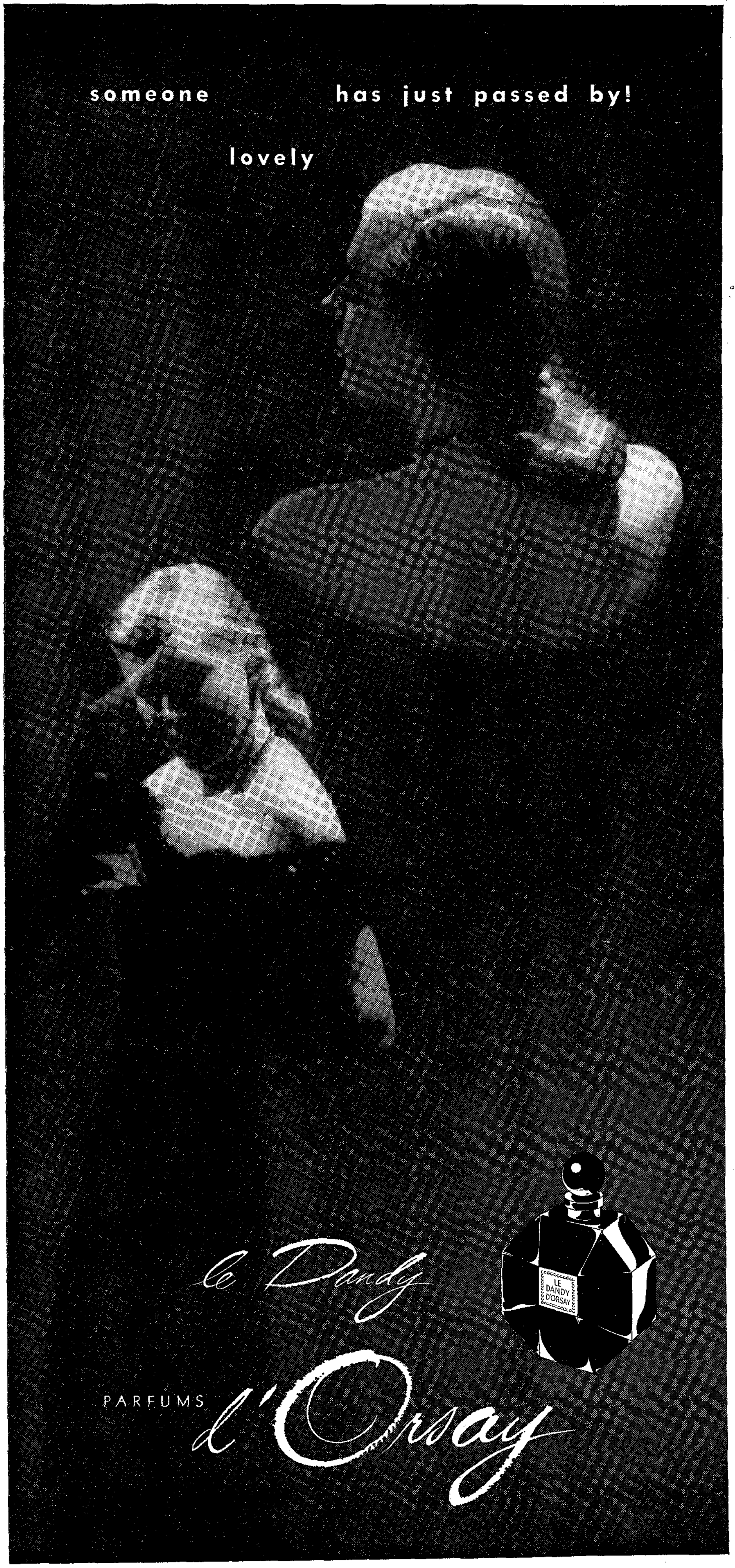

OF ALL THINGS

EVERYONE welcomes the decision to go ahead with the San Francisco conference, as Roosevelt would have wished. We are all feeling a little lonely these days and will be glad to have company.

•

It is certain that history will place the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt high on the list of America's great men. This honor is due him not only because he was so often President but also because he was so often right.

•

Harry S. Truman begins his job with the profound good wishes of the American people. He should make an excellent President as soon as he, and all the rest of us, get used to the idea.

•

The Nazi press hails the death of Roosevelt as a heaven-sent miracle and Premier Suzuki sends us his sympathy in our time of trouble. The Germans and the Japs have quite different ways of being offensive.

•

It is entirely possible that the Germans are preparing to give us a nasty surprise. We may go to a lot of trouble to take Berlin only to find that there isn't any such place.

•

Spain has broken off diplomatic relations with Japan because of the massacre of Spanish citizens in Manila. The Franco government does not seem to think so highly of murder as it did a few years ago.

•

It was nice to hear that Franz von Papen had been taken prisoner by our Army. The Baron is well remembered in these parts, though not with anything faintly resembling pleasure.

•

Governor Arnall of Georgia says that the people of the South are more liberal in their thinking than many of their leaders. Maybe the followers should stop and give their leaders a chance to catch up.

•

The Tokio radio declares that Japan's new government is not thinking about peace but is devoting itself to winning the war just the way its predecessors did. That, we may safely assume, will be perfectly satisfactory to Nimitz and MacArthur. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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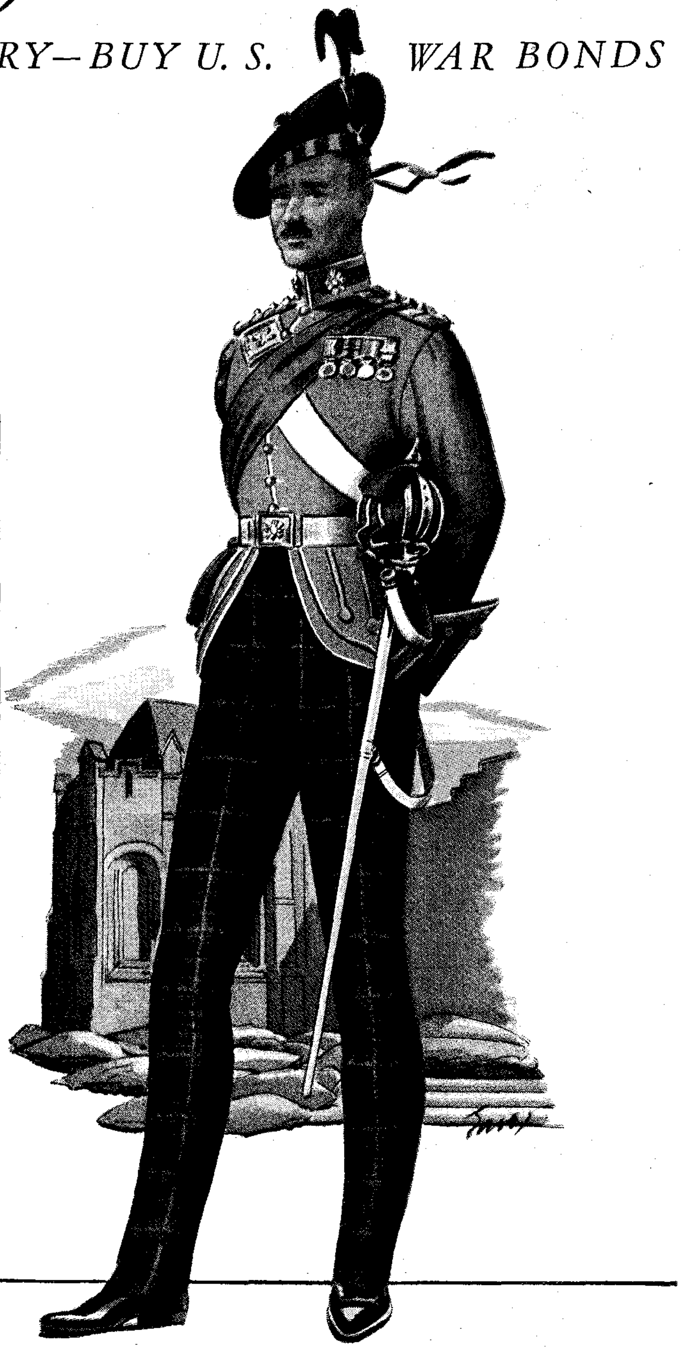

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(*Captain*)

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Ava—Alma—Sevastopol
Ypres, 1915, '17, '18—Somme, 1916, '18—Palestine, 1917, '18

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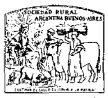
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910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This is another example of the contributions that synthetics are making to final victory through research that is able to create materials with exact properties to meet definite needs. Celanese research in all three fields—textiles, plastics, and chemicals—is geared to this modern objective. Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Monet and the Impressionists

GIVERNY was a little Norman town of perhaps three hundred inhabitants, fifty miles down the Seine from Paris. It wasn't quite on the Seine; it sat back a little from the stream, at the base of one of those limestone hills which form the borders of the Seine valley, and separated from the river by broad, low meadows, flat enough so that if one looked out from certain windows in the town, one could see barges and tugboats gliding slowly along, apparently on the surface of the fields. Giverny wasn't as picturesque as such places as Caudebec and Les Andelys, farther down the river; in fact, it wasn't picturesque at all. Its church was ordinary country Norman, and, apart from an ancient manor house called the Ferme de la Dîme, its houses were generally the square, solid, squat-roofed ones to be found in most other Norman villages.

But, perhaps because of its very unpretentiousness, it had a charm that attracted artists. Claude Monet, founder of the Impressionist school, settled there in the early eighteen-eighties and remained, till his death, in 1926, its most famous inhabitant, but for the past sixty years or so, up to this war, it was a resort for painters and writers of several nationalities, who went there to work in its easy, comfortable atmosphere. It had only two bars, both small and complacently rustic in character, and it had none of the night life that towns like Villefranche and Saint Tropez afforded. It was a quiet place, and it was thoroughly smashed last August, in the course of the German retreat toward Paris after the Allied penetration at Avranches. Now the Wildenstein Gallery is holding an exhibition of Monet's paintings—the most comprehensive ever put on in this country—for the benefit of the children of Giverny. Quite apart from its philanthropic value, which is considerable, it is an exceedingly interesting show in its own right.

Monet was a curious painter. One of the longest-lived artists on record—he was eighty-six when he died—he had a painting career of sixty-odd years, of which only about fifteen, to my mind, at least, can be described as peak. That is roughly the period from 1870 to 1885, when he was in his thirties and early forties, and, short though the time was, it is not too much to say that he crammed into it some of the freshest, the most colorful and vivid and truly joyous canvases the Impressionist school produced. Before that, he had been under various influences—Boudin and Manet, both friends and contemporaries of his, as well as such older men as Corot and Courbet—and his painting (see "Bateau à Fécamp," "La Plage de Sainte Adresse," and "La Route de Chailly" in the Wildenstein show) was sombre and opaque in consequence. After that, in the long and immensely productive period that continued till his failing eyesight put a stop to his painting, around 1920, he seemed steadily to draw further and further away from reality.

Monet was the discoverer of Impressionism. (It was a painting of his, "Impression, Soleil Levant," that gave the name to the school.) But it was as if, having found it, he didn't quite know what to do with it. There was always a basic element of the accidental in Impressionism; its insistence on transitory effects of light and shade was, as Cézanne pointed out, its weakness, and in his later years Monet rode that weakness to death. He never had Manet's monumentality or the solidity of Pissarro; what he had was an almost childishly direct delight in pure color, and at his peak, in such pieces as "La Neige à Argenteuil," "Vétheuil en Eté," and "Les Grands Boulevards," he succeeded in communicating that delight to the spectator with a really rapturous intensity.

Then, somehow, it was as if the bottom had dropped out of his painting. Forms grew vaguer and color shriller—or, alternately, as in the London series of around 1900, muted to the point of sheer, pearly opacity—while in his attention to the reactions of light on surface he seemed increasingly to lose sight of the solid objects those surfaces enveloped. Toward the end of the century, when he was working on his Rouen Cathedral series, he is said to have had four or five canvases set up simultaneously in the studio he had taken across from the cathedral (one for morning light, one for noon effects, one for early afternoon, and so on) and to have gone, as the day progressed, from the first to the second and then on to the next one—a perfect picture of a man conscientiously pursuing a theory

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round and round to the verge of the ridiculous.

To be sure, even then he could paint brilliantly on occasion, as "Paysage de Norvège" and "Le Printemps" (the latter as late as 1903) indicate. But it is to his middle period that one finds oneself returning, and to such pieces, in addition to the three I mentioned above, as "Les Coteaux de Vétheuil" and the truly matchless "La Gare Saint Lazare." The show, though it covers all his long career quite faithfully, gains a good deal of lustre from focussing something more than a strict share of its attention on that time.

THIS seems to be the Impressionists' week; at least, the shows in that category pretty much overshadow the others. At Paul Rosenberg, there is a collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings which, beginning with Corot and Courbet and including Matisse and Picasso, has the four Impressionists—Monet, Manet, Renoir, and Pissarro—as its pivot. The Monet is "Moulins à Zamdam," quite early and quite good, but the headliners of the exhibition are the two Pissarros, "Le Vert-Galant" and "Place du Théâtre Français," the first a view of the little parked space beneath the central pier of the Pont Neuf, and the second one of those Japanesey crowd pictures that he loved to do. Together, they show what a thoroughly perceptive painter this sometimes underrated artist was. . . . At Durand-Ruel, there is a group of nudes by Degas and Renoir. They are all beautiful, as, for that matter, how could they help being, since the two men were masters of that genre. In this case, though, Degas steals the show, with a series of interiors, all pastels, of women bathing, that for sheer richness and depth and uncompromising fidelity to the object seen would be hard to match anywhere. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Mary Jorgenson, of Brightmoor Community Center will give a book review of "A Beel for A Dano" at 2 p.m. March 8 in the River Rouge Servicemen's Center, on Warren avenue.—*Dearborn (Mich.) Press.*

Well, you can't tell much about a book from the title.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Philadelphia Record*]

Tradition says the aborigines of the Patagonian region bathed their infants in icy water to toughen them. The aborigines are now extinct.

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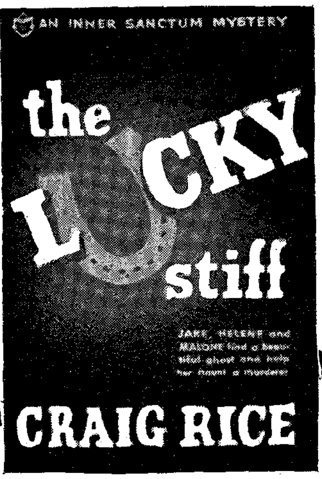
BOOKS

"Maiden Voyage": Blushes and Shudders

"MAIDEN VOYAGE," by Denton Welch (Fischer), is a book by a boy of nineteen about his experiences at sixteen. One of the curious and striking features of English writing since World War I has been the tendency of the younger men to go back over their schoolboy years, and in a spirit as different as possible from Kipling's "Stalky & Co." Before the last war, the English upper-class public schools were more or less taken for granted. Aside from such things as "Tom Brown" and "Stalky," which glorified the public-school tradition, they figured only incidentally in literature, but later on the British public seemed to become acutely aware of the significance of the old school tie, a phrase which attained a new prominence in the period between the wars, and the men who had been at public schools became self-conscious about them as the first phase of the process of training which had differentiated them from their ordinary compatriots as members of a peculiar caste. This caste was now losing prestige. Its members no longer always passed straight from Oxford and Cambridge to the control of the main business of the empire. They might not themselves ever want to go to Parliament, as even Byron and Beckford had, or to fill posts as colonial administrators, as even Macaulay had. They might find themselves indifferent and bewildered, impoverished and apparently helpless, and they would take stock of their special characteristics, and try to analyze their education at the same time that they might find it a refuge to indulge themselves in, returning in memory to that world of their childhood, which had at least given the illusion of security and homogeneity, since it had been governed by the ideals of that caste. You got such writing as Auden's early poetry and the school-day-haunting autobiographies of Christopher Isherwood and Cyril Connolly, works in which an irritated criticism of the ideals of the public schools was mingled with a certain complacency. You got the recklessly destructive burlesque of Evelyn Waugh's "Decline and Fall" as well as the cult of the schoolboy code that appears in his later books.

"Maiden Voyage" is the most recent installment in this series of memoirs of boyhood, and it represents a further stage, beyond that of those mentioned above, in that the reaction against the public school is even sharper and, apparently, final. Denton Welch ran away in his second year, and though he was persuaded to return and complete the term, he was afterward allowed to escape and visit his father in China. The first third of "Maiden Voyage" deals with his life at a school which seems to have had little to offer him—little, at least, of which the boy was aware—save brutality, homosexuality, and boredom, and with his rather touching attempt at flight; and the rest deals with his trip to China, where he was still to suffer extremely from his fastidiousness, shyness, and self-preoccupation.

It is impossible to criticize a book written by a boy of nineteen as one would that of an adult author. The less attractive features of "Maiden Voyage" are perhaps mere symptoms of adolescence. The writer's talent may be later applied to different subjects and in a quite different way. The trait of the young visitor to China which is most likely to annoy the reader is his complete lack of sympathy with or interest in any other human being, whether school friend, member of his family, travelling companion, or exotic foreigner. He feels occasionally an admiration, which seems to be entirely physical, for the virility of some older man; he once nervously invites a soldier to tea, but he never gives the faintest evidence of any sort of personal warmth. He is not the type of sensitive young person who identifies himself imaginatively with others. He has, indeed, less imagination than taste, and the only element in his personality which can be said to approximate a passion is his appetite for fine antiques. He shrinks constantly from the people he encounters and almost anything sets his teeth on edge. "The echoes in the passages were muffled by doubtful, unpleasant carpets. I hated it." "The maid who brought us tea re-



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the LUCKY stiff
JAKE, HELENE and MALONE find a beautiful ghost and help her haunt a murderer
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JAKE, HELENE, and MALONE,

those exuberant sleuths, are back again after a two years' absence. *The Lucky Stiff*, just published, is their eighth adventure.

As always, J., H., and M., are accompanied by Captain von Flanagan (now obsessed by psychiatry), the entire Chicago police force, and the usual assortment of bewildering bodies, mostly dead.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER says: *I may waver in my allegiance to certain sonnets of Shakespeare, but I cannot imagine myself skipping a line by*

CRAIG RICE.

An Inner Sanctum Mystery

volted me a little. She was pale and pasty, like a blownup bladder." "The food began to appear. It was very tired and quite tasteless. The ginger ale, which I had not asked for, was lukewarm. I hated the old man for giving me such nasty food and drink." The book is full of such infantile shudders and the narrator is always blushing. " 'Why, I was painting when you were still being fed on your mother's breasts.' He smiled benignly at us and I found myself turning red." The adult reader may become impatient, but he should remember that all this is happening at a time when the narrator's voice has not changed yet, and one can discount the fear and antipathies, the awkwardnesses and shames of adolescence, for Denton Welch has some positive merits. I do not agree with Miss Edith Sitwell, who contributes an enthusiastic foreword, that his book can be described as moving or that he makes himself sympathetic, but it is true, as she says, that his instinct for style is quite remarkable for a boy of his age. The writing runs rather too much to a succession of simple declarative sentences and so becomes a little monotonous, though it gets better as the book goes on, but, in Miss Sitwell's phrase, he never fumbles. He can usually hit off an apt simile and his sense of how to tell a story is remarkable, deft, and sure, so that, though nothing very dramatic happens, the reader is always carried on by a constantly renewed suspense. This skill at narrative and a literary sobriety which are admirable in themselves are sometimes applied to incidents amusingly and incongruously childish, as when, on the boat, he steals a whole box of chocolates from a lady he does not like. Yet, of course, to the adolescent, many inconsequential matters become serious, and what is unusual in Denton Welch and what commands respect is his scrupulousness in recording his experience. Uneasy though he shows himself so often in his actual personal contacts, he appears, for a beginner, as a writer amazingly unembarrassed and nonexhibitionistic. This may be partly the detachment of an immature boy who has never yet been stirred by emotion, but, for all that, it is rather impressive.

The book has also a certain interest as a picture of life in China—the hatred of the foreigner and native barbarity, the dullness and danger of the lives of the whites. Mr. Welch ran into a severed head on one of his walks in the country, made an arduous trip in a freight car, exposed to the harassments of the Chinese soldiery, and visited the house of a Canadian doctor whose predecessor had been massacred on his tennis court, but the young son of the British merchant is mostly concerned with porcelains and bronzes, and the main interest of the book for the reader is in its self-portrait, at once cool and quivering, of a young member of the British upper classes who has broken with the world of his school but is not yet at home in any other.

—EDMUND WILSON

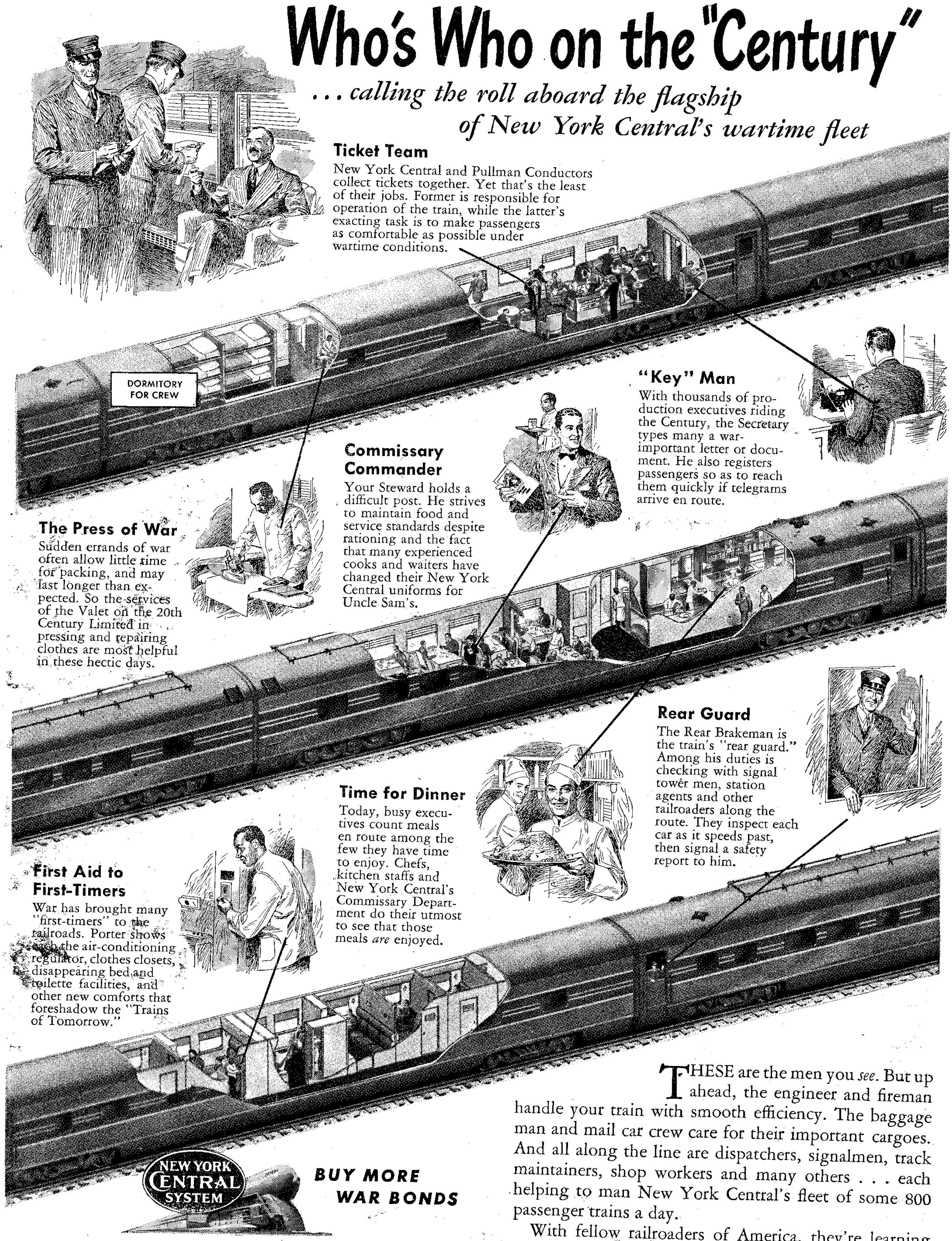
VERSE

THE reasons for lack of definite knowledge about the complete poems of Emily Dickinson are gradually coming to light, sixty years after the poet's death. The story, not yet entirely told, has to do with one of those family feuds that are characteristic of small, inbred provincial communities. Amherst was such a community in the late nineteenth century. The Dickinson feud would have been long since forgotten if it had not served to prevent the poet's verse from appearing in a normal way. Mrs. Millicent Todd Bingham, the daughter of Mabel Loomis Todd, Emily Dickinson's friend and first editor, clarifies the confused history of the Dickinson material in "Ancestor's Brocades" (Harper), which is being issued coincidentally with a collection of over six hundred and fifty hitherto unpublished Dickinson poems, "Bolts of Melody" (Harper), on which the final editing was done by Mrs. Bingham. The last member of the Dickinson family, Emily's niece, Mrs. Martha Dickinson Bianchi, who had taken over the task of editing from Mrs. Todd, is now dead. Some truth telling, it would seem, is long overdue, and Mrs. Bingham gives facts to readers who are tired of deduction and conjecture.

Mrs. Todd's labors of copying, collating, and compiling the verse and letters of Emily Dickinson began soon after the poet's death, at the instigation of the poet's sister, Lavinia. Mrs. Todd, as it turned out, did the work and Lavinia received the profits. The unfairness of this arrangement struck Austin Dickinson, Emily's and Lavinia's brother, and he made an effort to even up accounts by giving Mrs. Todd the deed to a strip of land in the Dickinson estate. But Lavinia became enraged at Mrs. Todd's success both as editor of and lecturer on the poet, and, having inherited Dick-

Who's Who on the "Century"

... calling the roll aboard the flagship of New York Central's wartime fleet



Ticket Team

New York Central and Pullman Conductors collect tickets together. Yet that's the least of their jobs. Former is responsible for operation of the train, while the latter's exacting task is to make passengers as comfortable as possible under wartime conditions.

"Key" Man

With thousands of production executives riding the Century, the Secretary types many a war-important letter or document. He also registers passengers so as to reach them quickly if telegrams arrive en route.

The Press of War

Sudden errands of war often allow little time for packing, and may last longer than expected. So the services of the Valet on the 20th Century Limited in pressing and repairing clothes are most helpful in these hectic days.

Commissary Commander

Your Steward holds a difficult post. He strives to maintain food and service standards despite rationing and the fact that many experienced cooks and waiters have changed their New York Central uniforms for Uncle Sam's.

Rear Guard

The Rear Brakeman is the train's "rear guard." Among his duties is checking with signal tower men, station agents and other railroaders along the route. They inspect each car as it speeds past, then signal a safety report to him.

Time for Dinner

Today, busy executives count meals en route among the few they have time to enjoy. Chefs, kitchen staffs and New York Central's Commissary Department do their utmost to see that those meals *are* enjoyed.

First Aid to First-Timers

War has brought many "first-timers" to the railroads. Porter shows each the air-conditioning regulator, clothes closets, disappearing bed and toilette facilities, and other new comforts that foreshadow the "Trains of Tomorrow."

THESE are the men you *see*. But up ahead, the engineer and fireman handle your train with smooth efficiency. The baggage man and mail car crew care for their important cargoes. And all along the line are dispatchers, signalmen, track maintainers, shop workers and many others . . . each helping to man New York Central's fleet of some 800 passenger trains a day.

With fellow railroaders of America, they're learning new efficiencies from the wartime task of moving the greatest traffic in history. And tomorrow, they'll apply those lessons to bring you still finer travel aboard America's post-war trains.

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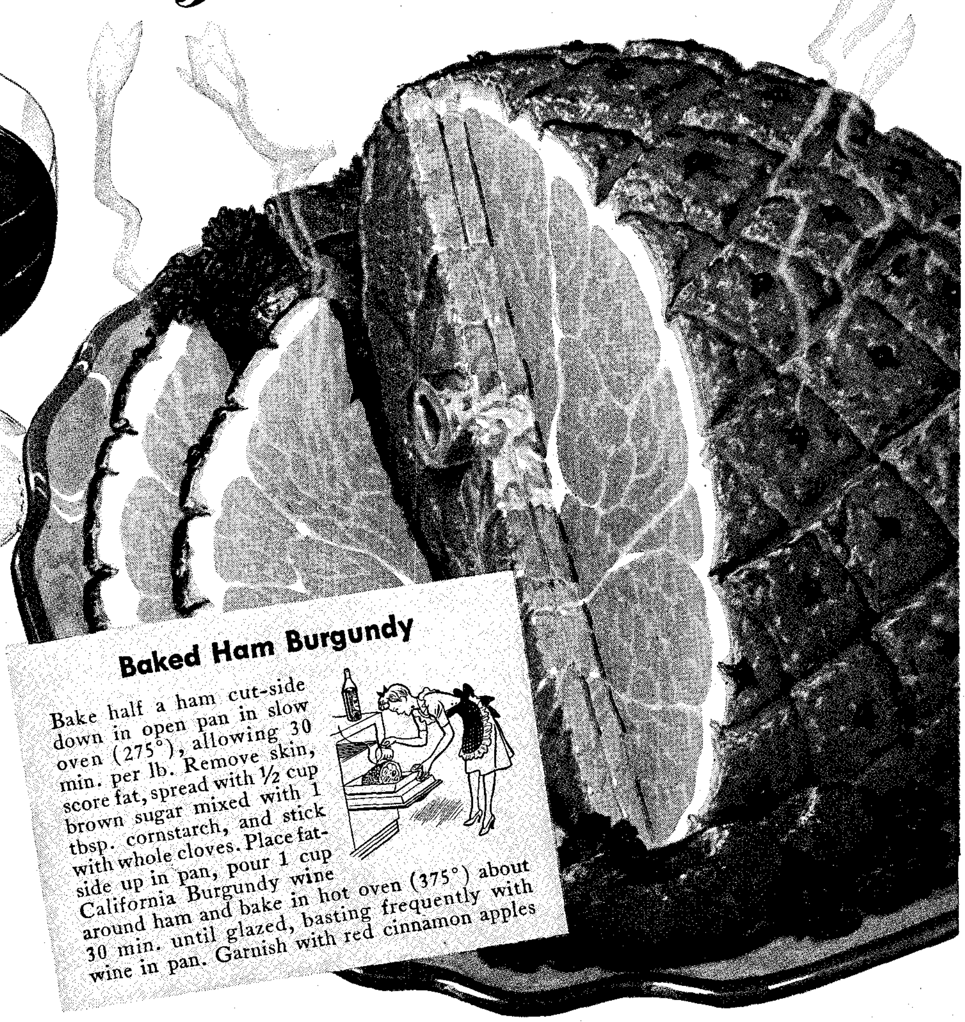


Baked Ham Burgundy

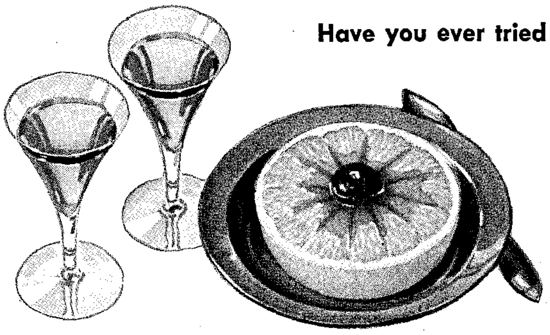
Bake half a ham cut-side down in open pan in slow oven (275°), allowing 30 min. per lb. Remove skin, score fat, spread with ½ cup brown sugar mixed with 1 tbsp. cornstarch, and stick with whole cloves. Place fat-side up in pan, pour 1 cup California Burgundy wine around ham and bake in hot oven (375°) about 30 min. until glazed, basting frequently with wine in pan. Garnish with red cinnamon apples

SIT DOWN to ham that's been wine-basted during the baking. Serve thick, generous slices—and eat! *You'll discover, when you do, the magic that happens when food is cooked with wine.*

Good eaters have a hanker, also, for Leg O'Lamb that has been basted with white table wine. For Chicken Tetrazzini which calls for Sauterne or Rhine Wine. Yes, and if you are lucky enough to get a club or sirloin steak, marinate it in wine, broil — and taste!

Then, to make your meal a real experience, fill glasses with the same kind of wine used in the cooking. It turns the simplest meal into a feast.

We have a booklet that contains many delightful wine cookery recipes. Your free copy is waiting. Write for it today, to the Wine Advisory Board, 83 Second Street, San Francisco 5.



Have you ever tried Sherried Grapefruit?

Loosen sections of grapefruit; cut out cores. Fill with Sherry, add sugar to taste, chill and serve. *Or* fill with Sherry, add a tablespoon of brown sugar and dot of butter, then broil about 15 minutes in hot oven, and serve hot as appetizer or for the dessert course

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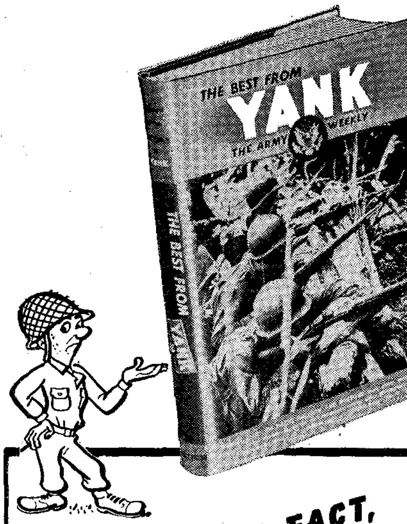

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inson eccentricity without Dickinson genius and common sense, she sued Mrs. Todd for the strip of land and won her suit. Mrs. Todd, who had had three collections of the poems and two volumes of the letters published, immediately stopped work on the manuscripts. When a new volume of selections appeared in 1914, after a lapse of eighteen years, Martha Dickinson Bianchi had taken over. All subsequent collections came from her.

The student of Emily Dickinson cannot help but be struck by the marked difference between the poems edited by Mrs. Todd and those edited by Mrs. Bianchi. The latter's compilations were remarkable for their haphazard arrangement and general tone of carelessness and lack of insight into the material, and Mrs. Bianchi's "Life and Letters," when compared with Mrs. Todd's edition of the "Letters," is clearly sentimentalized and doctored. And Mrs. Bianchi never paid any attention to the fact that the poems could be sorted, according to the handwriting, into three distinct periods, she did not emphasize the poet's habit of offering alternate words, and she glossed over the split in the family—a split so complete that Lavinia did not speak to Austin's wife, although they lived in adjoining houses. Mrs. Bingham brings all this into focus. She is concise, comprehensive, and only a little bitter. The spell cast over the poet's work is beginning to break, and Mrs. Bingham looks forward to a complete, definitive edition once a few remaining obstacles are overcome.

Behind the figures of Austin, Emily, and Lavinia stands the grim figure of their father. No American critic has quite faced up to the darkness and repression that seemed to emanate from this man or to the terrible, maiming influence he undoubtedly wielded over his family and particularly over his one extraordinary daughter. (A French critic has, however, written a full analysis of the family situation, and the late Amy Lowell is said to have had one in mind.) The legend of a lover, which Mrs. Bianchi helped to promulgate, whether true or not, fades into insignificance beside the fact of the poet's psychic slavery to her father. Her emotions were fixed at an infantile level. Her genius was able to break out of the spiritual bonds that constricted her nature and her life, but only at the cost of terrible suffering. Beneath the supreme powers of her gift, the clever, coy, and baffled child was always present. We must realize this other personality when we read the poet's work, new or old. Her lapses into the

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—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

Some chapters of *Minor Heresies* have appeared in *The New Yorker*

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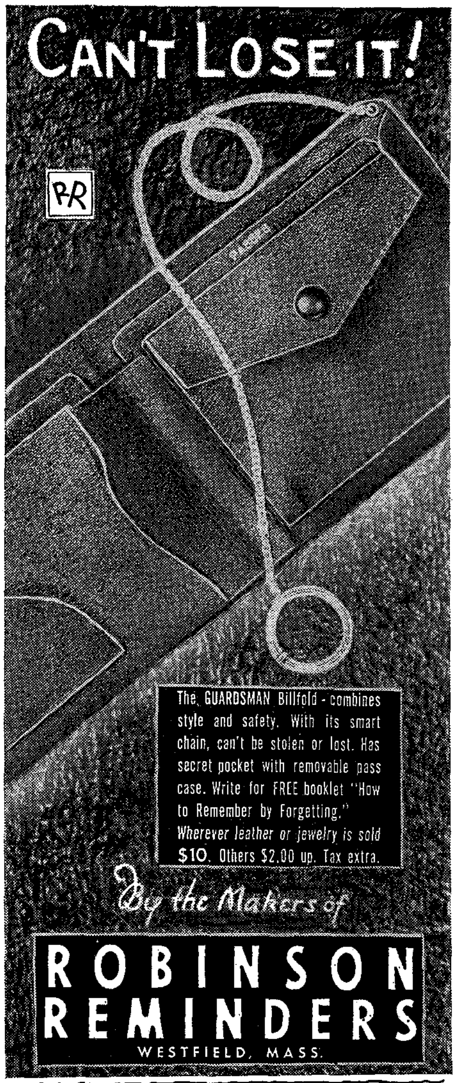

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merely verbal game and the silly schoolgirl flight of ideas are particularly difficult to listen to because they are variations on the same tune, played on the same strings, as her great lyrics. The two Dickinsons—the great woman lyricist and the childish Emily—continually alternate. As we read the new collection, we feel that there may not be much more of the more transcendent poetry to be discovered; only a little, in fact, appears in this volume. But we realize that Mrs. Bingham is working toward a complete Dickinson with sympathetic understanding. The clear-sighted scholars of the future will certainly follow her lead.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TIME TO BE YOUNG, edited by Whit Burnet (Lippincott). At first thought, a collection of fifty tales about youth seems an odd idea even for Mr. Burnet, who likes nothing better than to shepherd short stories on one subject or another into their indicated folds. Actually, this anthology of the years of innocence is much more varied than you might suppose, and it includes authors as far removed in time and in style as Mark Twain and Eudora Welty. Some of the stories are pathetic, some nostalgic and tender, and some are very funny; nearly all are interesting in one way or another. Several of them first appeared, wholly or in part, in this magazine.

BEST STORIES OF O. HENRY, selected and with an introduction by Bennett Cerf and Van H. Cartmell (Sun Dial Press). There is not much to say at this late day about a collection of O. Henry's stories besides reporting that here it is and that it contains every one of the old favorites. As for the introduction, the bad luck which dogged William Sydney Porter all his life seems to be still with him.

GENERAL

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, by Alexis De Tocqueville, edited by Phillips Bradley (Knopf). A new and handsome two-volume edition of what is still one of the best books ever written about democracy in general and democracy in the United States in particular. De Tocqueville's incisive study of the social manners and political mores of this country, composed over a hundred years ago, has been sharpened rather than outmoded by time; parts of it could have been written yesterday. Mr. Bradley, in an admirable introduction, has turned out what might be called the biography of the book, and he has revised and annotated the text in a highly intelligent manner. The foreword, by Harold Laski, is the only inferior thing in the book—bad rhetoric and bad writing.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF DEMOCRACY, by George B. de Huszar (Harper). Mr. de Huszar's thesis, which seems sound enough, is that democracy, besides being a form of government, is a way of participation not only in the governing process itself but on various levels of social and intellectual activity. Democracy, De Tocqueville held, flourishes best in a decentralized society; he looked upon the New England town meeting as both an indication and a guarantee of the basic health of the American system. Mr. de Huszar, who knows centralization when he sees it and also knows that a return to the loose agrarian world of the eighteenth century is impossible, has outlined practical ways and means by which the average citizen, working with small groups of other average citizens, can restore to our complex urban society some of the benefits that were derived from the town meeting. His book is simple, well thought out, and, on the whole, makes excellent sense.

THROUGH JAPANESE EYES, by Otto D. Tolischus (Reynal & Hitchcock). A well-arranged compilation of Japan's political aims, from the speeches and writings of her leading statesmen and warriors. From the notorious Tanaka Memorial to the recent wily circumlocutions of Radio Tokio, every kind of argument—Nippon should rule the world because of the godlike character of its people (theocratic); Japanese are better suited to jungle overlordship because they have more sweat glands than white people (scientific)—is presented. As Mr. Tolischus points out in one of his clear-headed interpolations, the Japs are neither mysterious nor inscrutable, viewed in the light of their own ideology and within their own frame of reference. As the reader can see by a cursory glance at the dates of these speeches and articles, the basic program for Japanese world hegemony was expressed years ago, but the Western world, proceeding on the theory that contempt breeds familiarity, chose to ignore them or laugh them off, and it has been deeply shocked by Jap treachery and mercilessness ever since Pearl Harbor.

San Martín, by Ricardo Rojas (Doubleday, Doran). A life of Don José de San Martín, the great South American liberator and emancipator who worked in loose collaboration with Simon Bolívar to free the countries of Latin America from the Spanish stranglehold. The book, ably translated and annotated by Herschel Brickell and Carlos Videla, was first published in Buenos Aires in 1933. Dr. Rojas, a prominent literary man in the Argentine, treats San Martín—an extraordinary figure about whom historians have quarrelled for a century—with ecstatic awe and comes into court a very special pleader. He tells the full story as he sees it, heightening (if that's the word) his narrative with an interpretative mysticism that may be a little rich for the northern palate. When you get down to the man himself, however, you find a practical if idealistic military genius, an ascetic who hated war, a man of superior intellectual gifts—a man, in brief, whom you can understand and admire without the mantle of his myth.

Aladdin's Lamp, by Gorham Munson (Creative Age). A big, controversial, and lively book about Finance, one that seems bound to get the author into a fairly large body of hot water. There is something here to offend nearly everybody, for Mr. Munson is of the school of economic writing that takes nothing for granted. He casts a long, hard look at such sacred matters as full employment, international banking, and the gold standard and he completely undresses Hamiltonism in an effort to prove that what is sometimes considered the radical New Deal economy has always been full of it. To many people, picturesque or even readable writing about holy abstractions like Finance is suspect; they feel that money is dull but important and no one had better get fresh with it. Mr. Munson is not only very fresh but very entertaining. He writes, as usual, with wit and vigor and, far from being destructive, is mainly bent on offering a method for achieving a life of material luxury for all and banishing forever a third worldwide outbreak of man's ancient sport of making life intolerable for himself.

Conscience and Society, by Ranyard West (Emerson). The author subtitles this book "a study of the

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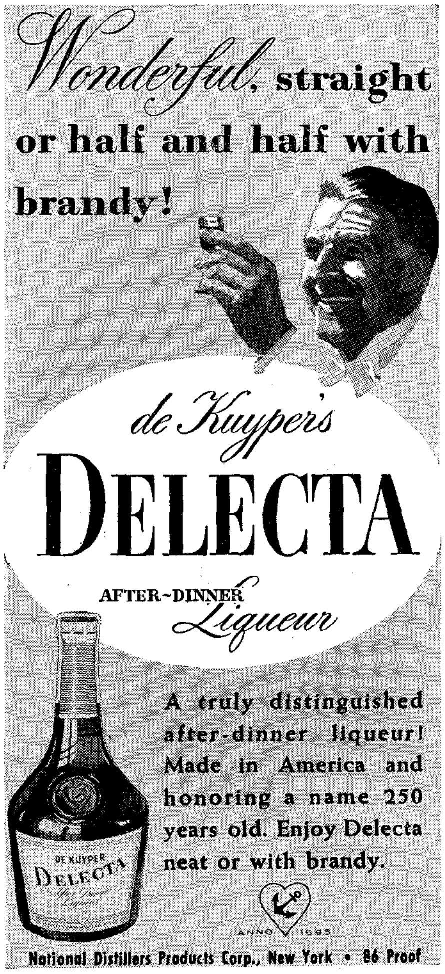

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psychological prerequisites of Law and Order" and in it he applies the findings of psychoanalysis about the individual to the ills of the world community. His hypothesis is that the three important categories of men who study the nature of society—the political philosophers, the lawyers, and the psychologists—have not sufficiently absorbed each other's thought and so have failed to assemble (and fully interpret) certain simple facts of human nature into an ethic upon which could be built a total, warless human society. Dr. West's probings into the nature of such things as loyalty (an emotion he doesn't value very highly), international law, group aggressiveness, and national sovereignties are sharp and stimulating, for, if he is didactic, he is not dull and he is never obscure. He concludes that men of good will must understand what he considers the unconscious motives of those who work against society and thus bring them into line.

Robinson Crusoe, U.S.N., by Blake Clark (Whittlesey House). One of the more remarkable personal documents of this war—the straightforward, first-person account of George Ray Tweed's adventurés on Guam after the Japanese had occupied the island. Tweed, a naval radioman with a thousand-dollar Jap price on his head, hid out alone for two and a half years, during which the enemy, with hundreds of not very coöperative Chamorro natives as beaters, searched the bush for him. The story is a testament not only to Tweed's courage and ingenuity but to the loyalty of the native population, many of whom suffered revolting torture for helping him. Photographs, as well as drawings based on his descriptions of his many Crusoelike hideouts.

Shotgunning in the Lowlands, by Ray P. Holland (Barnes). The author, who is regarded by many as the national authority on duck hunting, devotes most of this volume to a discussion of the sport, including such matters as whether birds can smell a man and the art of luring them into range by quacking into a mouthpiece made for the purpose. In addition, there are informative chapters on how to shoot geese, jack snipe, rails, and crows, the last an extremely tricky target which affords a sportsman valuable training in handling a gun. Pencil sketches and illustrations in color by Lynn Bogue Hunt.

Esquire's First Sports Reader, edited by Herb Graffis (Barnes). The private life of Joe Di Maggio, how to outgeneral a trout with the aid of light meters and test tubes, a discussion of football's greatest backfields, and so on, selected by *Esquire's* sports editor from a ten-year collection of issues. Addicts who take their sports neat should like it. Except for essays by Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Westbrook Pegler, and a notable report on Bob Fitzsimmons by Edgar Lee Masters, the writing, however, is hardly what you would call distinguished.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Blood from a Stone, by Ruth Sawtell Wallis (Dodd, Mead). Susan Kent, a young American archeologist working in France shortly before the war, is hampered in her grubbing about the caves near St. Fiacre by almost everybody in town. Susan's troubles come to a head when she tangles with the gendarmes over a batch of bones which, in their opinion, are too recent to interest an archeologist. A sluggish story, redeemed by a few bloodcurdling moments and a great deal of nice French atmosphere.

The Father Brown Omnibus, by G. K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead). A collection of fifty stories—all, in fact, that have ever been published about the paradoxical Father Brown and his friend Flambeau. Eight of the later pieces, which don't stack up particularly well beside the earlier ones, were not included in the previous "Father Brown Omnibus." Readers with a passion for thoroughness will therefore probably prefer this edition.

Enemy Unseen, by Freeman Wills Crofts (Dodd, Mead). Inspector French, the man you can always count on to crack an alibi wide open, tackles an especially tough case when he investigates the death of an elderly man who apparently stepped on a land mine buried on a beach in Cornwall. With the aid of the Army and the Home Guard, French finally decides that it was murder, and, after interminable research, figures out the method as well as the guilty party. Ingenious, in a long-winded way.

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MISS EMILY VANDERBILT
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